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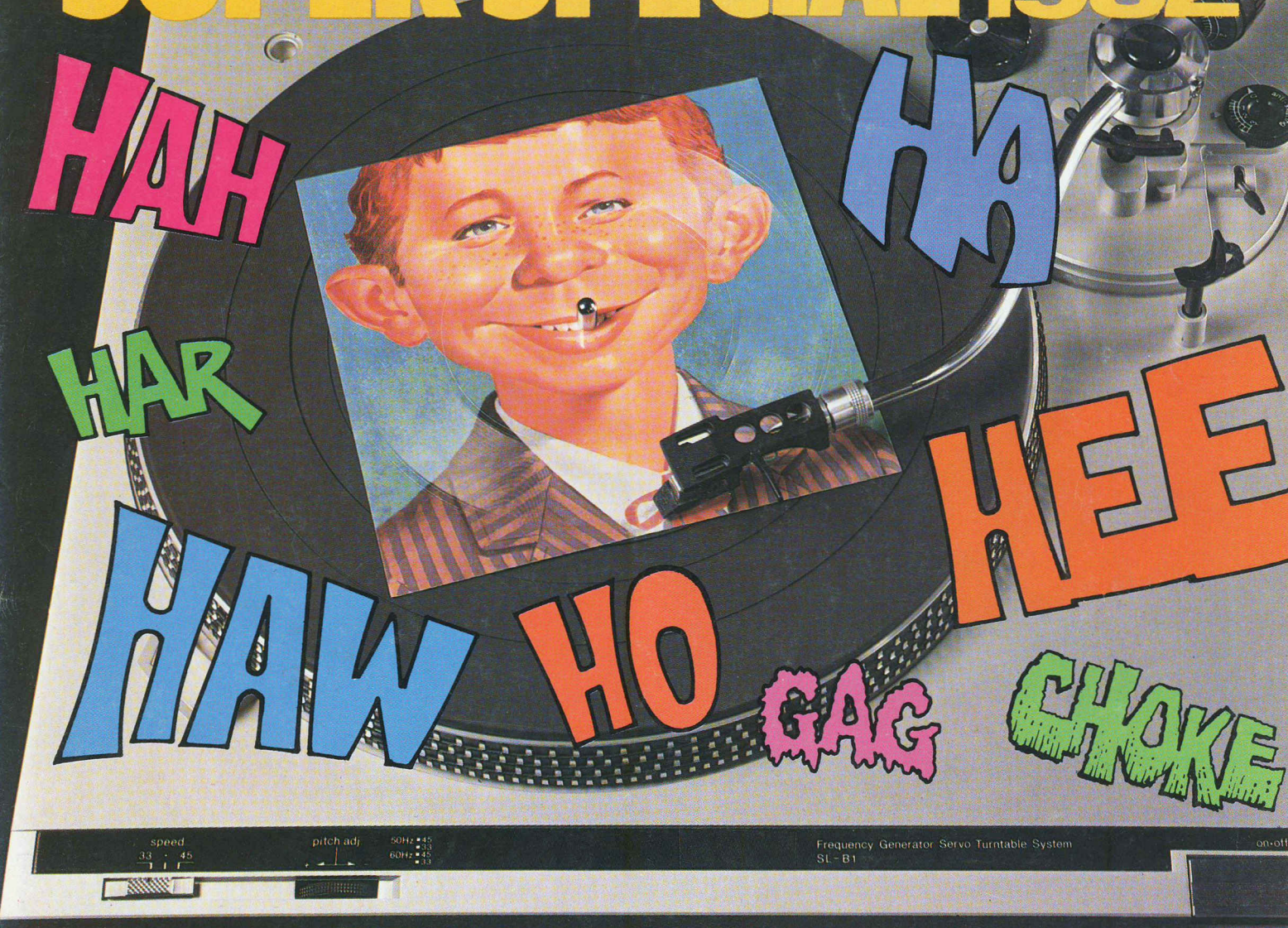
SUPER SPECIAL SUMMER 1982



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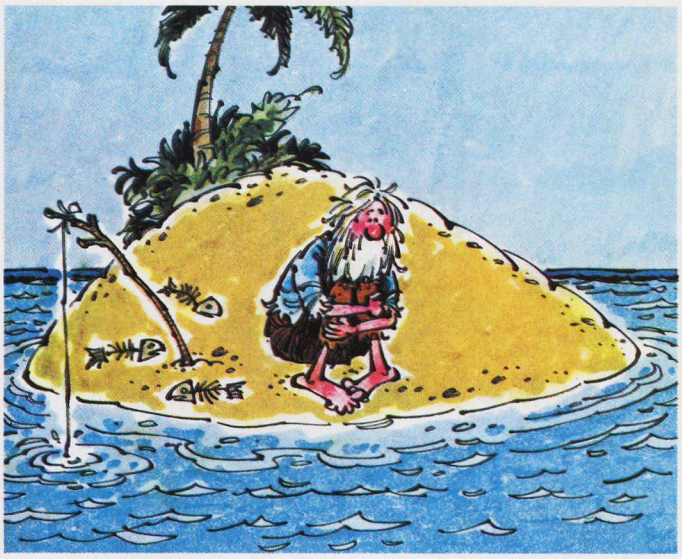

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: AL JAFFEE

SUMMER 1982

MAD

SUPER SPECIAL

NUMBER THIRTY-NINE

"If you were to kick the person responsible for most of your problems, you wouldn't be able to sit down for a week!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

LEONARD BRENNER *art director* TOM NOZKOWSKI *production*
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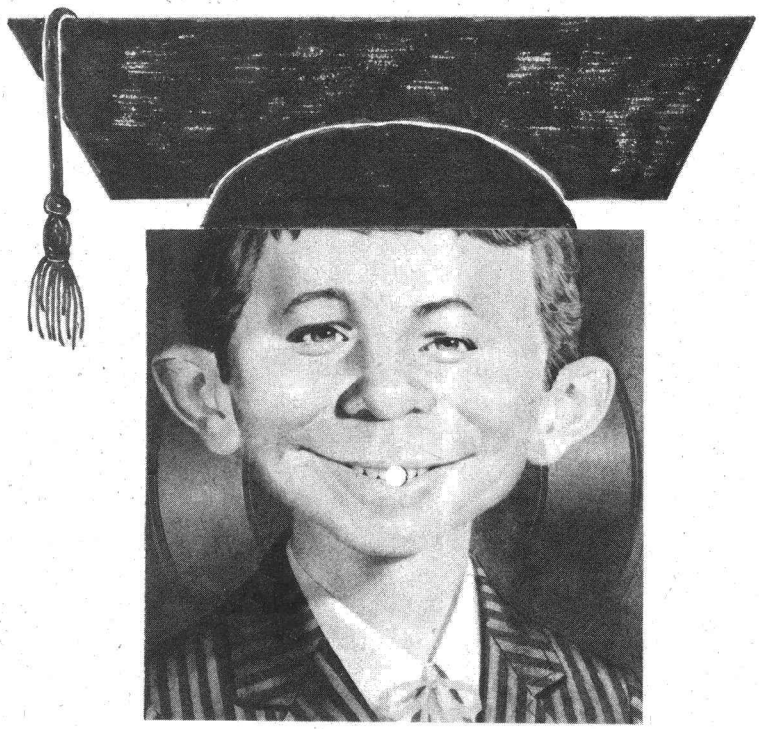
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots



PECK'S BAD BOY DEPARTMENT
"The Omenous" (A MAD Movie Satire) 2

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
Early One Morning Out On The Bay 9
One Afternoon In Acapulco 17
One Afternoon While Running An Errand 25
Early One Morning In South America 35
One Morning Back On Main Street 48
One Evening On A Rooftop In Texas 61
One Monday Afternoon In A Jewelry Store 74

ICE PIX DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look at Winter 10

TAKING ANOTHER TACT DEPARTMENT
MAD Diplomacy 14

MOURNING GLORIES DEPARTMENT
MAD Death Announcements 18

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Health Nuts 20
The Lighter Side Of Afternoons 56

INCIDENT REPLAY DEPARTMENT
More What's The Story? 26

HOME-GROAN DEPARTMENT
A MAD Guide To Parental Hang-Ups 28

FLIPPED DISC DEPARTMENT
"A MAD Look At Graduation Day"
The MAD Laugh Record ..... Insert

LOOK FOR THE "UNION" ARMY DEPARTMENT
When Members Of The Armed Forces Join A Union 33

PARITY BEGINS AT HOME DEPARTMENT
Government Checks For Not Doing Anyting 36

BROAD HUMOR DEPARTMENT
"Lavoine & Shoiley" (A MAD TV Show Satire) 39

WASTE MEASUREMENTS DEPARTMENT
How Come You Worry About...When.... 45

ATHLETE'S FEAT DEPARTMENT
MAD's Academy Awards For Jocks 49

MINIMUM'S THE WORD DEPARTMENT
If Other Businesses Offered "No Frills" Services 53

FOOL'S PARADOX DEPARTMENT
You're An Eternal Optimist If 62

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 65

CLOD-POPPERS DEPARTMENT
Testimonial Roasts For Ordinary People 66

PROGRESSIVE RAZZ DEPARTMENT
The MAD Like...Love...Hate Book 70

TELE LIKE IT IS! DEPARTMENT
"Nutwork" (Another MAD Movie Satire) 75

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" by Aragones ..... **

**Various Places Around The Magazine

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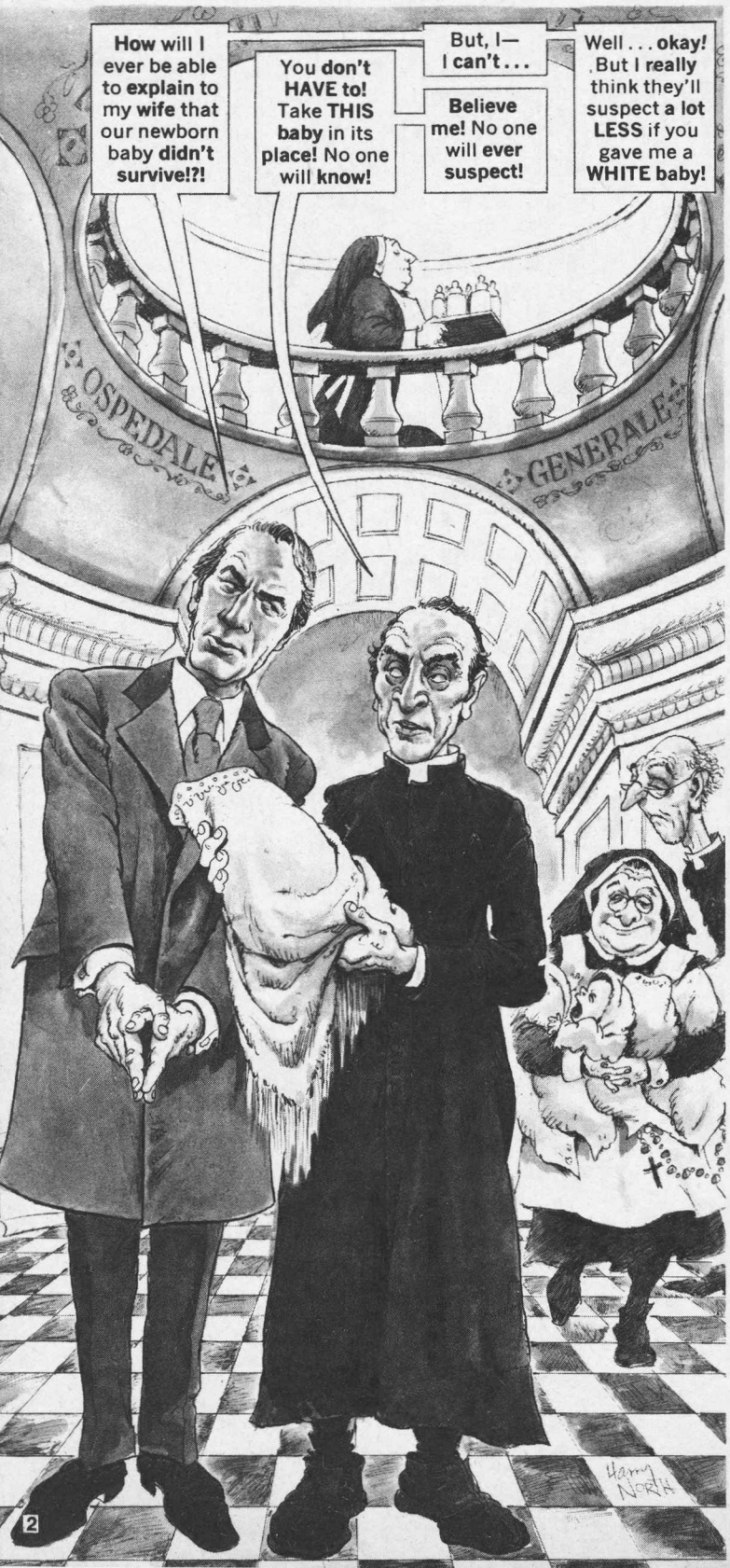
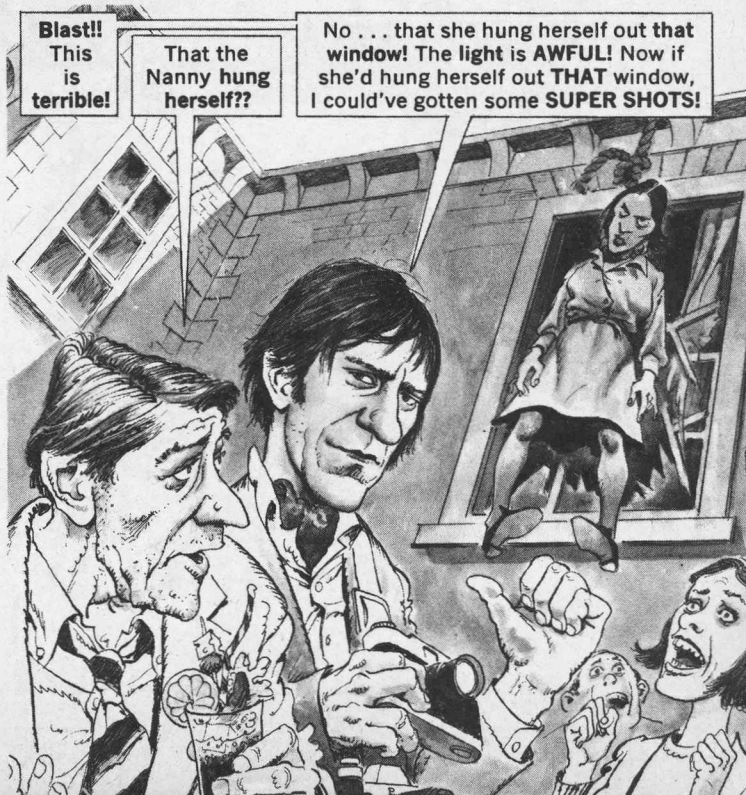
PECK'S BAD BOY DEPT.

The Devil means big business for the movie industry these days. First came "Rosemary's Baby"... then "The Exorcist" ... and now, this latest film. It's apparent movie fans go for

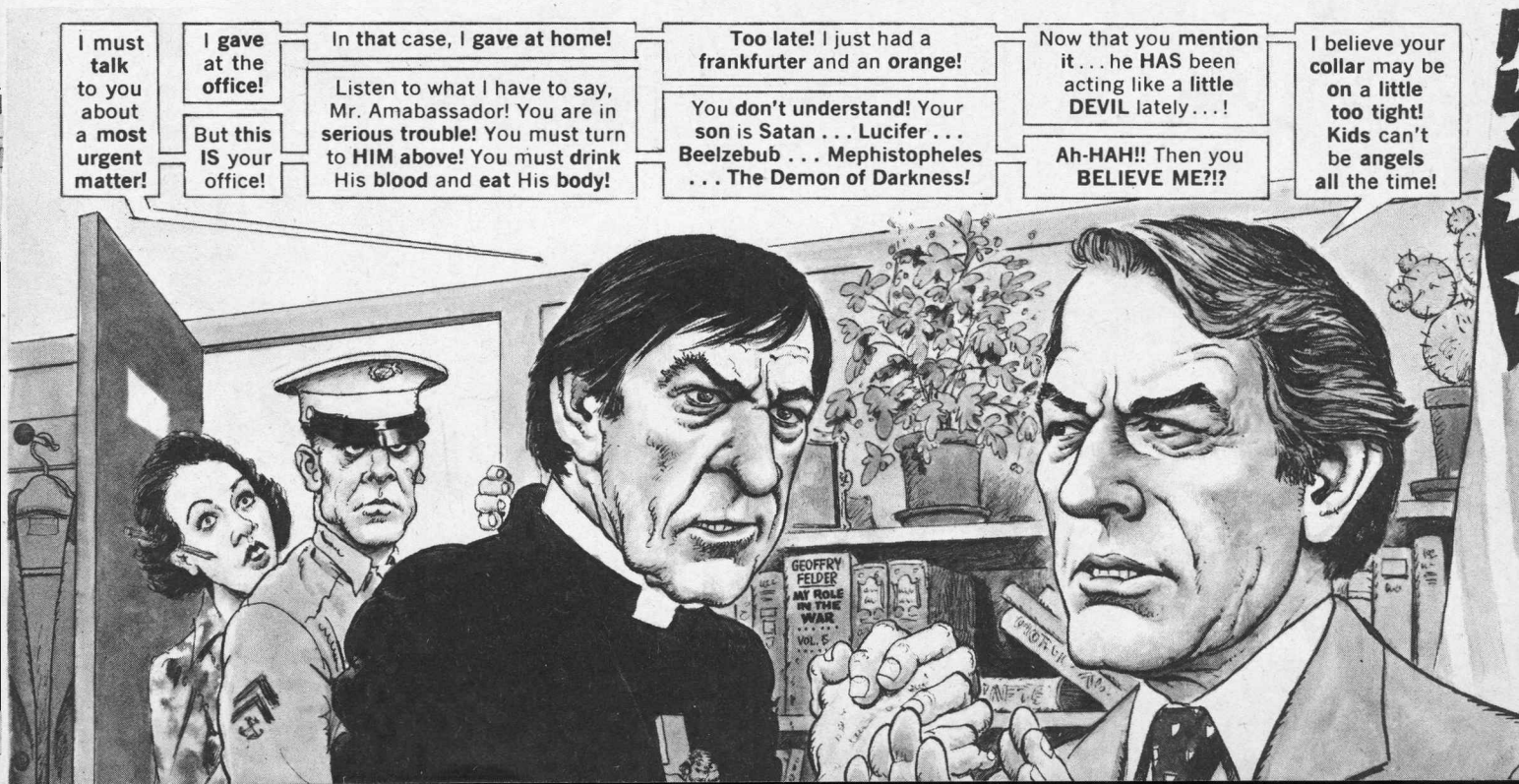
THE O





MENOUS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Mrs. Warlock, my husband and I are a **little concerned!** You came here and said you were Demon's **new Governess,** and yet **neither** of us **hired** you!

I **know,** Mum! But when I saw the **old** Governess hanging out the **window,** I began to suspect that you might have an **opening** here! Besides, I have **references!**

I can't put my **finger** on it, but there's something **odd** about that new Governess!!

I feel it, **too!** But she **DID** give us **references!**

You call the **Marquis de Sade** and **Adolf Hitler references?!**

This is Demon's first visit to a **Church,** and he seems **upset!** I don't know why he's **acting** this way, Father!

No!! **No!! Please,** Mommy! Take me **home!!**

That's all right, Mrs. Horns! You **needn't** come into the **Church!** We can take up the **collection** out here in your **car!**

OWCH!

USA 1

I'm starting to worry about Demon! There's **something** strange about him! That big commotion at **Church** today! And yesterday, he brought me a **report card,** and he got all **STRAIGHT A's!!**

What's strange about **that?**

He doesn't go to **SCHOOL** yet!

Mrs. Warlock! What is this **DOG** doing here?! Get **rid** of him **immediately!**

I thought he would make a **good watchdog** for the **child!**

Well . . . I'm afraid he might not like the **rest** of the staff!

But he **LOVES** the rest of the staff, Sir! Why . . . only this morning, he **LICKED** two of them to **DEATH!**

I'm going to have to see a **Psychiatrist,** Roburn! I just **can't stand** that **frightening thing . . . growling** and **snarling** and always **snapping** at me!

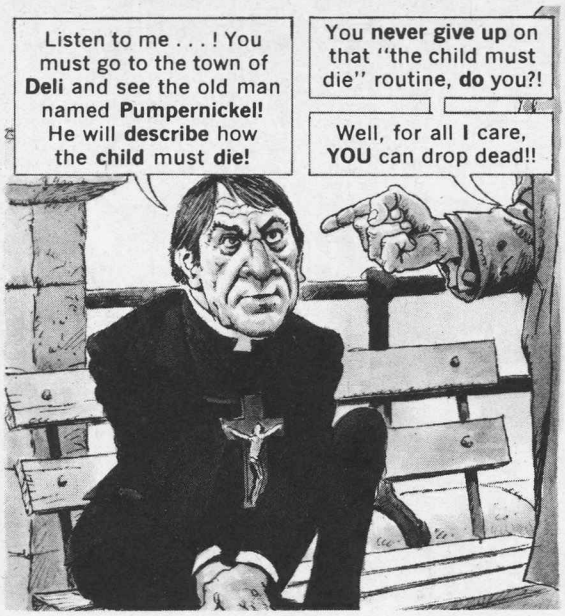
I **told** Mrs. Warlock to get **RID** of the **dog!**

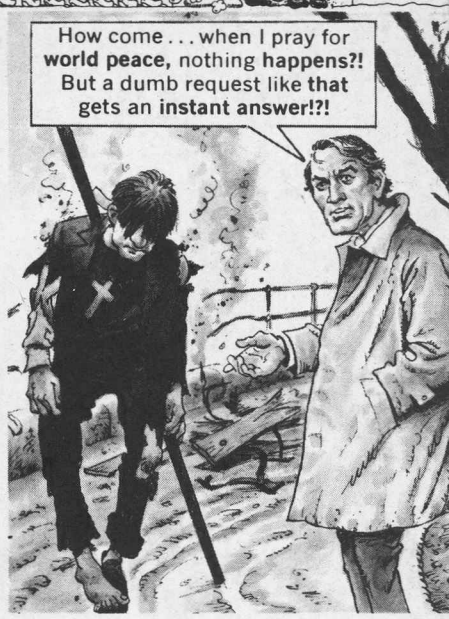
The **dog** is **FINE!** I'm talking about **DEMON!**

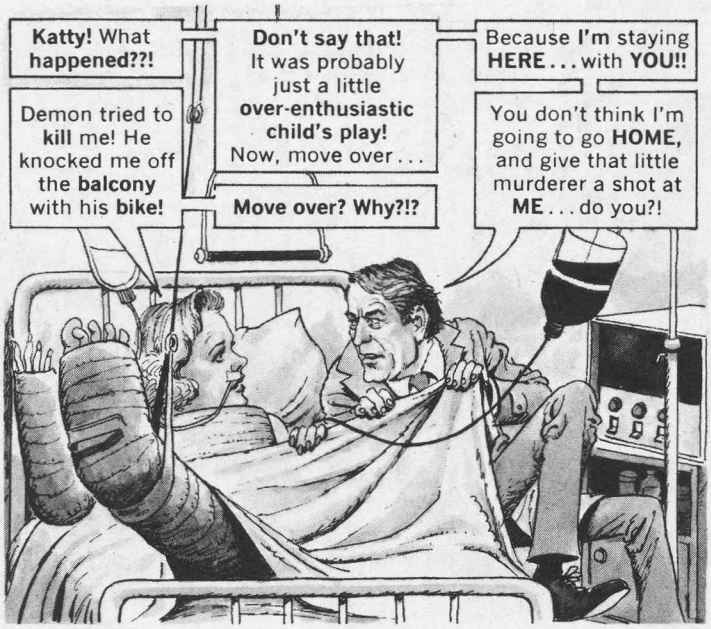
Okay, you said you had to see me again! What **is** it now, Father . . . ?

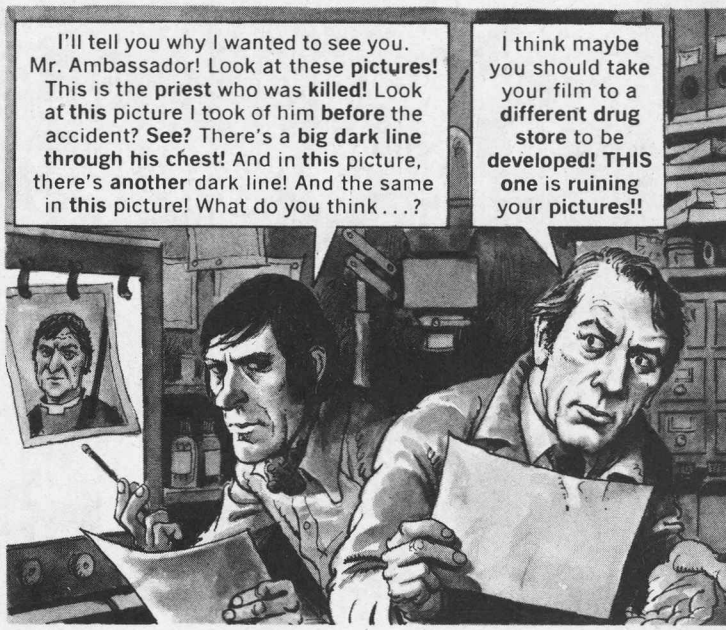
From the Eternal Sea he rises,
Creating Armies on either shore,
Turning Man against his Brother,
'Til Man exists no more.

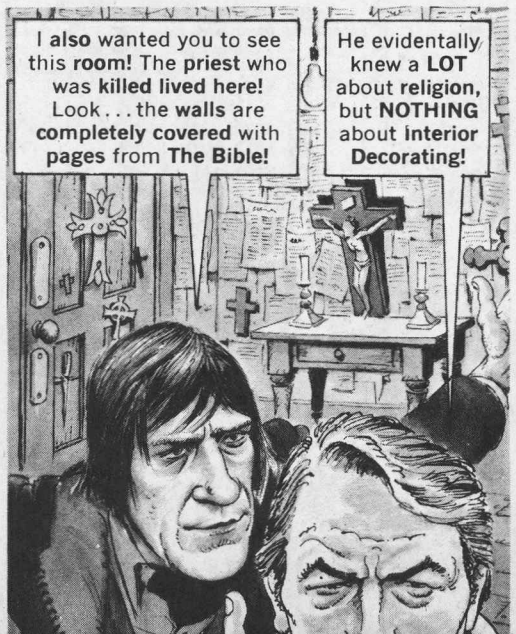
Hi diddle diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the Moon-y!
So take your Poem,
And go on Home,
Or I'll have you committed . . .
You **LOONEY!!**


Listen to me . . . ! You must go to the town of **Deli** and see the old man named **Pumpernickel!** He will **describe** how the **child** must **die!**
You **never give up** on that "the child must die" routine, **do** you?!
Well, for all **I** care, **YOU** can drop dead!!

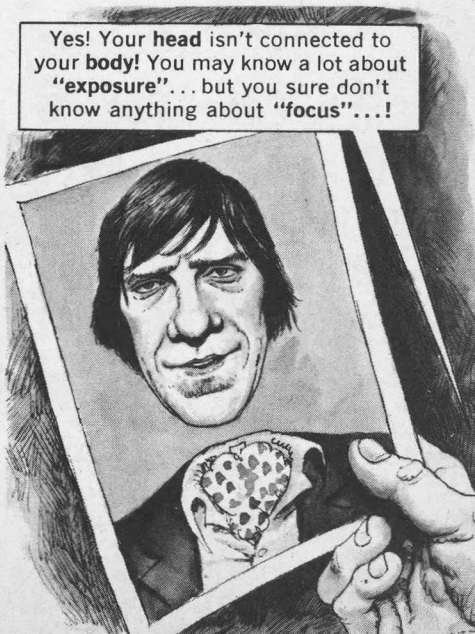

How come . . . when I pray for **world peace,** nothing **happens?!** But a dumb request like **that** gets an **instant answer!?!**

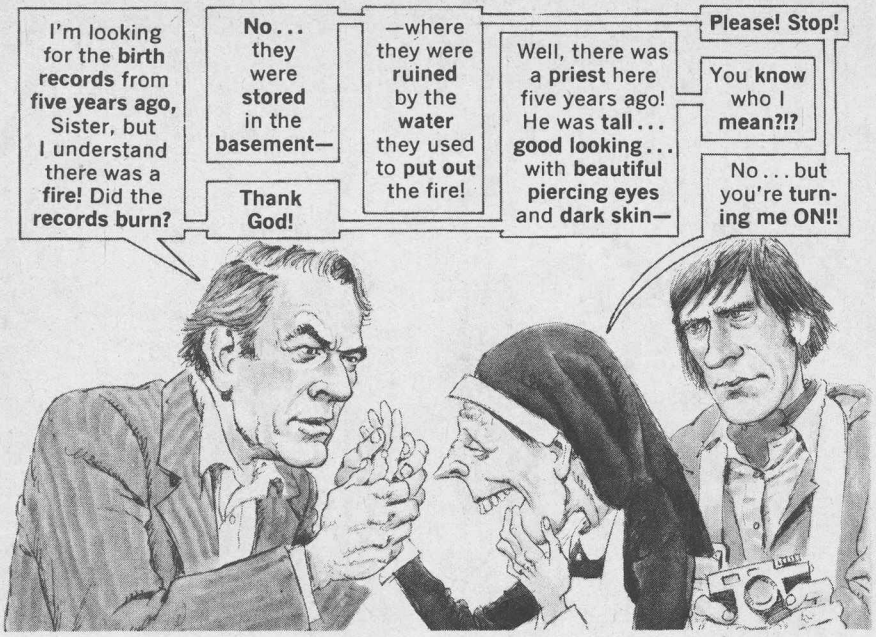

Katty! What **happened??!**
Demon tried to **kill** me! He knocked me off the **balcony** with his **bike!**
Don't say that! It was probably just a little **over-enthusiastic child's play!** Now, move over . . .
Move over? Why?!?
Because **I'm** staying **HERE . . .** with **YOU!!**
You don't think I'm going to go **HOME,** and give that little murderer a shot at **ME** . . . do you?!

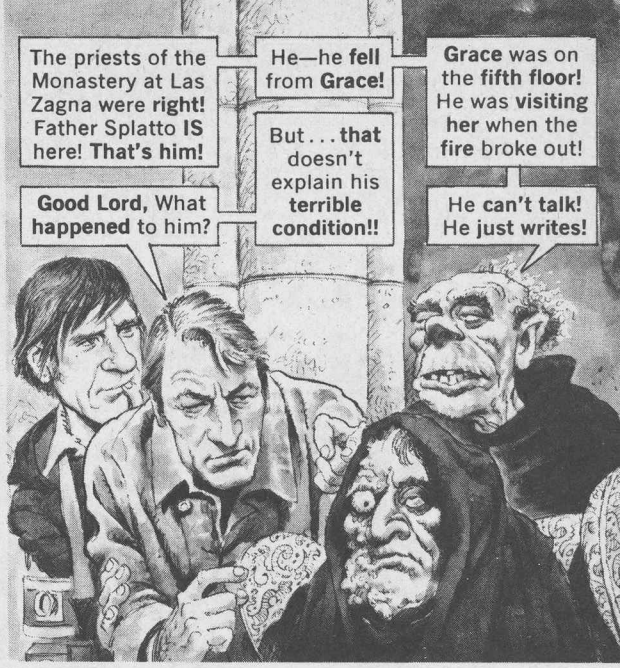

I'll tell you why I wanted to see you. Mr. Ambassador! Look at these **pictures!** This is the **priest** who was **killed!** Look at **this** picture I took of him **before** the accident? **See?** There's a **big dark line through his chest!** And in **this** picture, there's **another** dark line! And the same in **this** picture! What do you think . . . ?
I think maybe you should take your film to a **different drug store** to be **developed! THIS one** is **ruining** your **pictures!!**


I **also** wanted you to see this **room!** The **priest** who was **killed lived here!** Look . . . the **walls** are **completely covered** with **pages** from **The Bible!**
He evidentally knew a **LOT** about **religion,** but **NOTHING** about **interior Decorating!**

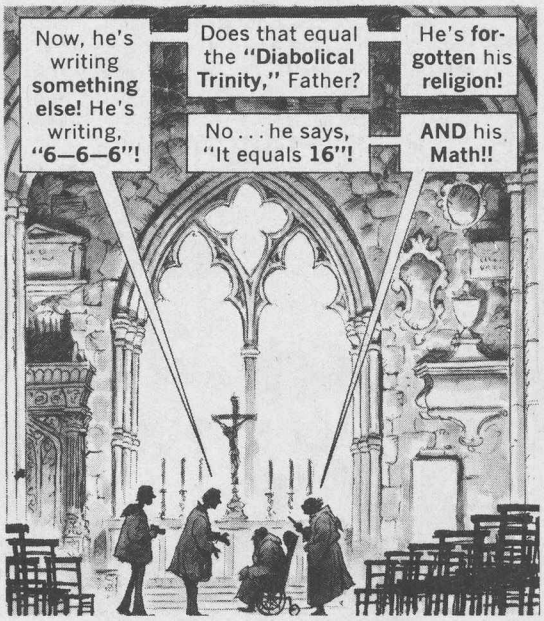
I want to help you get to the **bottom** of this mystery . . . and I'll show you **why!** This is a picture that I took of **myself** . . . with a **self-timer . . .**
Do you notice anything **strange . . . ?**

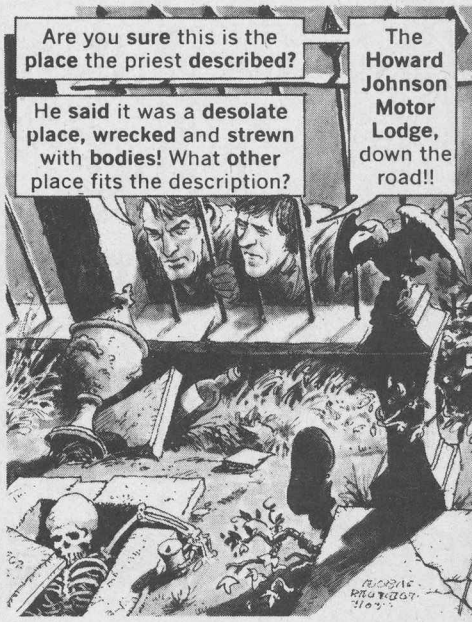

Yes! Your **head** isn't connected to your **body!** You may know a lot about **"exposure"** . . . but you sure don't know anything about **"focus" . . . !**

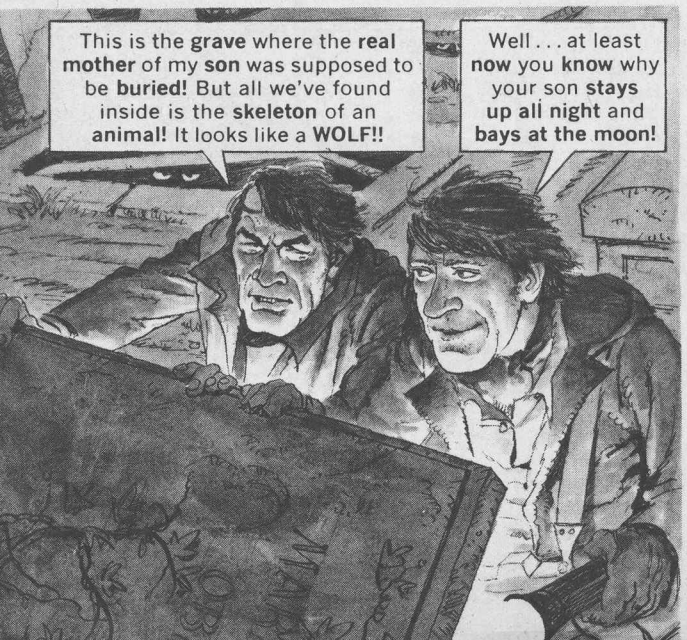

I'm looking for the **birth records** from **five years ago,** Sister, but I understand there was a **fire!** Did the **records burn?**
No . . . they were **stored** in the **basement—**
Thank God!
—where they were **ruined** by the **water** they used to **put out** the fire!
Well, there was a **priest** here five years ago! He was **tall . . . good looking . . .** with **beautiful piercing eyes** and **dark skin—**
Please! Stop!
You **know** who I **mean?!?**
No . . . but you're **turning me ON!!**


The priests of the Monastery at Las Zagna were **right!** Father Splatto **IS** here! **That's him!**
Good Lord, What **happened** to him?
He—he **fell** from **Grace!**
But . . . **that** doesn't explain his **terrible condition!!**
Grace was on the **fifth floor!** He was **visiting her** when the **fire** broke out!
He **can't talk!** He **just writes!**

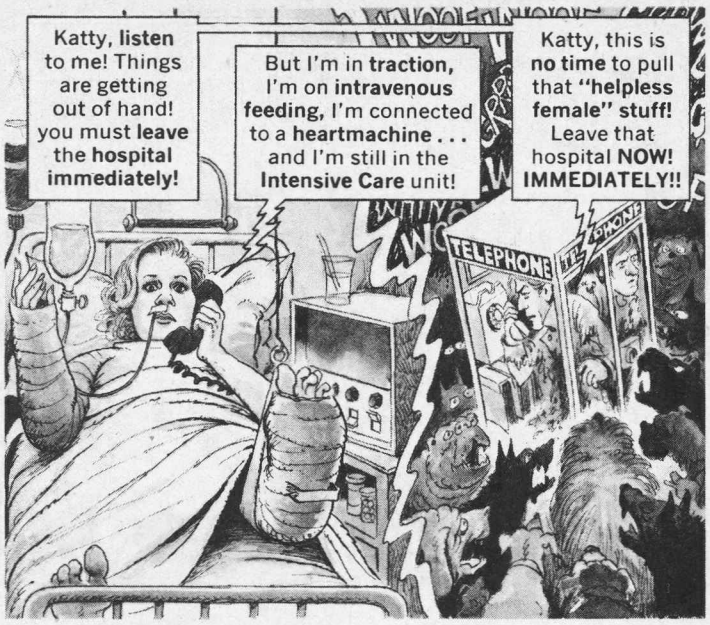
Father, **tell me!!** Where is the **real mother** of my **son?** TALK TO ME! **TALK TO ME!!**
He's **writing** something!! He's writing, **"D-O-N-'T. . . S-H-O-U-T—"** **DON'T SHOUT!!**


Now, he's writing **something else!** He's writing, **"6—6—6"!**
Does that equal the **"Diabolical Trinity,"** Father?
No . . . he says, **"It equals 16"!**
He's **forgotten** his **religion!**
AND his **Math!!**

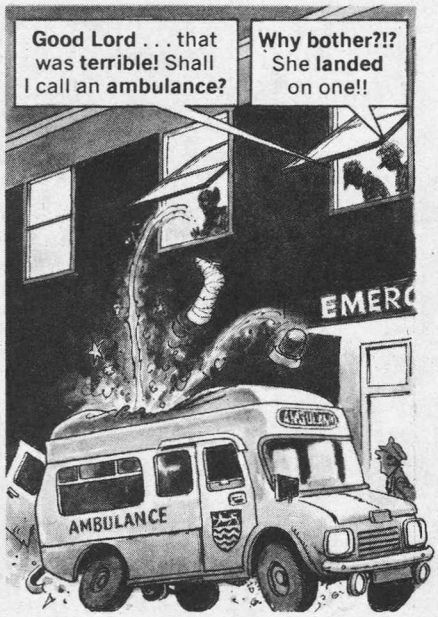

Are you **sure** this is the **place** the priest **described?**
He **said** it was a **desolate place, wrecked** and **strewn** with **bodies!** What **other** place fits the description?
The **Howard Johnson Motor Lodge,** down the road!!

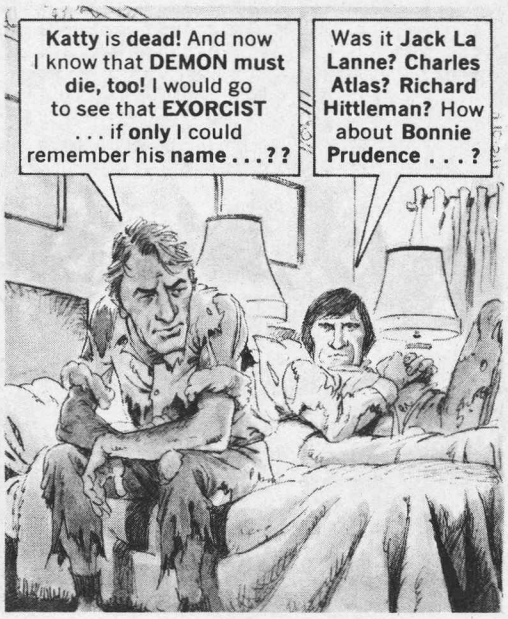

This is the **grave** where the **real mother** of my **son** was supposed to be **buried!** But all we've found inside is the **skeleton** of an **animal!** It looks like a **WOLF!!**
Well . . . at least **now** you **know** why your son **stays up all night** and **bays at the moon!**

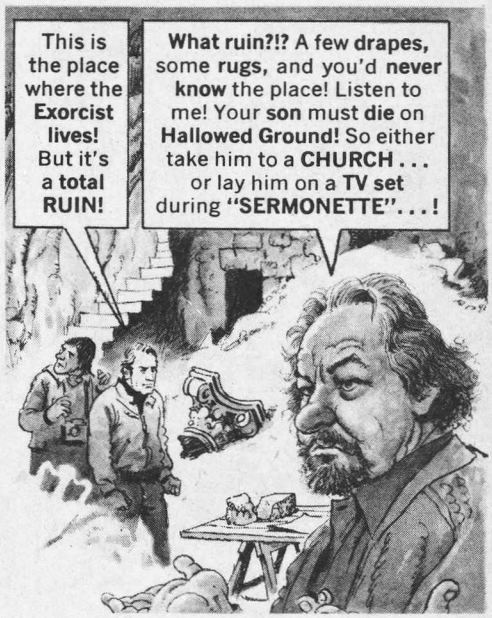
We're being attacked by **dogs!!** I think they're **MAD!!**
Well, let's just say they're **NOT PLEASED!** They must be looking for a **bone!**
In a **CEMETERY?!?** There must be **forty million bones** here! They're looking for **MEAT!!**
But **we** don't **HAVE** any **meat!**
YOU tell **THEM** that!!

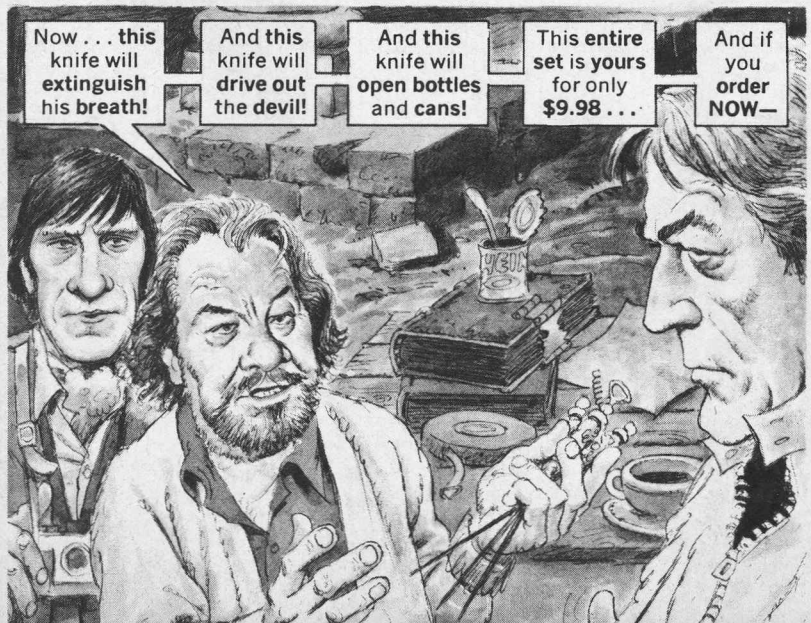

Katty, listen to me! Things are getting out of hand! you must leave the hospital immediately!
But I'm in traction, I'm on intravenous feeding, I'm connected to a heartmachine . . . and I'm still in the Intensive Care unit!
Katty, this is no time to pull that "helpless female" stuff! Leave that hospital NOW! IMMEDIATELY!!
TELEPHONE

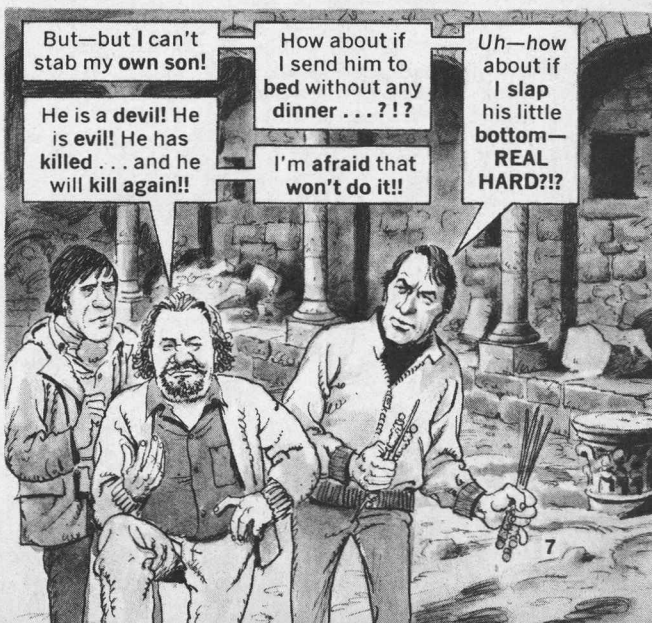
VET
Mrs. Warlock . . . how come, when I said I have to leave the hospital immediately, THAT's the order you decide to obey?!?
I mean, you didn't have to take me LITERALLY-Y-Y-Y—

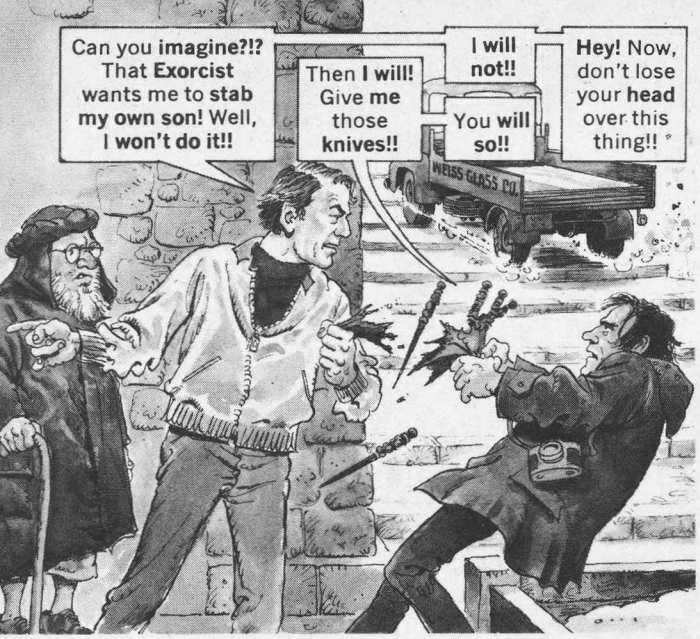

Good Lord . . . that was terrible! Shall I call an ambulance?
Why bother?!? She landed on one!!
EMERG
AMBULANCE

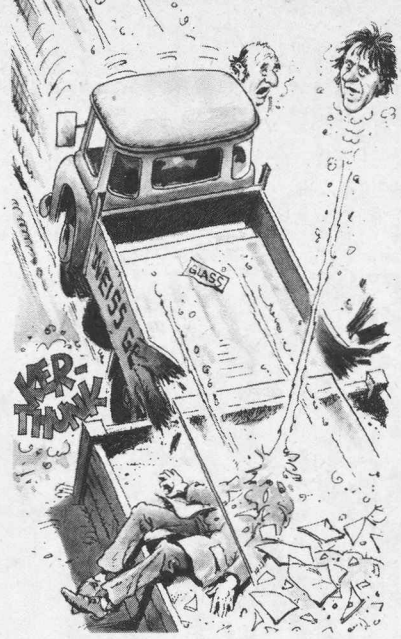

Katty is dead! And now I know that DEMON must die, too! I would go to see that EXORCIST . . . if only I could remember his name . . . ? ?
Was it Jack La Lanne? Charles Atlas? Richard Hittleman? How about Bonnie Prudence . . . ?

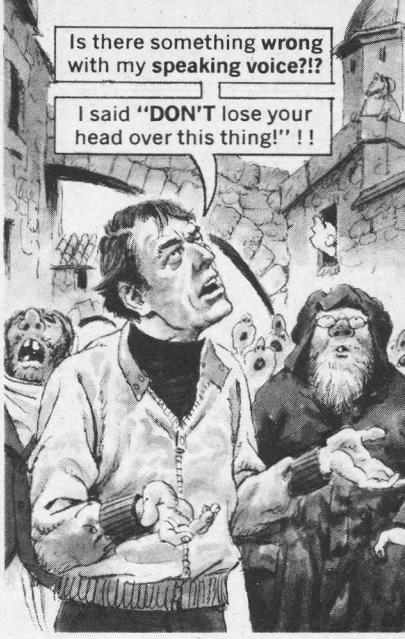

This is the place where the Exorcist lives! But it's a total RUIN!
What ruin?!? A few drapes, some rugs, and you'd never know the place! Listen to me! Your son must die on Hallowed Ground! So either take him to a CHURCH . . . or lay him on a TV set during "SERMONETTE" . . . !

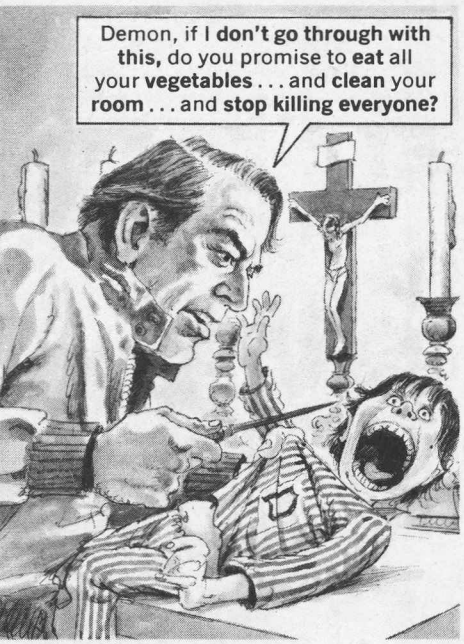

Now . . . this knife will extinguish his breath!
And this knife will drive out the devil!
And this knife will open bottles and cans!
This entire set is yours for only $9.98 . . .
And if you order NOW—


But—but I can't stab my own son!
He is a devil! He is evil! He has killed . . . and he will kill again!!
How about if I send him to bed without any dinner . . . ? ! ?
I'm afraid that won't do it!!
Uh—how about if I slap his little bottom—REAL HARD?!?

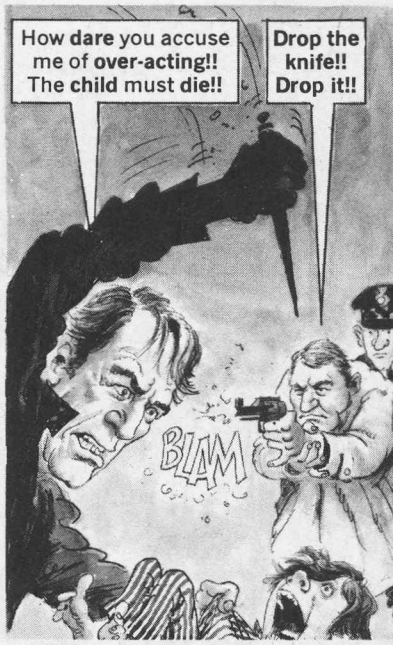

Can you imagine?!? That Exorcist wants me to stab my own son! Well, I won't do it!!
Then I will! Give me those knives!!
I will not!!
You will so!!
Hey! Now, don't lose your head over this thing!!
WEISS GLASS CO.


KER-THUNK
WEISS GLASS


Is there something wrong with my speaking voice?!?
I said "DON'T lose your head over this thing!" ! !


Demon, if I don't go through with this, do you promise to eat all your vegetables . . . and clean your room . . . and stop killing everyone?

Don't DO that—or I'll shoot!!
But I must! This child is THE DEVIL!!
Look, Mac! I got four kids of my own, and none of them are ANGELS! I think you're OVER-REACTING!!

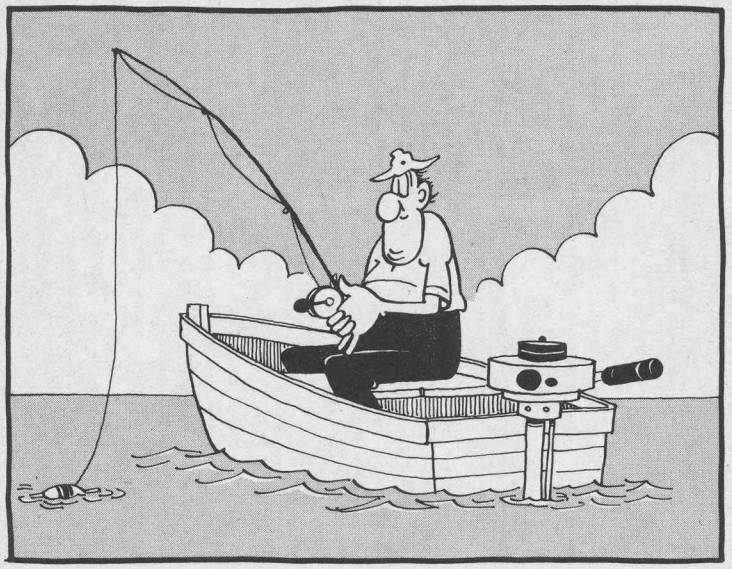

How dare you accuse me of over-acting!! The child must die!!
Drop the knife!! Drop it!!
BLAM

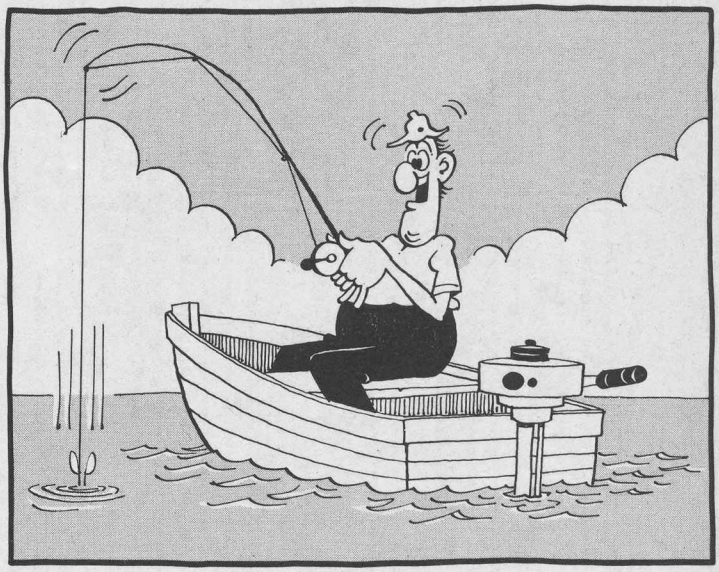
We've lost a very good Ambassador, Mr. President! He had a wonderful way with foreigners!!
Yes . . . but he wasn't too good with kids!
However, I will raise his son here . . . in the White House . . . with me!

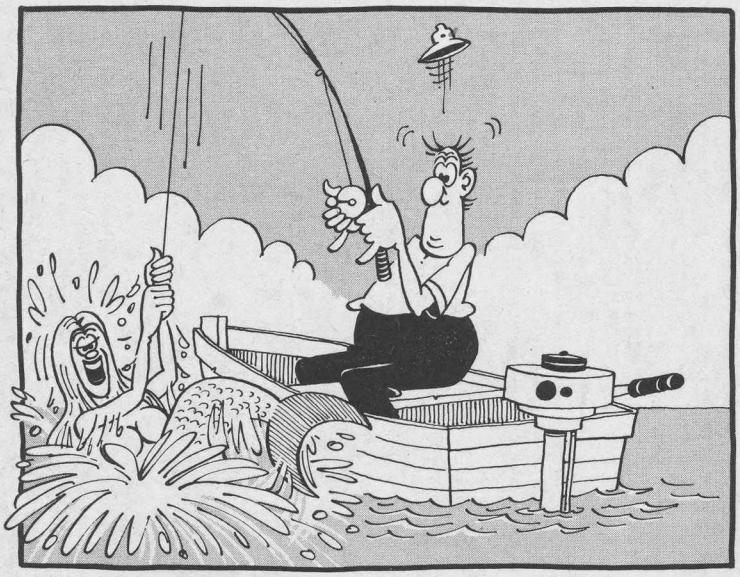
I know I'm terribly miscast in this movie!
I know I'm supposed to look evil—and I don't!
But neither did Richard M. Nixon!! Remember?!?
Anyway . . . the White House is the perfect place for me!
This country's run like Hell already!!

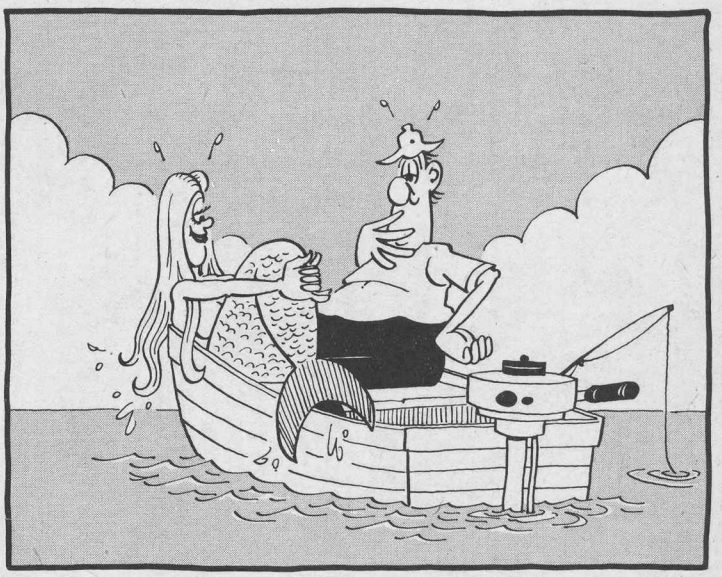
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

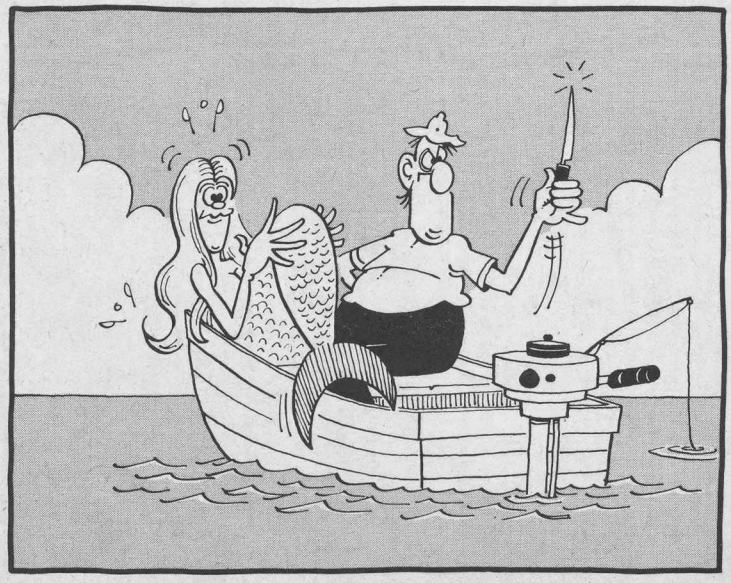
EARLY ONE MORNING OUT ON THE BAY

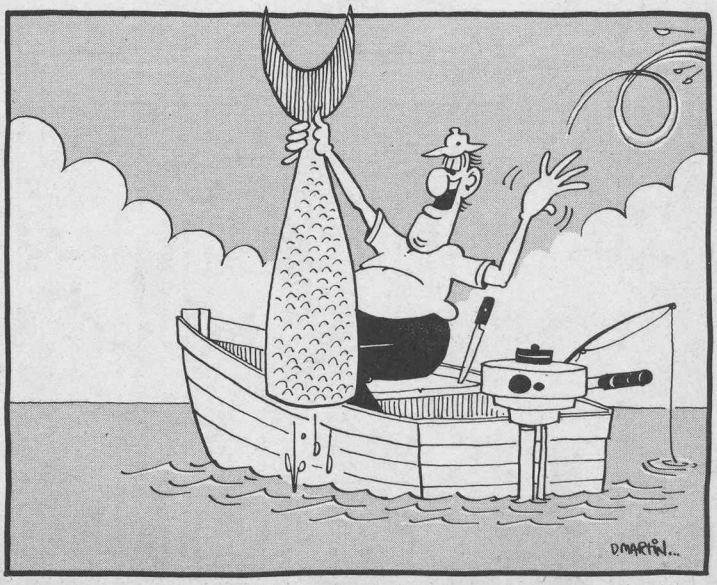






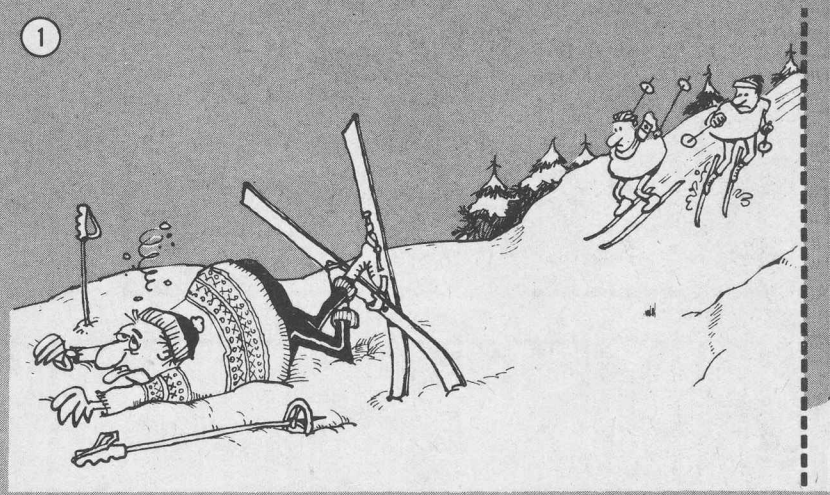


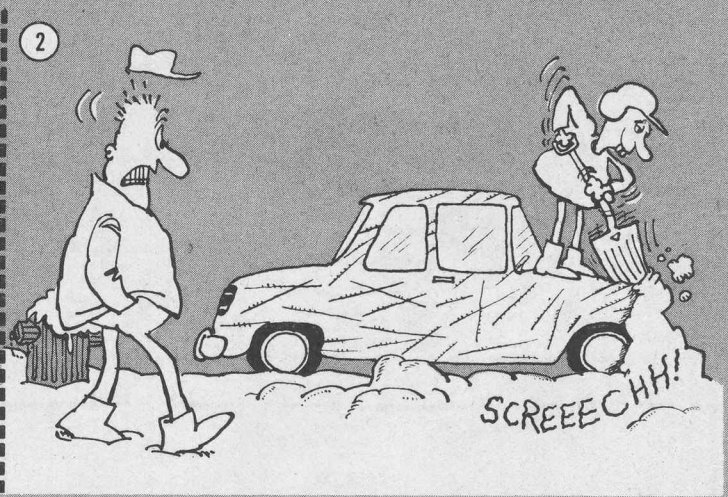


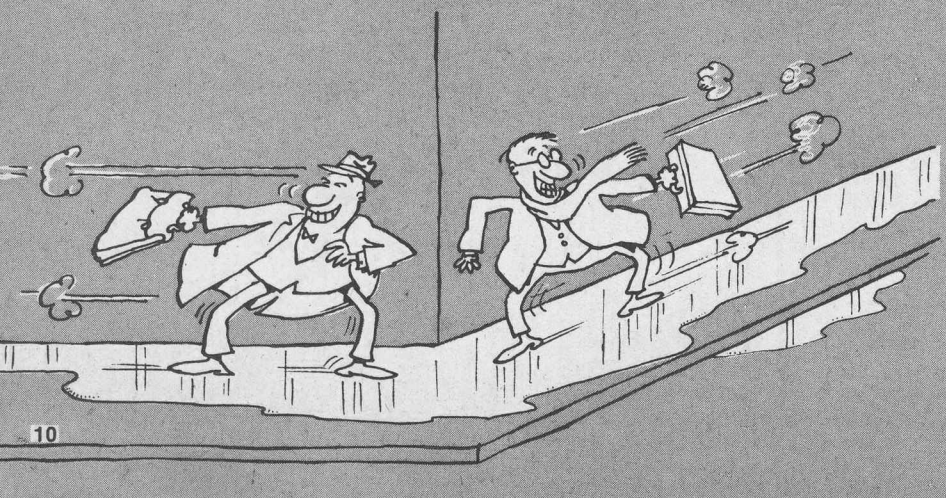


ICE PIX DEPT.

A MAD Look At WIN







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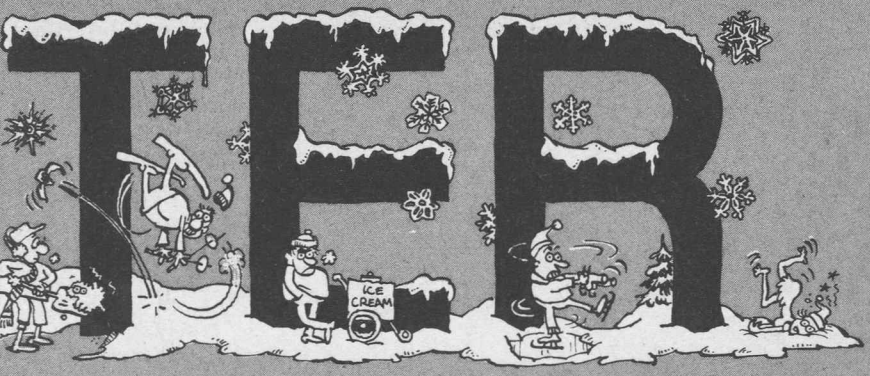
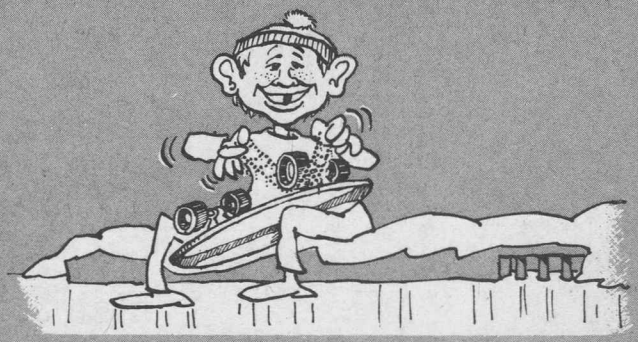
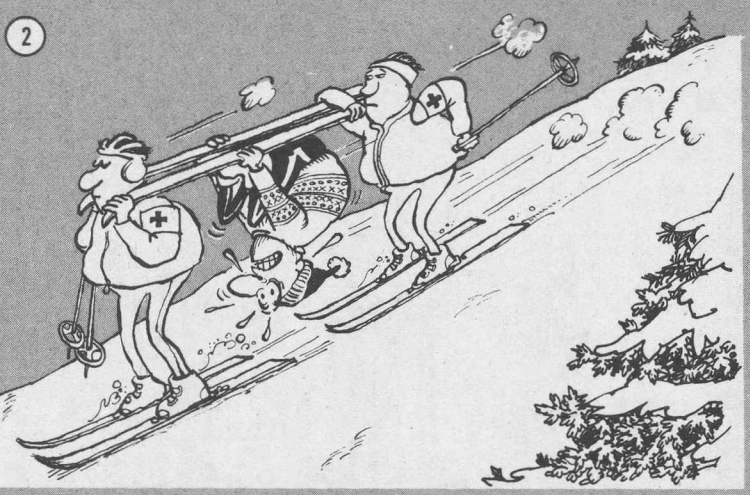
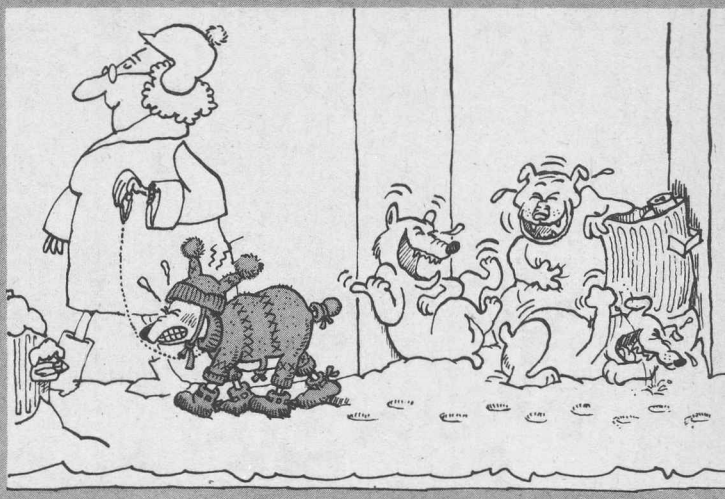




ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

2





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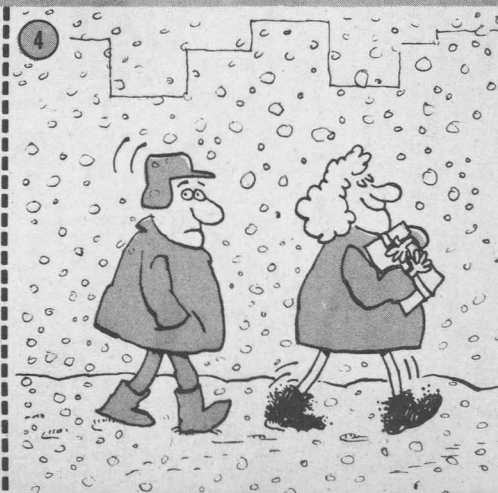
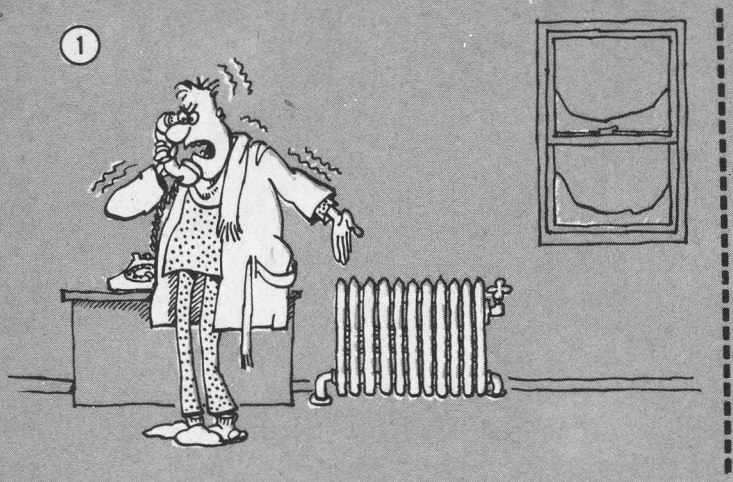


1
DEPT. OF

1

2
CLICK!


1

2

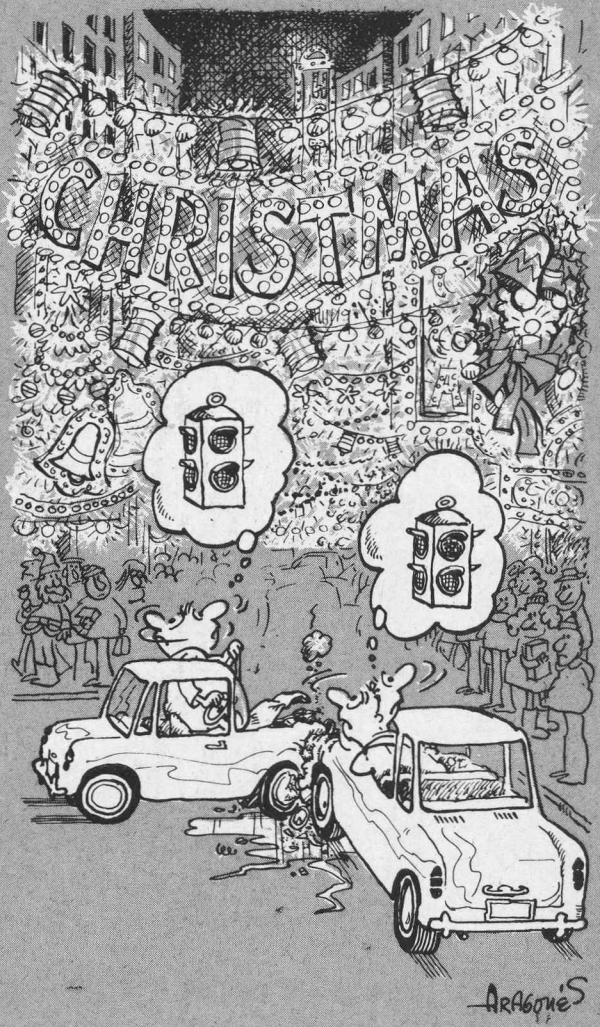
1

2

2
DEPT OF

3
DEPT OF HIGHWAYS

3


CHRISTMAS
ARAGONÉS

1

2
TRAVEL AGENCY
BARBADOS
ACAPULCO
MIAMI

TAKING ANOTHER TACT DEPT.

There's an old adage that goes: "It's not what you say, it's the way that you say it!" Now, what exactly does that mean? A show of hands, please! Nobody? Well, it means that you don't just blurt out bad news to people, you use "diplomacy." Now, what exactly is diplomacy? Still no hands? Well diplomacy is the art of making someone feel good about what you say when he should feel rotten . . . or saying something in such a way that a person doesn't even realize you said it. Got it . . .? No? Well, you'll get the idea from the following examples of

MAD IN EVERY

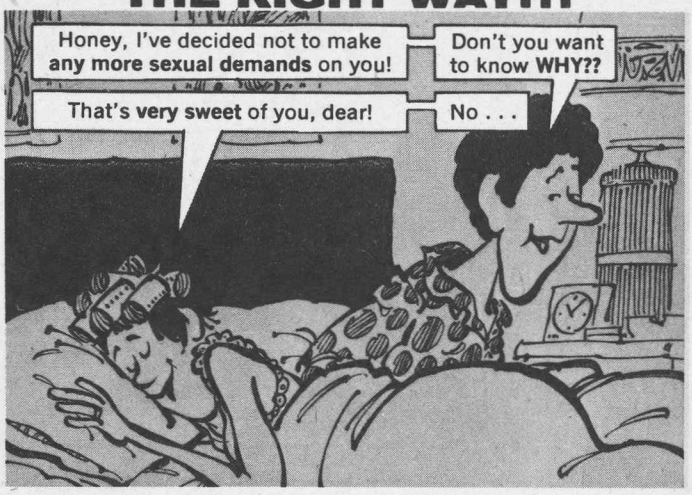
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...

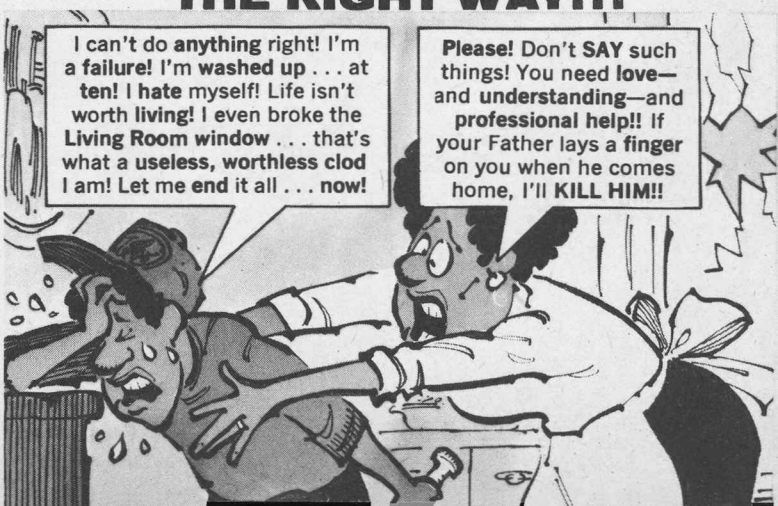
THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...

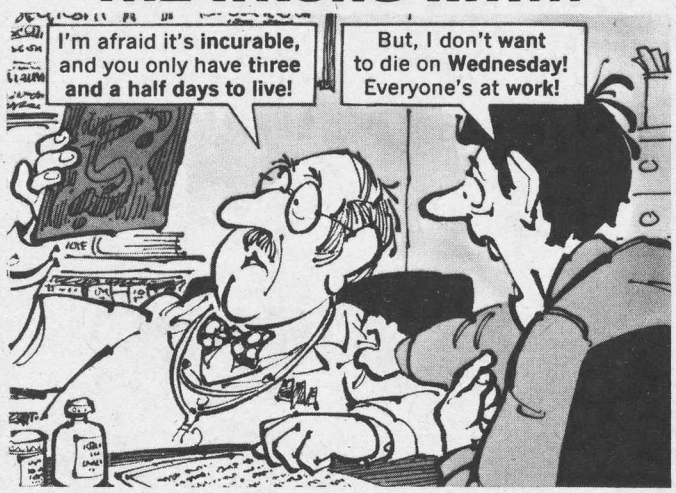
THE RIGHT WAY...



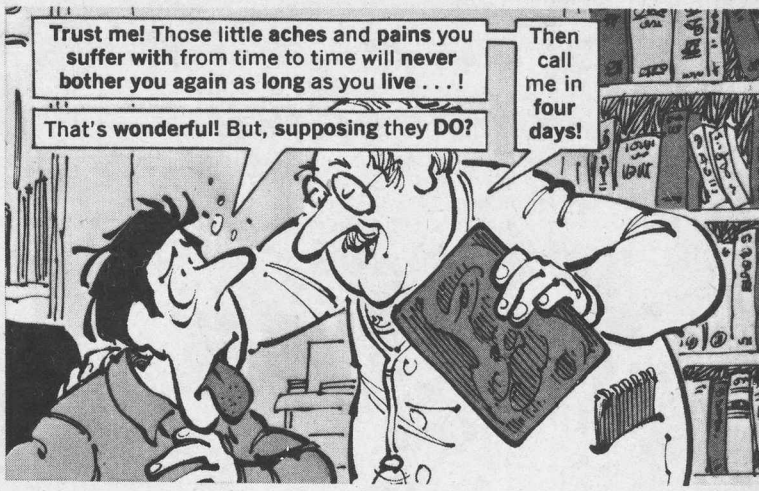
DIPLOMACY
YDAY LIFE SITUATIONS

WRITER: STAN HART

THE WRONG WAY...



THE RIGHT WAY...



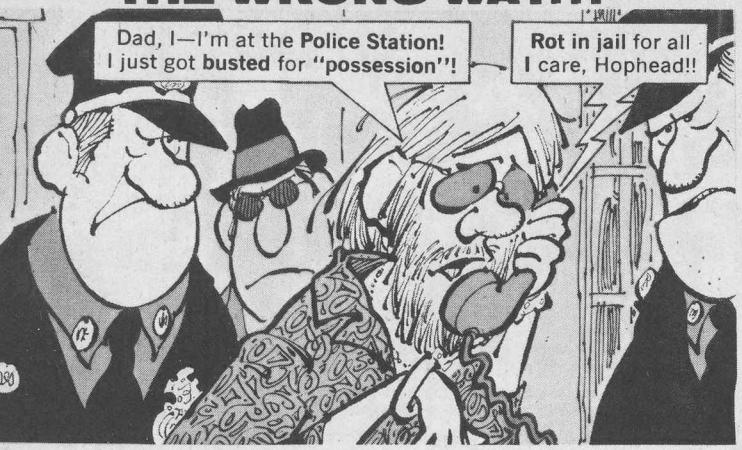
THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...

THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...

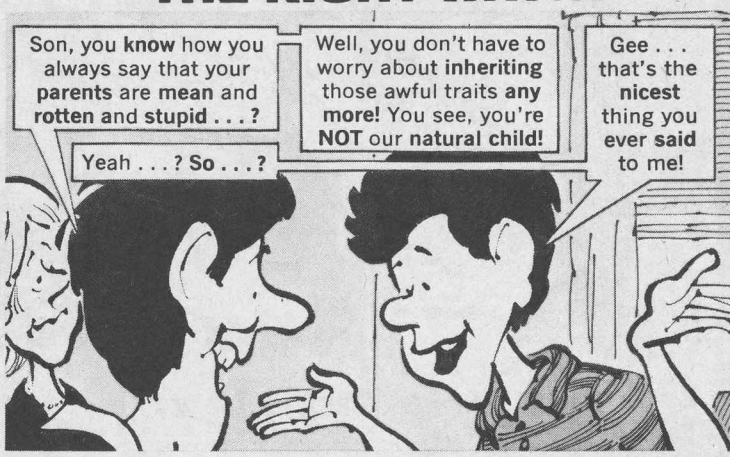
THE WRONG WAY...



THE RIGHT WAY...

THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...

THE RIGHT WAY...

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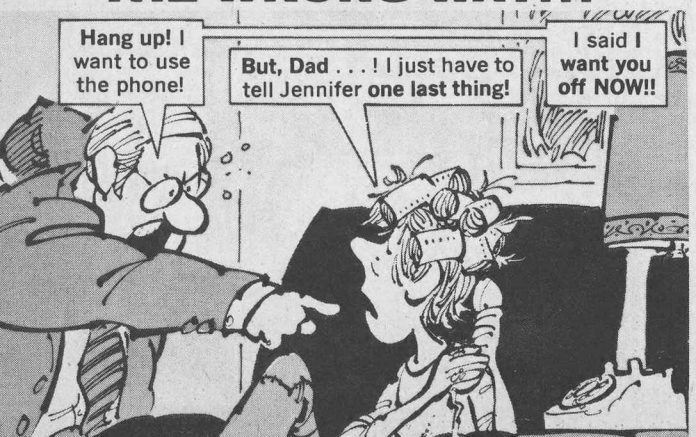
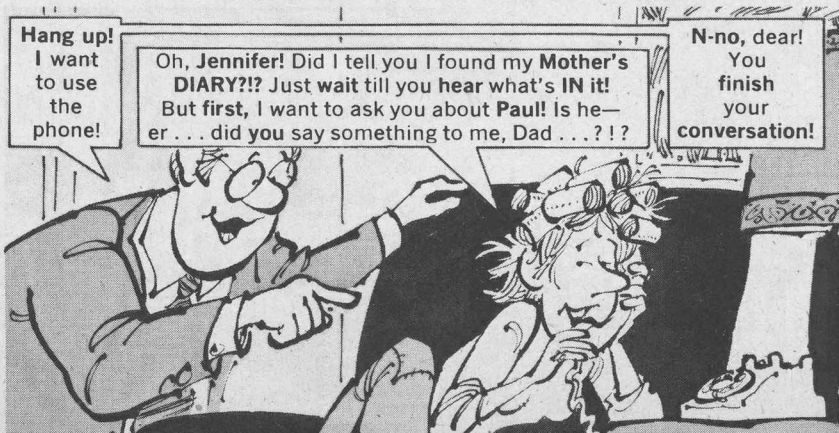
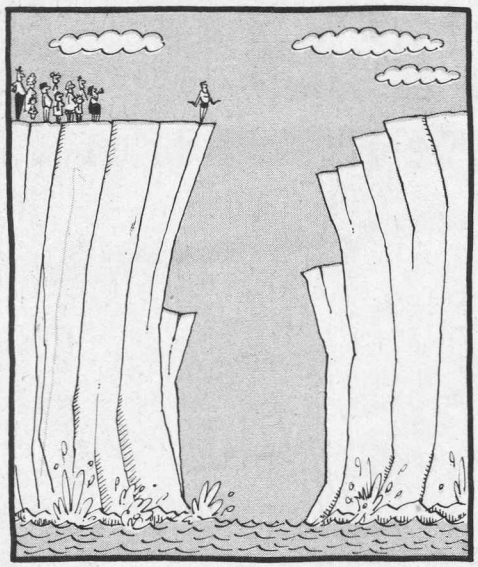


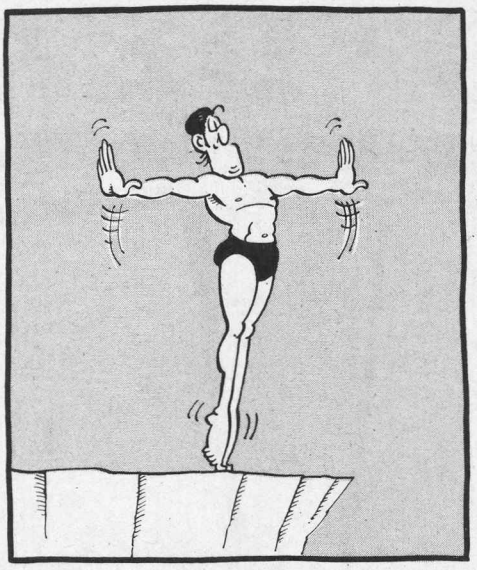
THE RIGHT WAY...

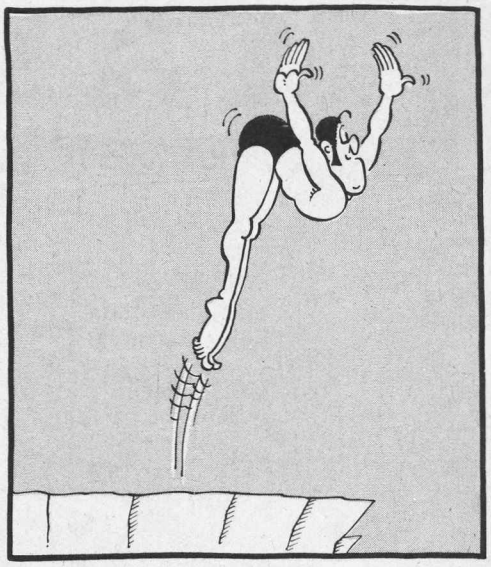


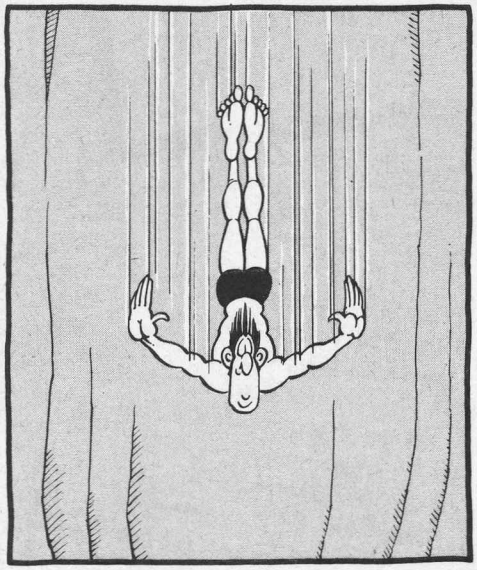
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

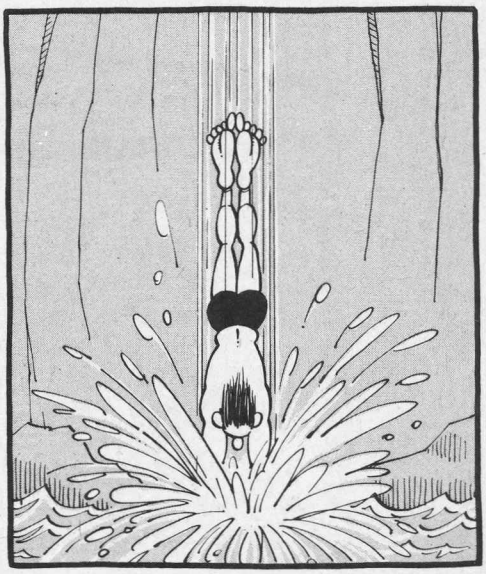
ONE AFTERNOON IN ACAPULCO

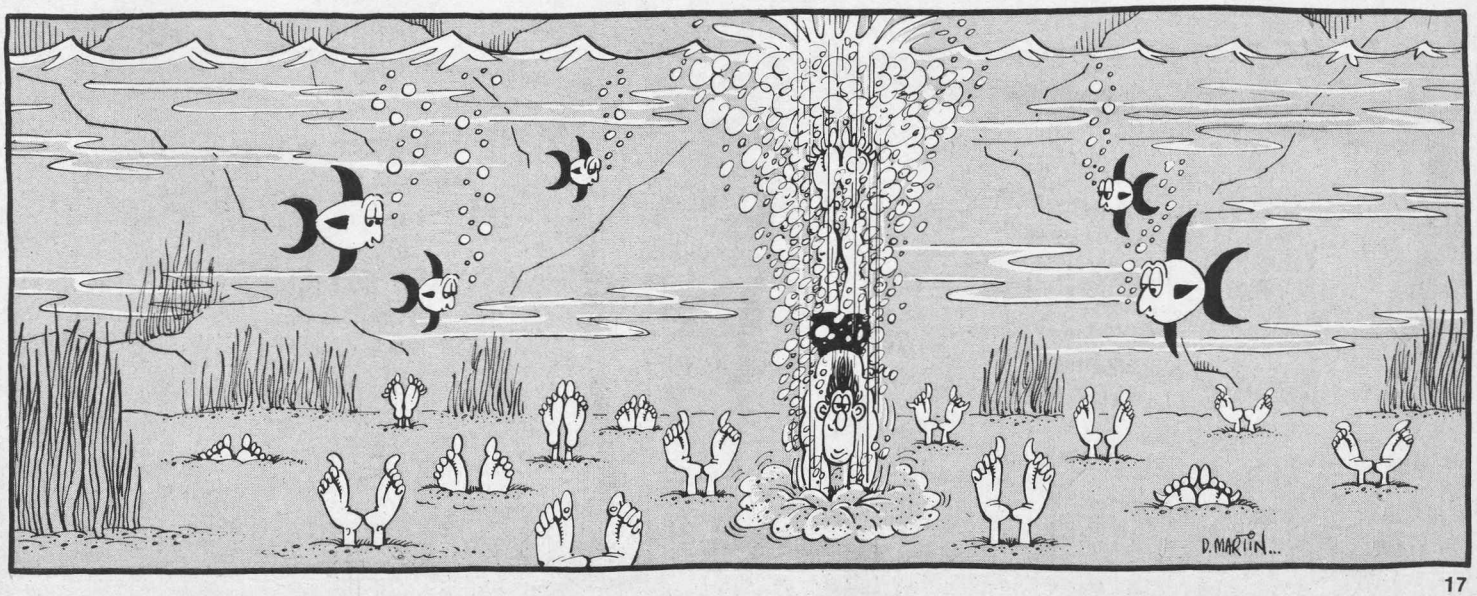










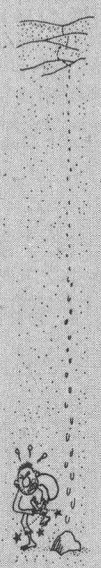


The Editors Of MAD Magazine Regret To Announce The Following Nothing Article Containing Boring

MAD "DEATH" A

Cosmo Birnbaum
Having Rejected
The Meaningless Values
Of A Materialistic World
Filled With Greed
And Spiritual Decay
Herewith Announces
His Loss Of Interest
In Everything
On Monday, The Fourth Of August
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Jasper Weinrat
Having Tried Unsuccessfully
Every Tonic
And Ointment
Known To Medical Science
Announces Sorrowfully
The Death Of All Hope
And His Final Acceptance Of
The Undeniable Fact
That He Is Hopelessly Bald
As Of Thursday, The Ninth Of October
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five



Melvin Melville
Following The Cancellation
Of His
Master Charge, BankAmericard
Diners Club, American Express
And TWA Get-Away Cards
Regrets To Announce
The Passing
Of His Former Life-Style
On Friday, The Third Of October
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Wanda Latour
Following Two-And-One-Half-Years
Of Insatiable Gluttony
During Which Her Svelte-Like Figure
Has Ballooned Into A Mountain Of Fat
Sadly Announces
The End Of Her Desirability
Saturday, The First Of November
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Monroe Moffat
Owner And Proprietor
Of Moffat's Neighborhood Grocery
Having Been Price Squeezed
By A New Food World Across The Street
And Crushed
By The Shop-A-Rama Down The Block
Mournfully Announces
The Death Of His Business
On Saturday, The Thirteenth Of September
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Waxrush
Following The Birth
Of Three Children
In Slightly Less Than Five Years
Have No Choice
But To Announce
Their Loss Of Faith
In Family Planning
As Of Tuesday The Eleventh Of November
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Material Based On An Absurd Premise Which Is Being Published Because Of A Lack Of Anything Better

NNOUNCEMENTS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Conrad Blyte
Having Sustained
Considerable Pain And Anguish
Following Two Burglaries
A Sidewalk Mugging
And A Tornado
Which Leveled His Mobile Home
Outside Wichita
Announces The End
Of His Belief In God
Tuesday, The Sixteenth Of October
Nineteenth Hundred And Seventy-Five

Someone
Who Is Male, White
About Thirty Years Of Age
And Who Awoke Three Days Ago
In A Furnished Room
In Pittsburgh
Herewith Announces
The Loss Of His Memory
Sometime Around
Wednesday, The Tenth Of September
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

Mr. And Mrs. Grover Feldheim
Are Saddened To Announce
The Death
For All Intents And Purposes
Of Their Son
Sidney
Following His Elopement
With That Fortune-Hunting Slut
Of A Belly-Dancer
From San Francisco
On Tuesday, The Ninth Of September
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

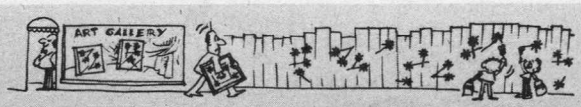
Fenwich Culpepper
Is Saddened Beyond Belief
To Announce The Death
Of His Twenty-One-Inch Zenith
Picture Tube
During An Especially Exciting
Volleyball Instant Replay
On ABC's Wide World Of Sports
Saturday, The Twelfth Of July
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

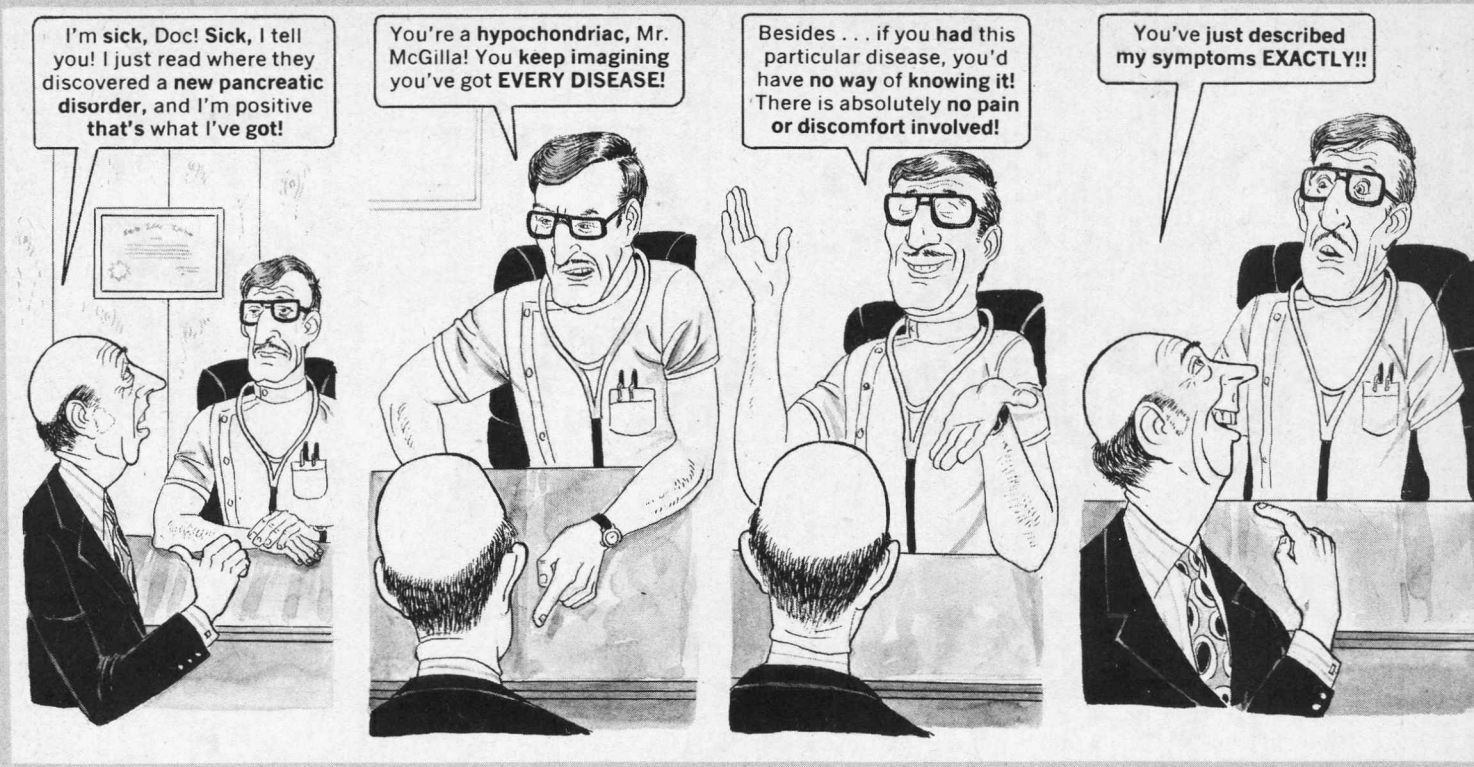
Mr. And Mrs. Quincy Van Freen III
Following A Steady Influx
Of Blacks,
Jews, Italians
And Other Undesirable
Ethnic Groups
Regret To Announce
The Death Of Their Neighborhood
On Monday, The Fourth Of August
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

The Combined Television Networks
Having Noted The Commercial Appeal
Of Tasteless Shows
That Are Poorly Produced, Badly Written
And Feature Inane Plots
Cheapened By Inspid Dialogue
Announce The Final Death
Of All Plans For
Quality TV Programming
As Of Friday, The Third Of October
Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Five

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

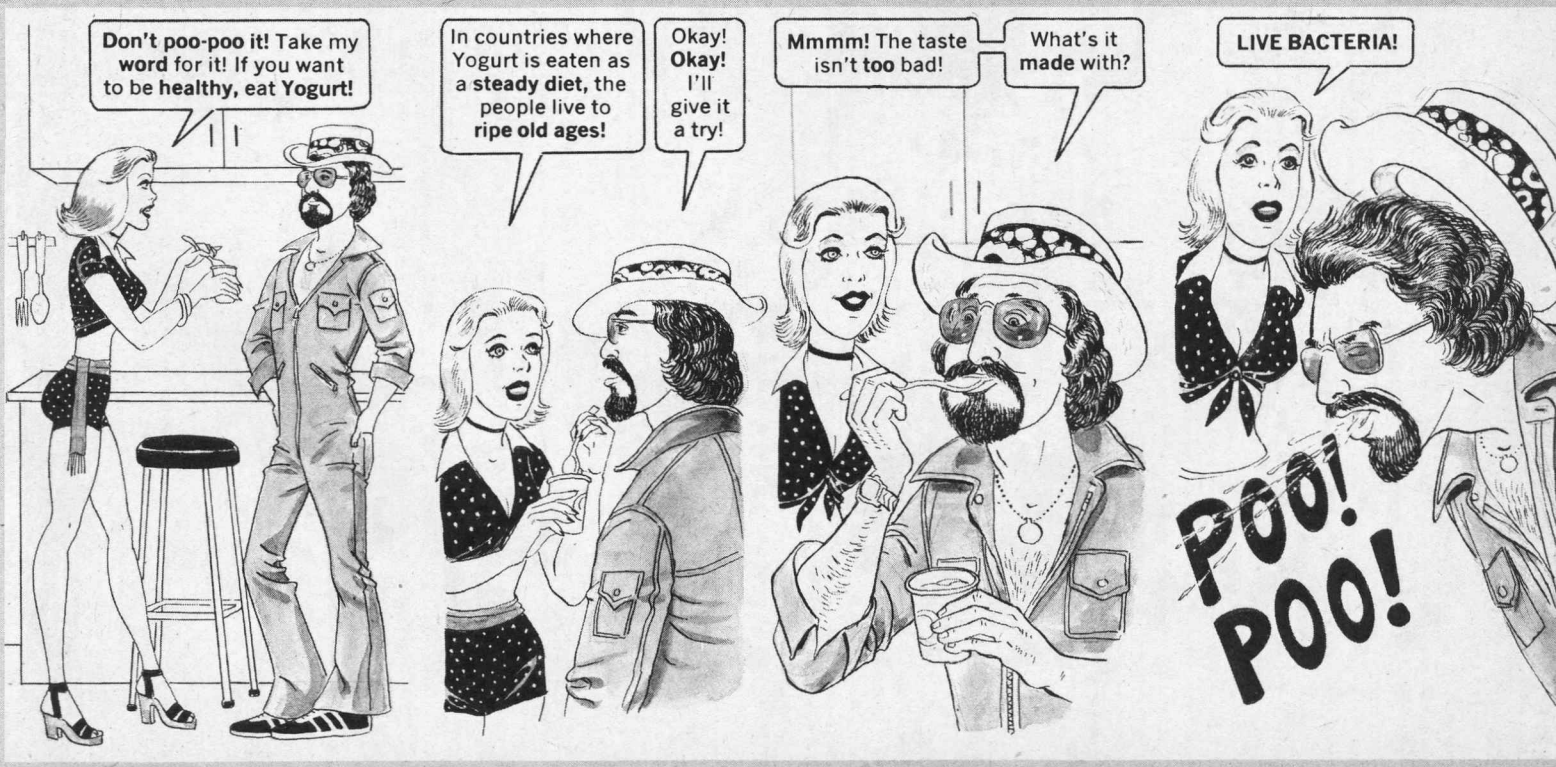
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... HEALT

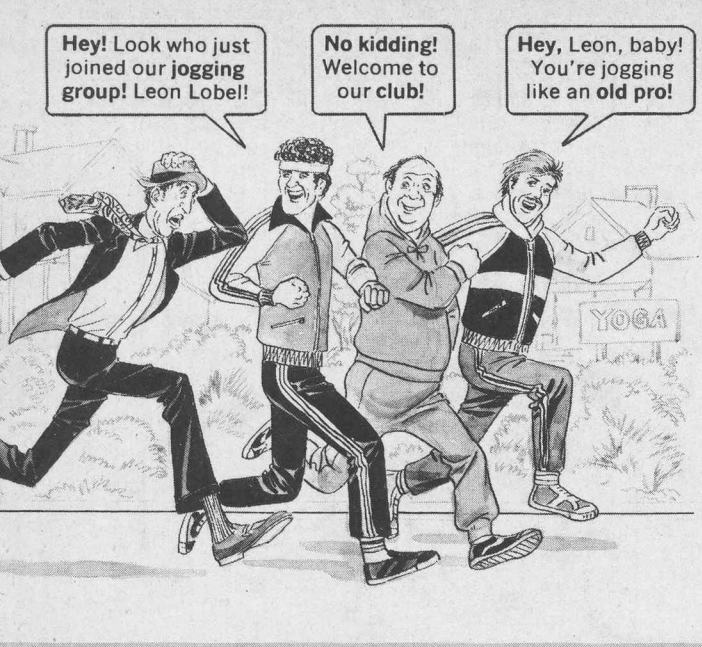


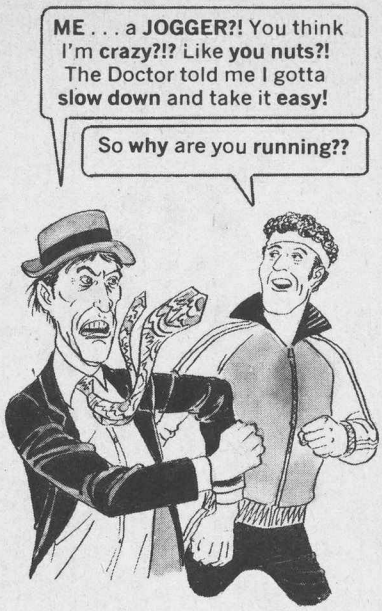


TH NUTS

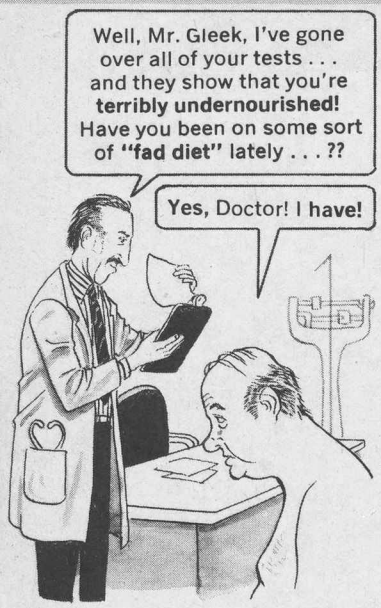
ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

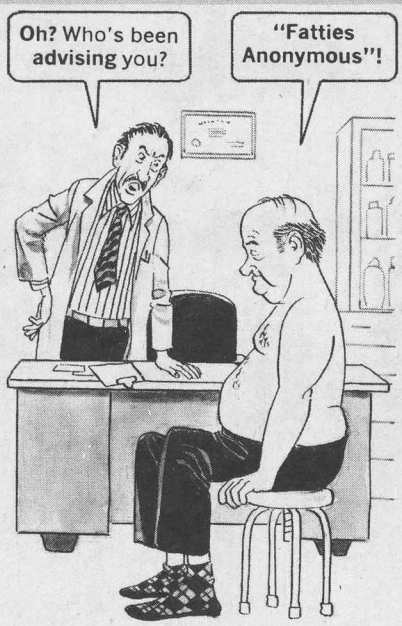



Hey! Look who just joined our jogging group! Leon Lobel!
No kidding! Welcome to our club!
Hey, Leon, baby! You're jogging like an old pro!
YOGA

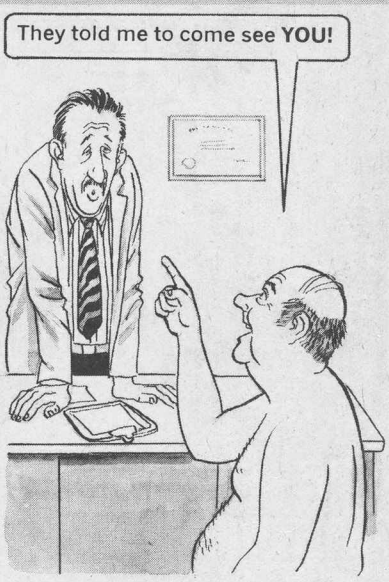

ME . . . a JOGGER?! You think I'm crazy?!? Like you nuts?! The Doctor told me I gotta slow down and take it easy!
So why are you running??

I'm LATE for my NAP!!


Well, Mr. Gleek, I've gone over all of your tests . . . and they show that you're terribly undernourished! Have you been on some sort of "fad diet" lately . . . ??
Yes, Doctor! I have!

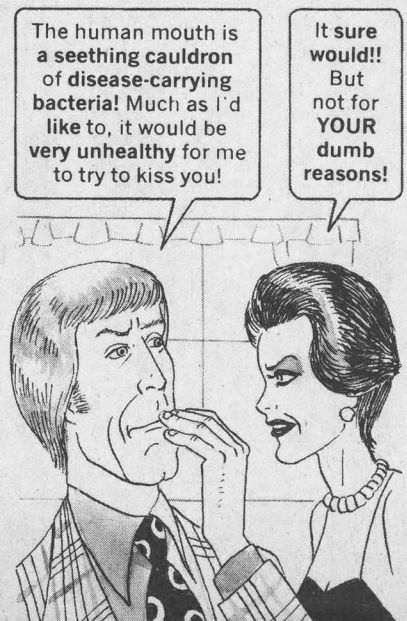

Oh? Who's been advising you?
"Fatties Anonymous"!

Really?! And what OTHER kind of stupid advice have they been giving you?!?


They told me to come see YOU!

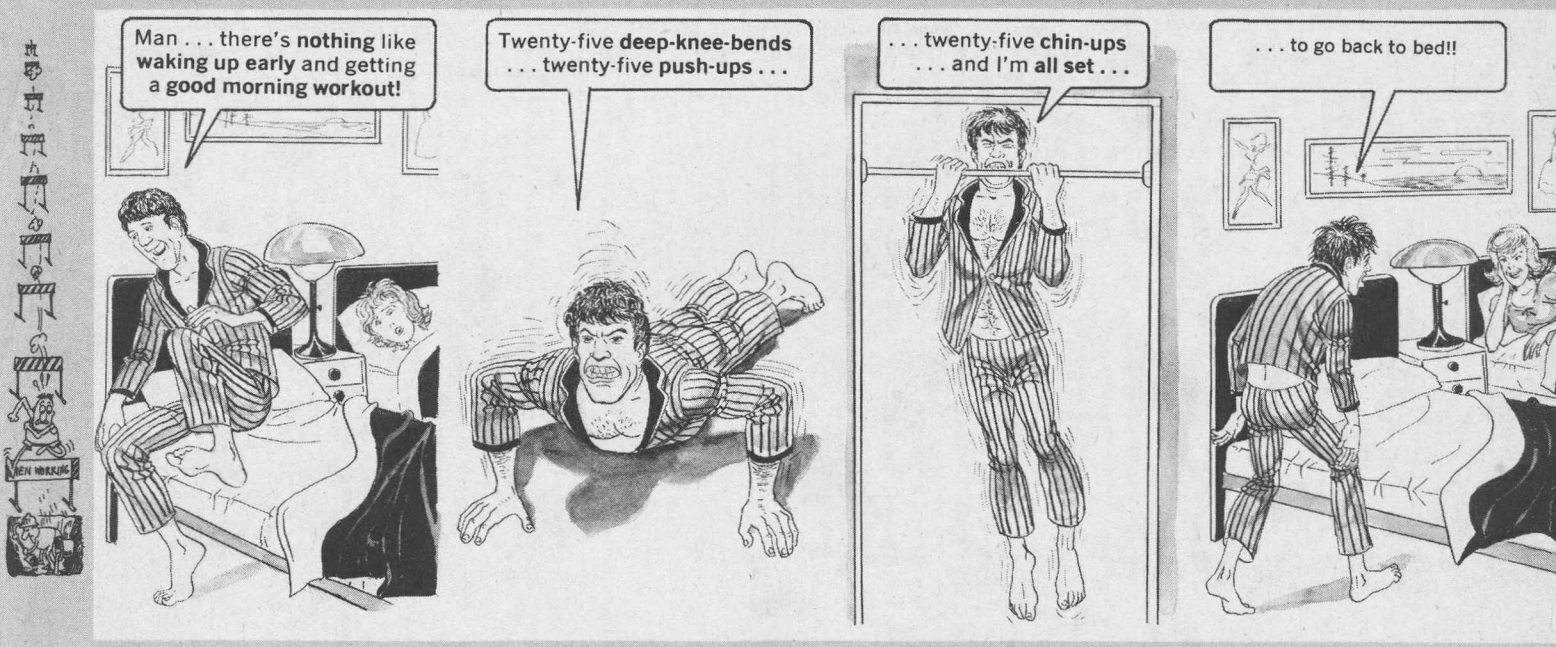
You're a very attractive woman . . . and I would love to kiss you! But kissing is extremely unsanitary!

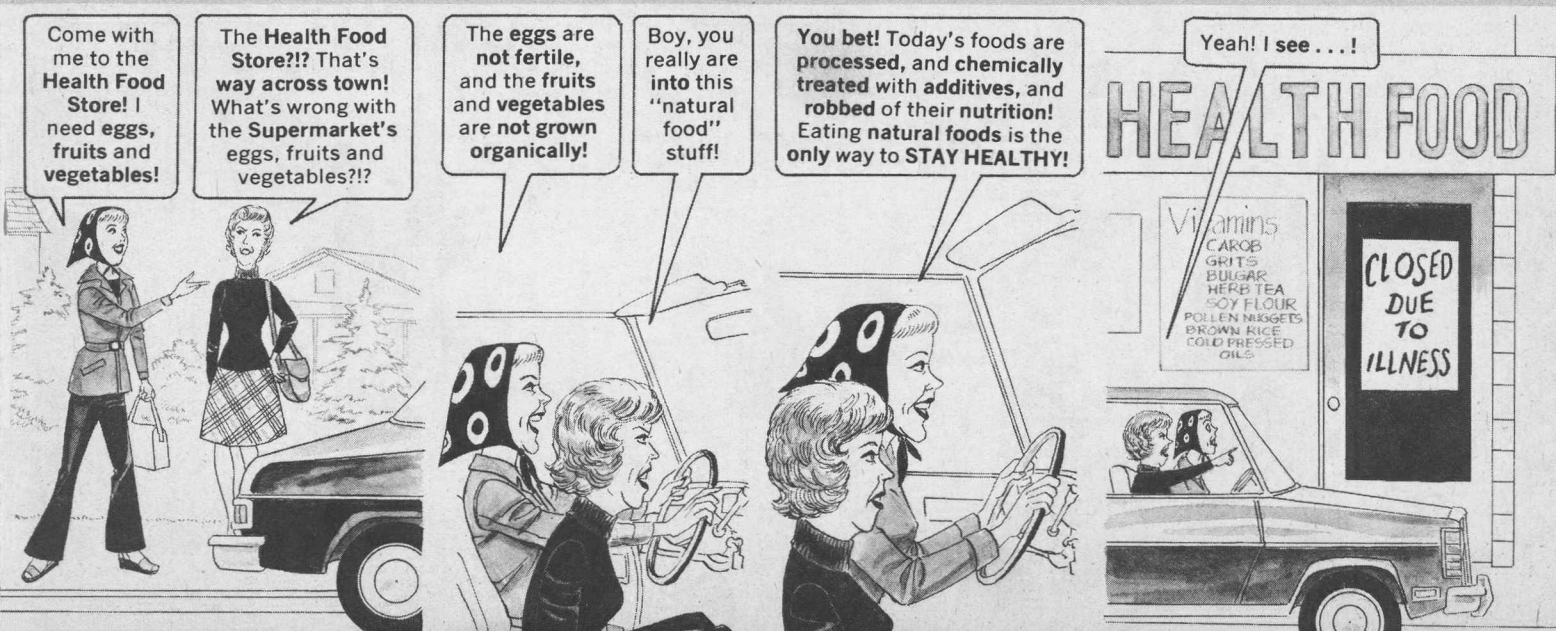
Don't tell me you're one of those "GERM FREAKS"?!


The human mouth is a seething cauldron of disease-carrying bacteria! Much as I'd like to, it would be very unhealthy for me to try to kiss you!
It sure would!! But not for YOUR dumb reasons!

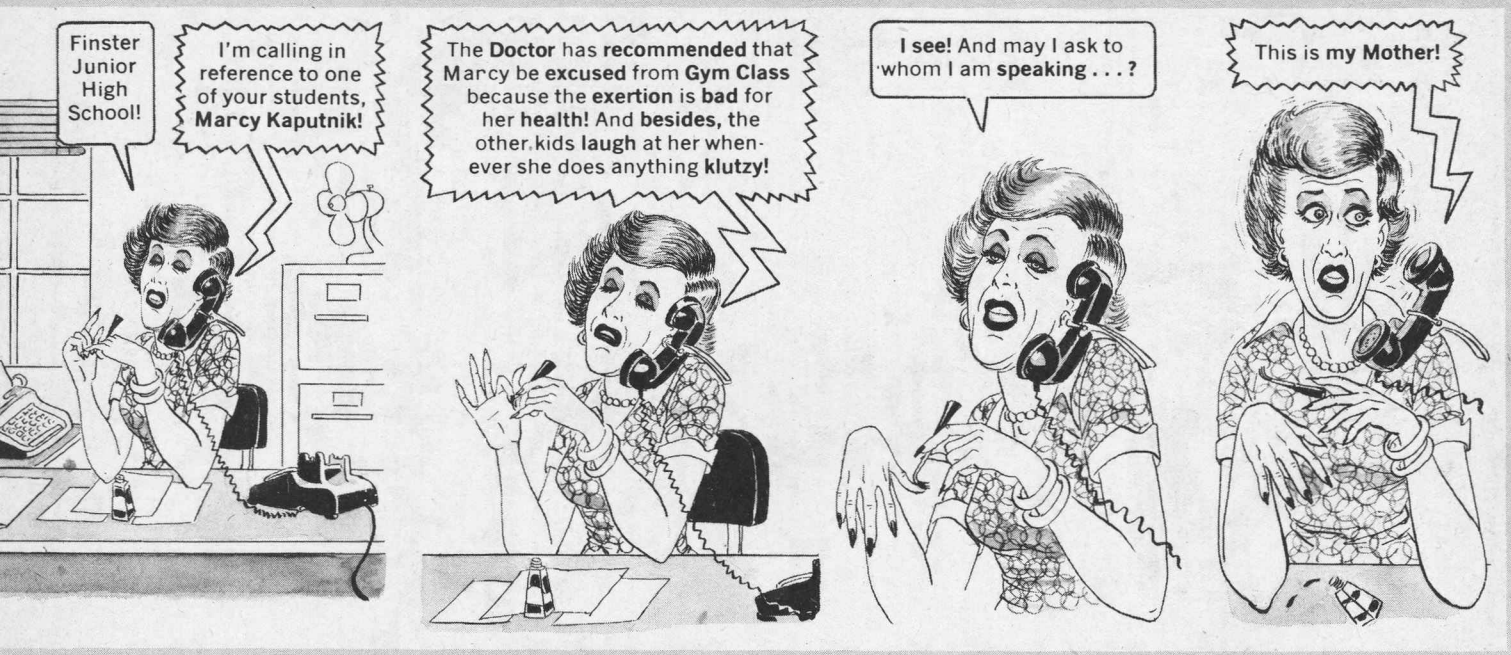
That's my HUSBAND standing behind you!

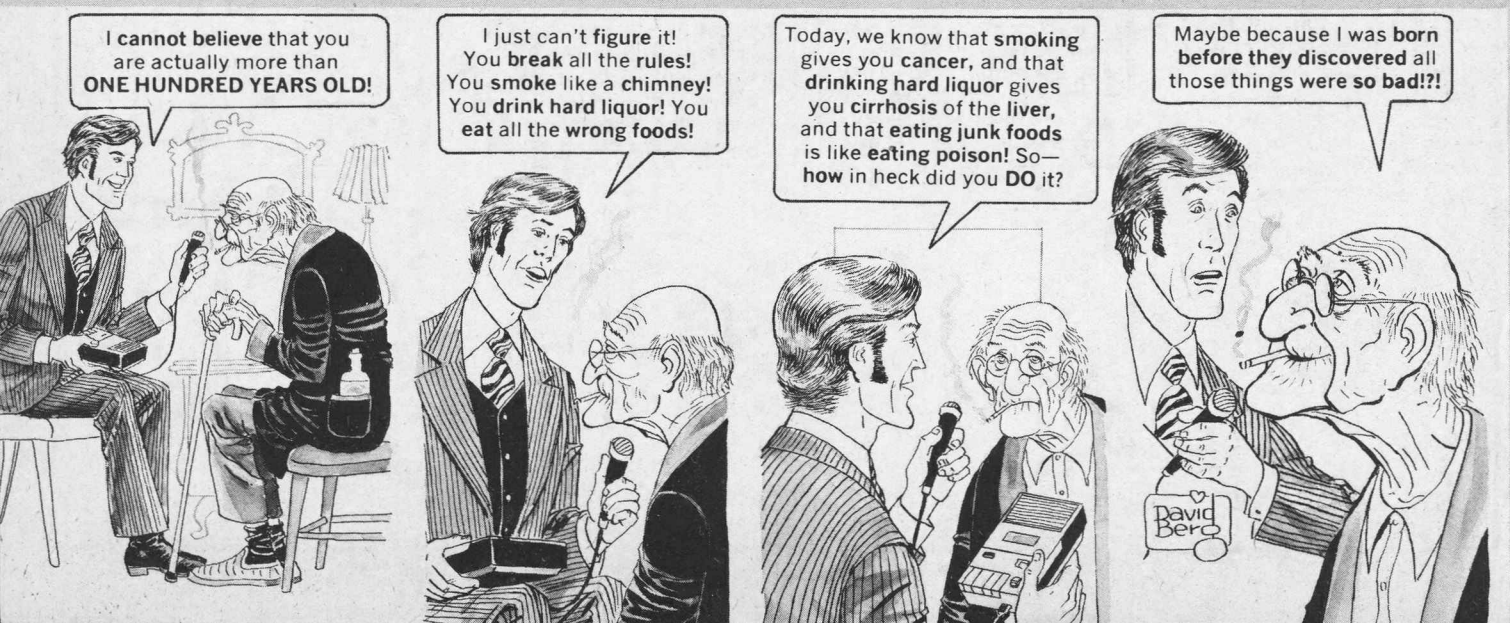
Oh, my **poor darling!** There's a **draft** in this room! I'd better **shut the window . . .**
After all . . . I wouldn't want anything to **happen** to you! You're so **sweet** . . . so **very dear** to me!
Gee, I sure appreciate your **concern!** You probably saved me from a **cold** . . . or a bout with the **flu!** Thank you!
Don't thank me! I was **talking** to the **PLANT!!**


Man . . . there's **nothing** like **waking up early** and getting a **good morning workout!**
Twenty-five **deep-knee-bends** . . . twenty-five **push-ups . . .**
. . . twenty-five **chin-ups** . . . and I'm **all set . . .**
. . . to go back to bed!!


Come with me to the **Health Food Store!** I need **eggs, fruits** and **vegetables!**
The **Health Food Store?!?** That's **way across town!** What's wrong with the **Supermarket's** eggs, fruits and vegetables?!?
The **eggs** are **not fertile,** and the **fruits** and **vegetables** are **not grown organically!**
Boy, you really are **into** this "natural food" stuff!
You bet! Today's foods are **processed,** and **chemically treated** with **additives,** and **robbed** of their **nutrition!** Eating **natural foods** is the **only** way to **STAY HEALTHY!**
Yeah! I **see . . . !**
HEALTH FOOD
Vitamins
CAROB
GRITS
BULGAR
HERB TEA
SOY FLOUR
POLLEN NUGGETS
BROWN RICE
COLD PRESSED OILS
CLOSED DUE TO ILLNESS

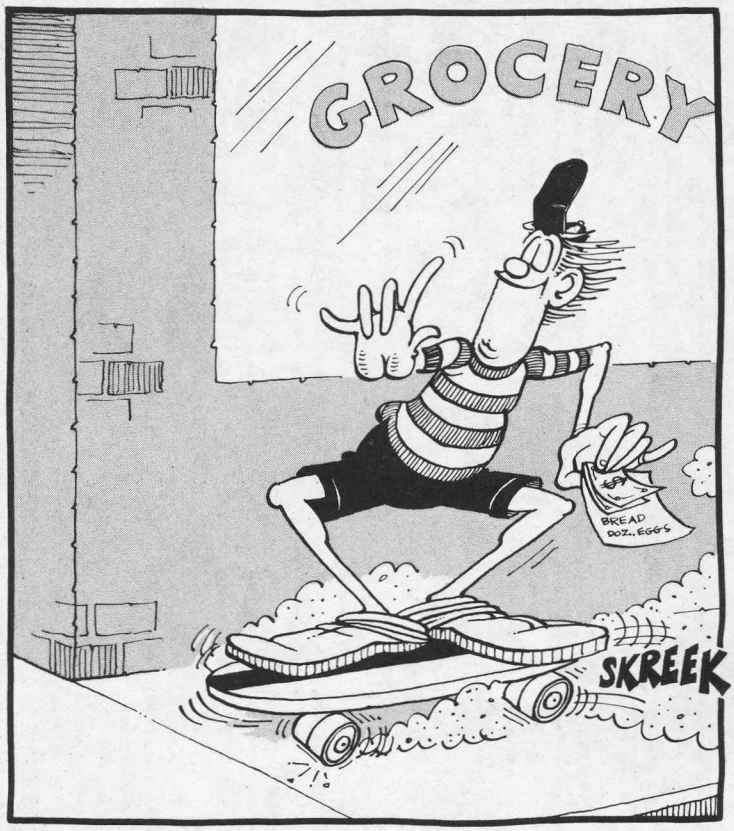
Shhhh! My daughter Nancy is meditating!
What does THAT mean?
DO NOT DISTURB
Let's tip-toe into the next room, and I'll tell you . . .
She's into Transcendental Meditation! It's supposed to. relieve tension, lower blood pressure and solve many other health and mental problems!
Does it work?
For HER! It's turned her into a calm, mellow person!
BUT IT'S MAKING A BLITHERING NERVOUS WRECK OF ME!!

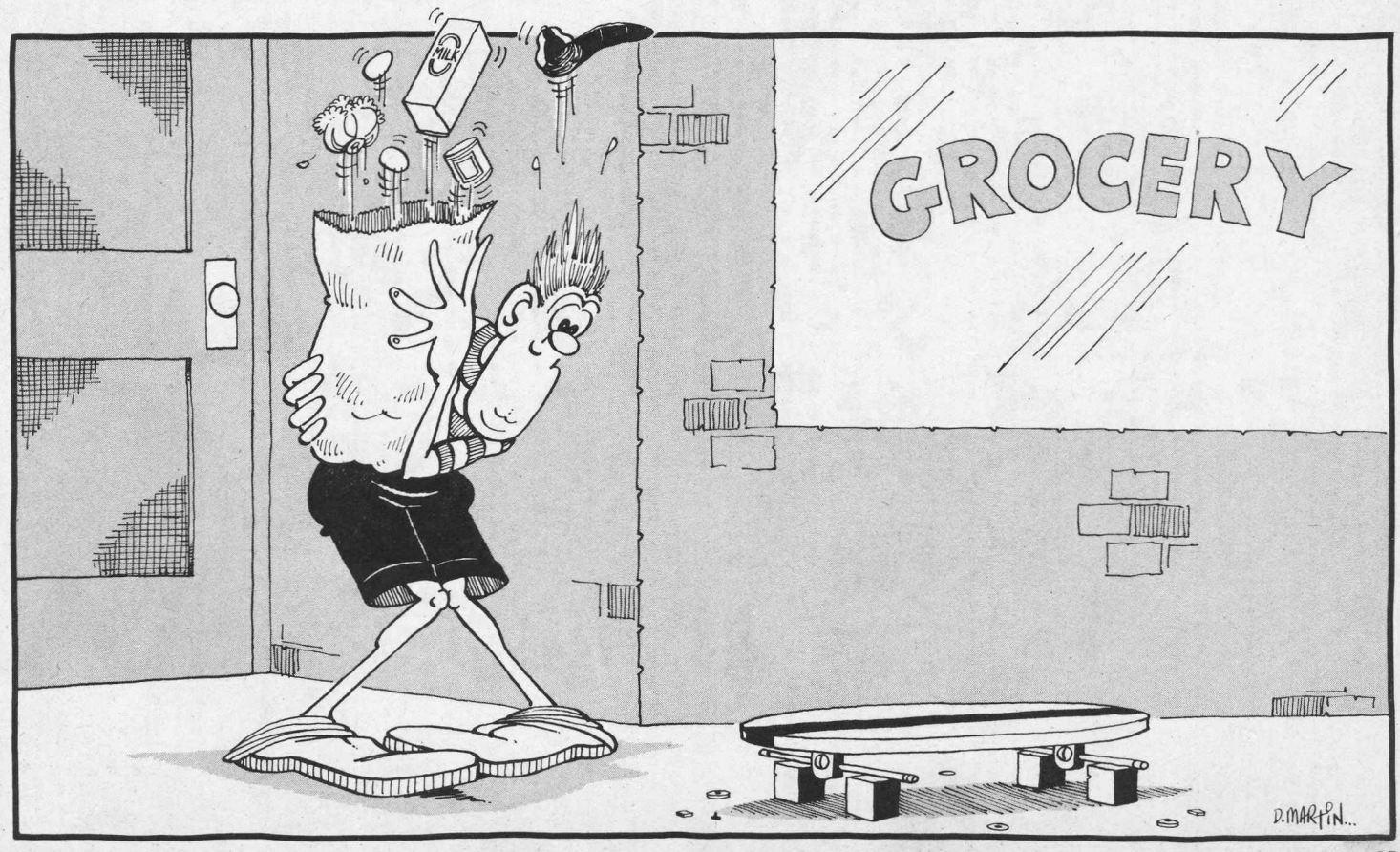

Finster Junior High School!
I'm calling in reference to one of your students, Marcy Kaputnik!
The Doctor has recommended that Marcy be excused from Gym Class because the exertion is bad for her health! And besides, the other kids laugh at her whenever she does anything klutzy!
I see! And may I ask to whom I am speaking . . . ?
This is my Mother!


I cannot believe that you are actually more than ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD!
I just can't figure it! You break all the rules! You smoke like a chimney! You drink hard liquor! You eat all the wrong foods!
Today, we know that smoking gives you cancer, and that drinking hard liquor gives you cirrhosis of the liver, and that eating junk foods is like eating poison! So—how in heck did you DO it?
Maybe because I was born before they discovered all those things were so bad!?!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

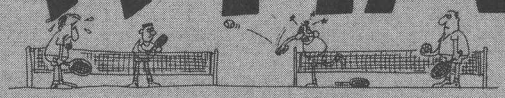
ONE AFTERNOON WHILE RUNNING AN ERRAND



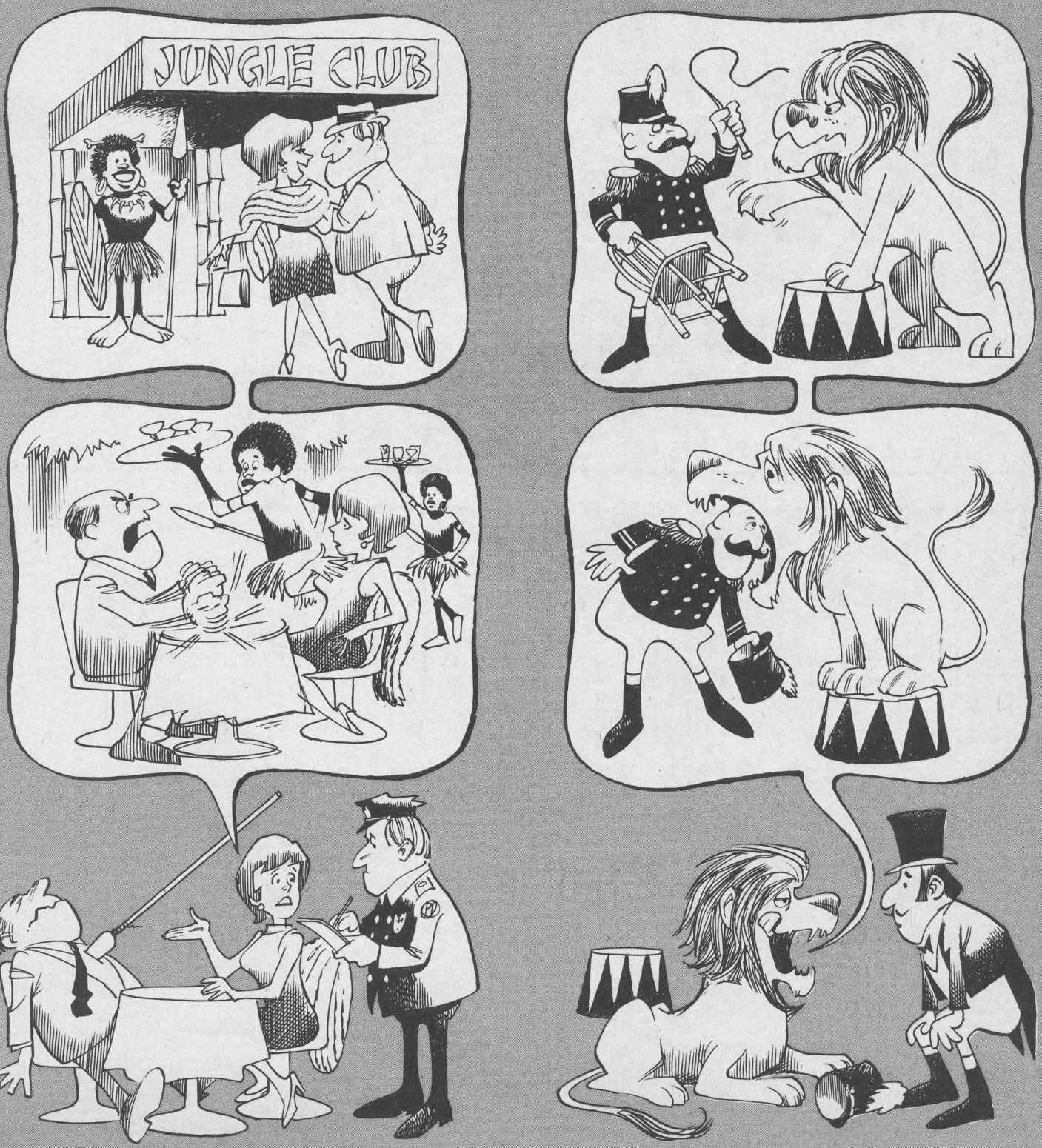


INCIDENT REPLAY DEPT.

MORE WHAT'S T

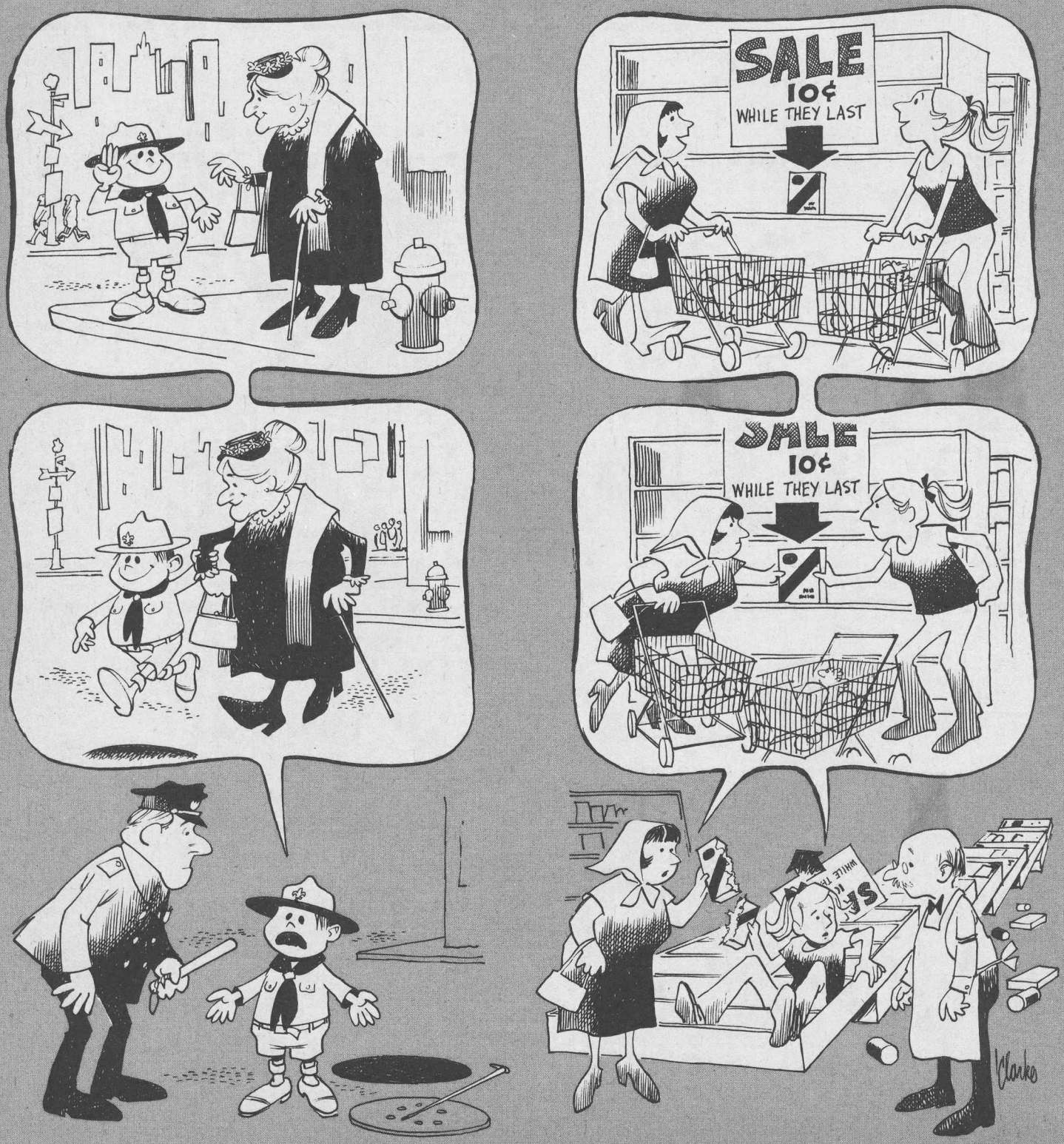


ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



HE STORY...?

WRITER: DON EDWING



HOME GROAN DEPT.

In addition to being stronger and wealthier than their children, parents have another big advantage in moments of conflict between generations. They have shelves of Child Psychology books to explain why their kids behave

THE MAD PARENTAL

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... SCHOOL INTEGRATION

They encourage you to make friends with classmates from minority groups . . . but they don't mean really close friends, like the kind you might bring home.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... MAINTAINING TRADITIONS

Like, your Dad wants everything about your college days to be exactly like his . . . except that you should get better grades and a better job offer at graduation time.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... HOBBIES

Especially your Dad, who can't understand why you waste your time collecting David Bowie records when you could be sharing his interest in collecting rare barbed wire.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... RADIOS

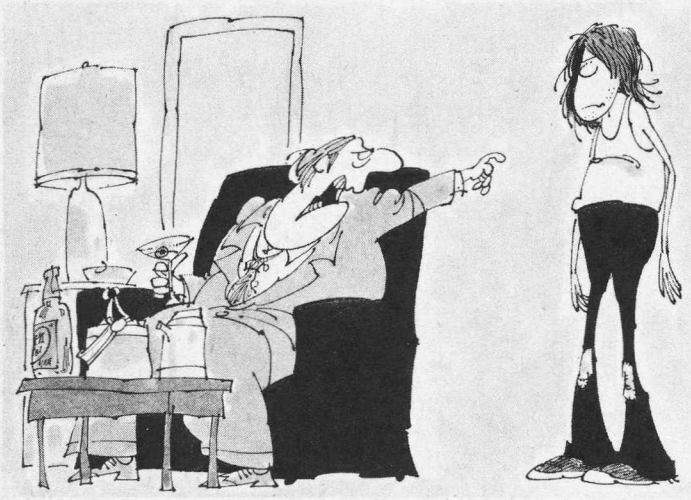
They must always be played at low volume, and turned off completely by 11 P.M., except, of course, when the ball game Dad's listening to goes into extra innings.

so badly. On the other hand, kids have never had even one Parent Psychology book to help them understand why Mom and Dad do all the kooky things they do. Until now, that is! Because that void is about to be filled with—

GUIDE TO HANG-UPS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... BEING ON THE DEFENSIVE

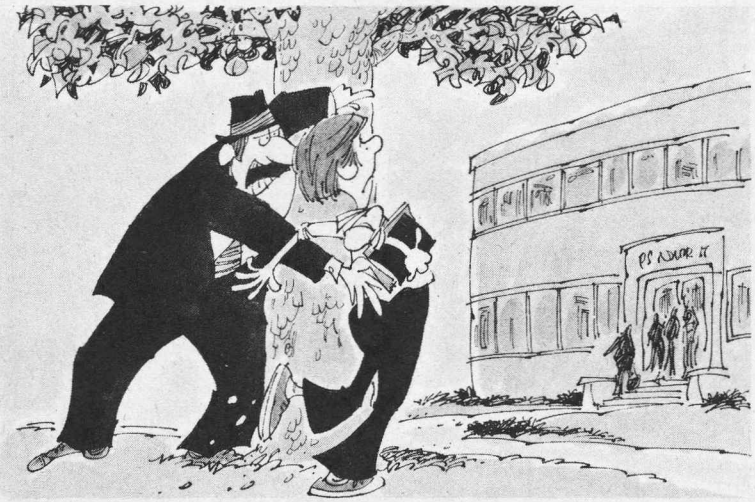


Which may explain why Dad starts pointing out all of your shortcomings every time you suggest that he should consider joining Alcoholics Anonymous.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... THEIR MIXED EMOTIONS

Which is why, when you're late, your Mom worries herself sick thinking you've been hurt in an accident, and then threatens to kill you when she finds out you haven't been.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... SELF-ASSERTION

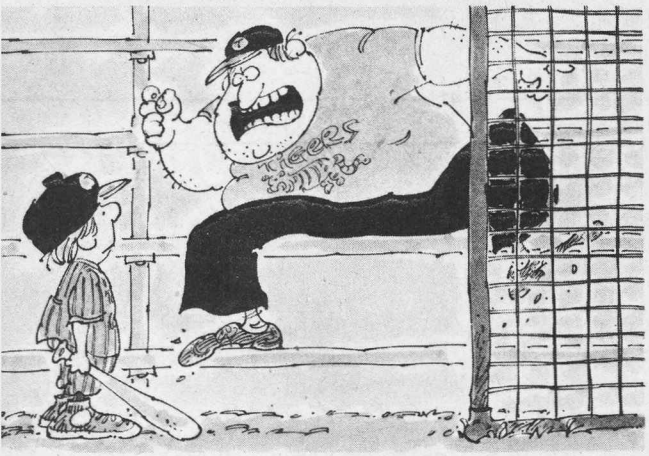


They think you should stand right up in school and tell your teacher to stop picking on you. "But, for heaven's sake, don't ever tell her who advised you to do that!"

Parents Have A Hang-Up About... PORCH LIGHTS

They can't seem to decide whether they're duty-bound to leave the light on and help you avoid being pawed, or turn it off and help you avoid being disappointed.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
ACCEPTING FAILURE



That's why you get more pressure to become a Little League star right after Dad suddenly realizes he's becoming a middle-aged nobody!

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
WOMEN'S LIB

They don't mind if you want a career, just so you finish it quickly, land a desirable husband and start presenting them with Grandchildren.

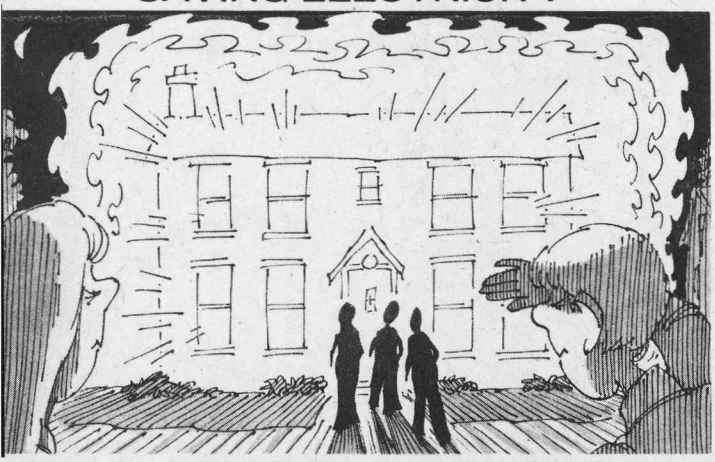
Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
MAKING MATURE DECISIONS

Which may help you to understand why your father weighs the merits of all the new cars, and then decides to buy a Buick—because that's the kind his Daddy always had.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
CLEANLINESS

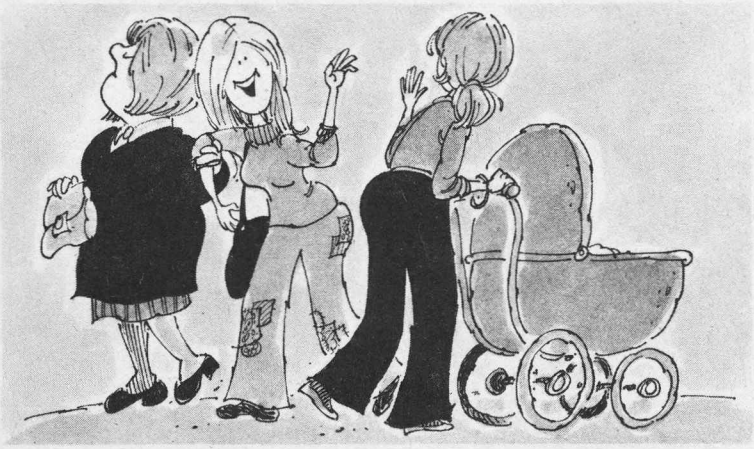
In fact, the only thing that upsets them more than a dirty child is a dirty child who gets the bathroom dirty while he's getting himself clean.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
SAVING ELECTRICITY



Except when you're having a party, and then they insist upon putting 200-watt bulbs in every lamp in the house.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
REMEMBERING YOUR FRIENDS

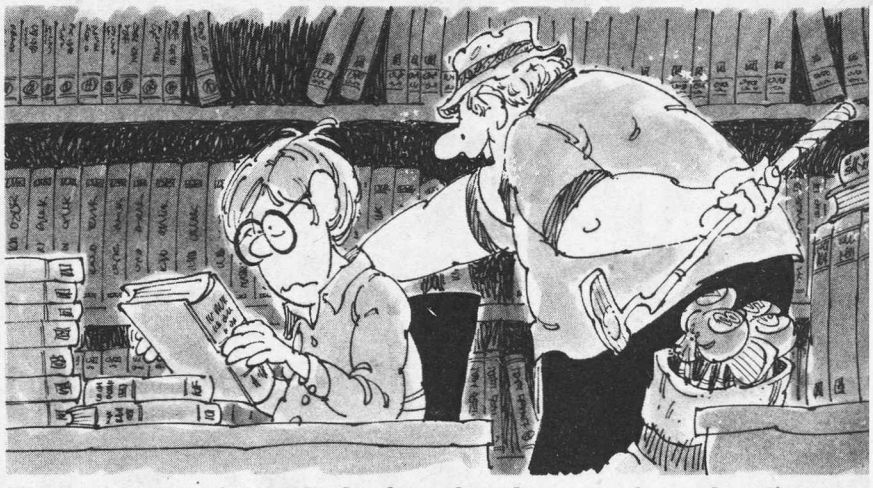


But Mom will never forget that girl you knew slightly—who had to drop out of school because she got pregnant.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
RELIGIOUS TRAINING

They want you to take it seriously . . . but not so seriously that you decide to become a Nun.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
SELF-SACRIFICE



That's what compels your Dad to buy a brand new set of encyclopedias for you every time he buys a brand new set of golf clubs for himself.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
THEIR CHILDREN'S HANG-UPS

Especially a little kid's fear of the dark . . . since, as any fool knows, nothing can really hurt you except cholesterol, and the Teamsters Union.

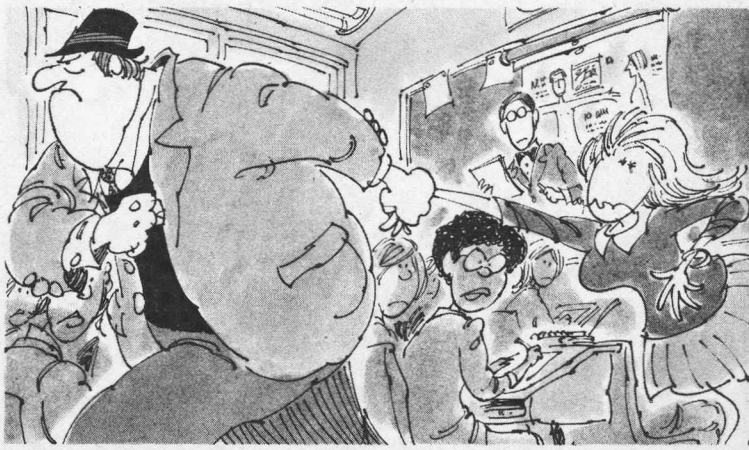
Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
TELEVISION

They'd rather let you watch "Hawaii Five-O" than "Maude" because they feel a lot more comfortable answering your childish questions about mass murder than about s—e—x!

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
COMPETITIVE ACHIEVEMENT

Which leads them to the strange belief that when you win, this somehow proves that they're superior parents.

Parents Have A Hang-Up About...
SEX EDUCATION IN SCHOOL



Because your Dad assumes that both he and your teacher got their information from reading the same dirty book.

HEY GANG! HERE'S YOUR REAL 33⅓ RPM SUPER SPECIAL BONUS

THE MAD LAUGH RECORD

"A MAD LOOK AT GRADUATION DAY"

PLAY ALFRED E. NEUMAN'S FACE, AND BREAK OUT... IN HYSTERICS!

LOOK FOR THE "UNION" ARMY DEPT.

Today, ballplayers, actors, writers, truck drivers, teachers, steel workers . . . people in almost every job or profession . . . belong to Unions. Except the Military! But that's gonna change because the American Federation of Govt. Employees is going to make a serious attempt to organize our Armed Forces. As citizens, we are all concerned with the Army (Mainly, how to stay out of it!), and so we'd now like to bring you a MAD preview of what it'll be like . . .

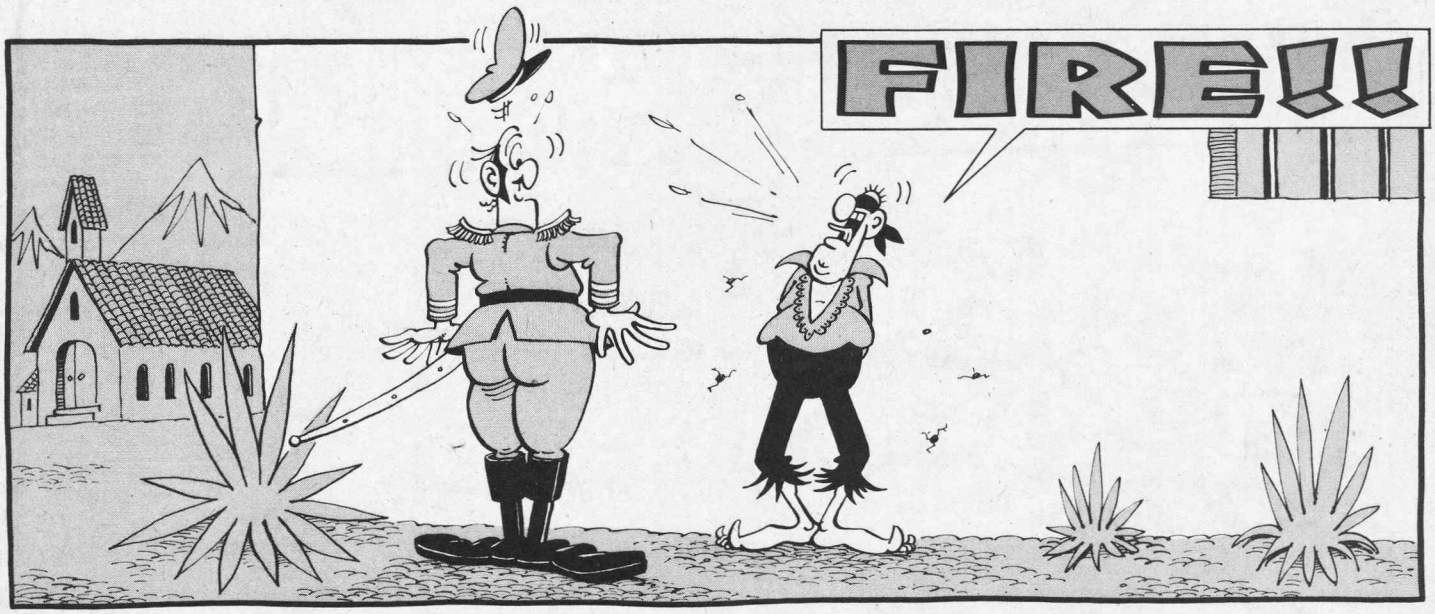
WHEN MEMBERS OF OUR ARMED FORCES JOIN A UNION

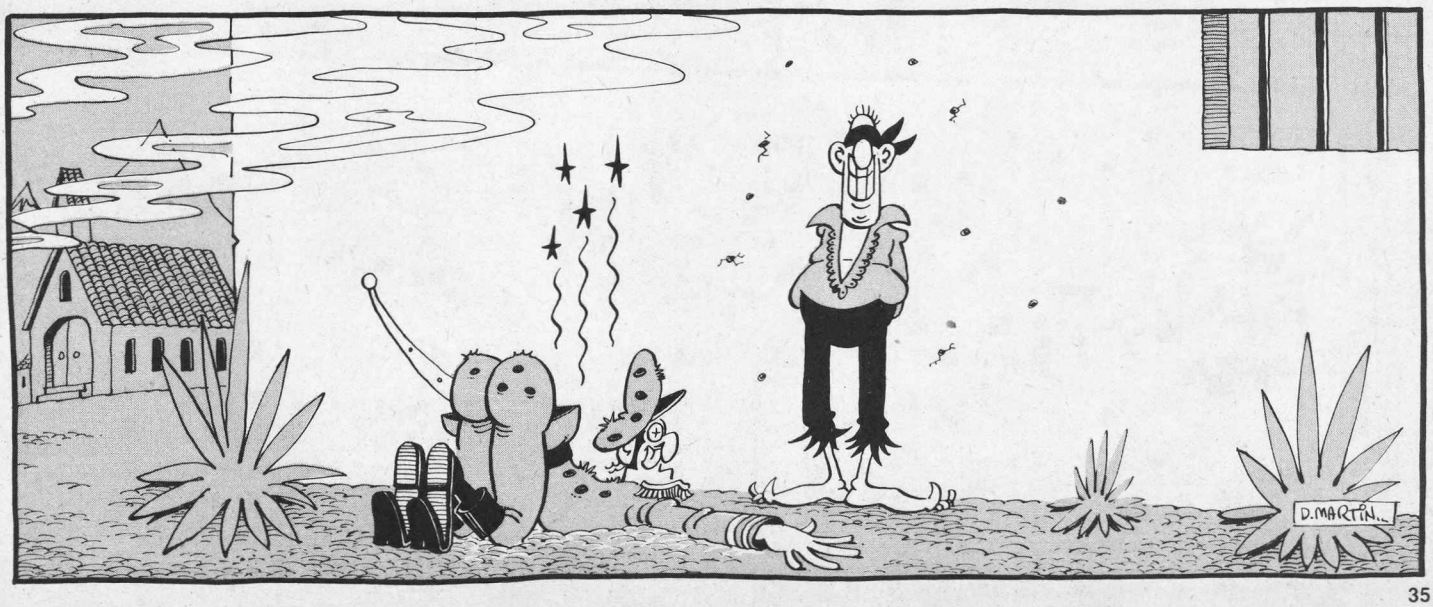
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Okay, men! Dig in! And make those foxholes deep . . .
Hold it, there, Captain! If one of these men touches a shovel, I'll have you up before the Grievance Committee! Read your contract! Digging is only to be done by members of the Corps of Engineers local!
Pass the word! We hit the beaches at 0600 tomorrow!
No way!! According to the contract, we don't start no invasions until 9:00 o'clock!
Who's the new man?!?
Oh . . . he winds the propeller!
But this is a JET!
Try telling that to the UNION!!
Medic! Medic! Over here . . . quick! This man's been hit!!
Forget it! I'm on my COFFEE BREAK!
Who are those men, Soldier? G-2 Undercover Agents . . . ?
No, Sir! They have something to do with the Army Union's Retirement Fund!
General, the situation is getting intolerable! I'm afraid we'll have to give up our position and pull out of here!
Why?!? Has the enemy launched an attack??
No, Sir . . . the Latrine Orderlies have called a wildcat strike . . . and the men are refusing to cross their picket lines!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

EARLY ONE MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA





PARITY BEGINS AT HOME DEPT.

For years, the Federal Government has been shelling out heaps of money to farmers for not growing unneeded crops like wheat or corn or alfalfa. Now, we may not agree with this practice when it comes to food, but we feel the

GOVERNMENT CHECKS FO

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.
United States Treasury
OFFICE OF POPULATION CONTROL

Check No. 85,550,701
SYMBOL 3003

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
04	21	77

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Bruce and Carolyn Flench

EXACTLY 94 DOLLARS AND 83 CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$94	83

FOR Giving birth to no additional children during the period of January through December, 1976, thus easing our national over-population crisis. Amount includes extra payment of $12.17 awarded as bonus for Bruce's grandfather, Ezra, who kicked off June 22.

Syd Mangwitz
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE
KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.
United States Treasury
Office Of Unemployment And Welfare Abuse

Check No. 85,550,703
SYMBOL 3005

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
06	21	77

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Dwight H. Freen

EXACTLY 25 DOLLARS AND NO CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$25	00

FOR Not leaving home, although 27 years of age, and continuing to live off parents, thus not becoming one more welfare case and requiring far greater Government assistance caused by payee's lack of ambition and inability to hold down any job no matter how menial, non-thinking and unskilled it might be.

Joe House
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE
KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.
United States Treasury
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
Violent Crime Division

Check No. 85,550,705
SYMBOL 3007

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
01	28	77

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Ozzie and Floyd Dreggs

EXACTLY 119 DOLLARS AND 43 CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$119	43

FOR Having committed no muggings, armed robberies, rapes or assaults with a deadly weapon during the month of June, 1976, despite having been kicked around by society a lot and not having a decent place to hang out on Saturday nights.

A. E. Neuman
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE
KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

concept is fine: To pay people for not doing certain things. In other words, the Government should quit paying farmers, but apply the "subsidy" idea to people in other problem areas. Then we'd be seeing these really necessary—

OR NOT DOING ANYTHING

WRITERS: FRANK JACOBS AND ELAINE DUNN

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE
KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

WASHINGTON, D.C.
United States Treasury
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
Balance Of Trade Division

Check No. 85,550,702
SYMBOL 3004

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
05	12	77

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Myran Gribbish and Family

EXACTLY 77 DOLLARS AND 41 CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$77	41

FOR Not purchasing Sony Color TV, Peugeot automobile, or any other foreign-made product, thus preserving balance of trade. Amount includes Hardship Bonus of $31.65 to cover exasperation and disgust caused by sloppy performance and extreme breakdown level of American-made products purchased grudgingly by payee.

A. E. Neuman
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE
KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

WASHINGTON, D.C.
United States Treasury
Department of Urban Environment Control
Street And Sidewalk Division

Check No. 85,550,704
SYMBOL 3006

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
02	13	77

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Maxine McChesney

EXACTLY 54 DOLLARS AND 96 CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$54	96

FOR No longer possessing Great Dane named Thor, thus eliminating unsightly, smelly, icky pile twice a day in street or, on occasions when Thor lost control, on sidewalk or on front stoop, and also thus adding to length of life of young birch tree growing near curb and previously endangered, also twice a day, by Thor's raised-leg flooding.

Mel Haney
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE
KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

WASHINGTON, D.C.
United States Treasury
THE WHITE HOUSE
Office Of The Press Secretary

Check No. 85,550,706
SYMBOL 3008

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
07	19	77

PAY TO THE ORDER OF The National Broadcasting Company

EXACTLY 15,000 DOLLARS AND NO CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$15,000	00

FOR Not airing, on any of its affiliated stations, the June 14, 1976, press conference of the President of the United States, in which he fumbled nine questions, four of them totally, and otherwise fumfeted, contradicted himself and showed a colossal ignorance of almost every vital issue of the day.

Mel Haney
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE

KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.

United States Treasury

DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
Building Construction Division

Check No. 85,550,707

SYMBOL 3009

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
03	30	77

THESORE AMER. SICK OF TAXATION

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Francine LaFleur

EXACTLY 175 DOLLARS AND 18 CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$175	18

FOR Not walking by construction sites during working hours, thereby removing temptation of laborers to halt work and leer and whistle at her fabulous body, thus saving 36 man-hours per week, not to mention injuries to high-beam workers losing concentration and balance while gaping downward at her incredible cleavage.

Syd Mangwitz
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE

KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.

United States Treasury

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Diplomacy Division

Check No. 85,550,708

SYMBOL 3010

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
12	25	77

THESORE AMER. SICK OF TAXATION

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Lester and Wanda Wiltfang

EXACTLY 517 DOLLARS AND 47 CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$517	47

FOR Not taking their trip to Europe, thus preventing anti-American feeling caused by their boorish behavior, their reactions of loud disgust to any European not speaking English, and their obnoxious complaints about not being able to order a Big Mac with French Fries and a Malted Milk in Barcelona.

Joe House
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE

KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.

United States Treasury

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Power Conservation Division

Check No. 85,550,709

SYMBOL 3011

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
10	12	77

THESORE AMER. SICK OF TAXATION

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Edgar Entwhistle and Family

EXACTLY 77 DOLLARS AND 21 CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$77	21

FOR Not erecting their planned spectacular Christmas display, consisting of an illuminated Santa Claus and reindeer on their roof and a 50,000-watt Nativity Scene on their front lawn, thus conserving electricity and not giving their neighbors the incentive to outdo them with even more lavish, illuminated displays, thus conserving even more electricity and preventing a possible blackout of the entire city.

Mel Haney
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE OR MUTILATE

KNOW YOUR ENDORSER . . . REQUIRE IDENTIFICATION

TREASURY
FISCAL SERVICE
DIVISION OF DISBURSEMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.

United States Treasury

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
Anti-Riot Division

Check No. 85,550,710

SYMBOL 3012

MONTH	DAY	YEAR
11	14	77

THESORE AMER. SICK OF TAXATION

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Philo Muldoon

EXACTLY 307 DOLLARS AND 80 CENTS

DOLLARS	CTS.
$307	80

FOR Not fomenting any student riot during Sophomore year at Berkeley campus, 1975-76, thus eliminating need of intervention by local police, state militia and National Guard and allowing students to devote energies to rooting for football team, making out and, infrequently, studying.

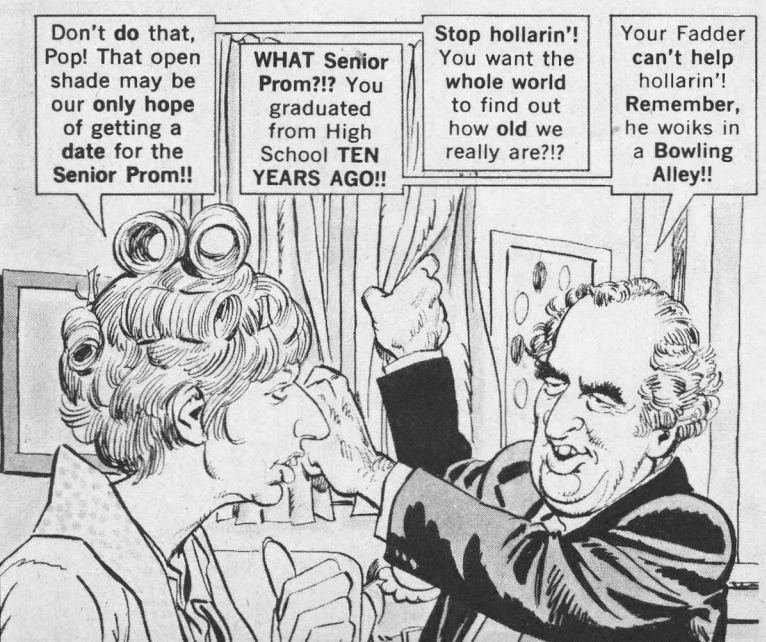
A. E. Neuman
REGIONAL DISBURSING OFFICER

BROAD HUMOR DEPT.

Today, there are women Governors, members of Congress, newscasters, executives, West Point cadets, etc. Women have a brand new image everywhere . . . except in the world of TV Sitcom Shows, where they apparently never heard of Women's Lib. There, women are still portrayed as sex symbols or brainless dolts or helpless clods or man-hungry idiots. This is especially true of the hit show about two female brewery workers who are all of the above . . . except sex symbols! Namely:

Lavoine & Shoiley

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

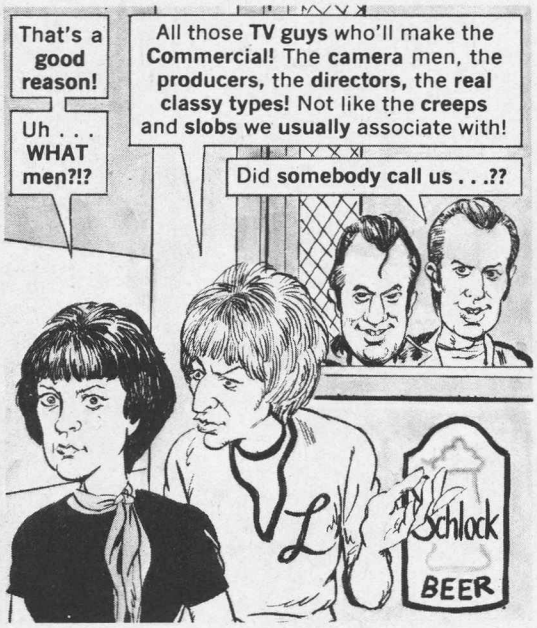


Tonight, we're using that old reliable "Continued Story" gimmick! On "Crappy Days", I had a date with the Sensuous Sextuplets! But unfortunately, my two Cousins were visitin' me! So I announced that I would ask Lavoine and Shoiley if they would entertain my Cousins . . . an' all my fans have stayed tuned! You dig??
Are they BOY Cousins . . .?!?
HEY-YAYY! Would the Funz have any other kind?!?
Gee, Funz, you didn't tell us they were MIDGETS!!
Whoa-ohh! They ain't midgets! They're only ten years old!
You didn't tell us that, either!
Hi, little fellah! Have your ever been to a Senior Prom . . .?
Sit on it, Nerd!
OH YOU KID!
Hi, there, girls! Did you have an exciting week-end?
Sure! If you can call babysitting with a couple of ten-year-old midgets exciting!
The reason you girls sit home so much is . . . well, it's your reputation! I mean, who ever heard of "not shaking hands on a first date"?!?
Good morning! I brung you a pizza . . .!
For breakfast?!
Sure! Instead of mozzarella an' anchovies, I put on corn flakes an' bananas!!
Could we use your bathroom? Ours's flooded! I was washing my bowling ball and Squeegee accidentally flushed it down the John!
Be our guest!
Thanks, Squeegee! Er . . . why are you taking off a shoe?
You want a jelly bean?
I got a hole in my pocket, so I keep the jelly beans in my sock!
Uh . . . y'know that offer you made me for a jelly bean? Well, forget it!!
Boy, ain't that just like a dame, makin' me take off my shoe for nuttin'!?!
I'll have some, Squeegee! You got a black one?
They're ALL black!
Hey . . . Shoiley! Look at what it says here on the Bulletin Board!!
Well, since our writers obviously watch old Mickey Rooney movies for their ideas each week, I figure it probably says the Company is gonna put on a SHOW!!
It's not exactly a Show! It's a Talent Contest! They're gonna choose two girls to be "Dancing Beer Bottles" for a TV Commercial!
Gee . . . it's too bad they ain't pickin' "Dancing Beer BARRELS". . . because you two would be sure winners!
TALENT CONTEST
DANCING BEER BOTTLES
GIRLS - GIRLS

Some day, I'm gonna drop that bimbo!
Hey, Lavoine, remember you're a lady! Instead of resorting to fisticuffs, rank her with a cutting remark . . . like, "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones!"

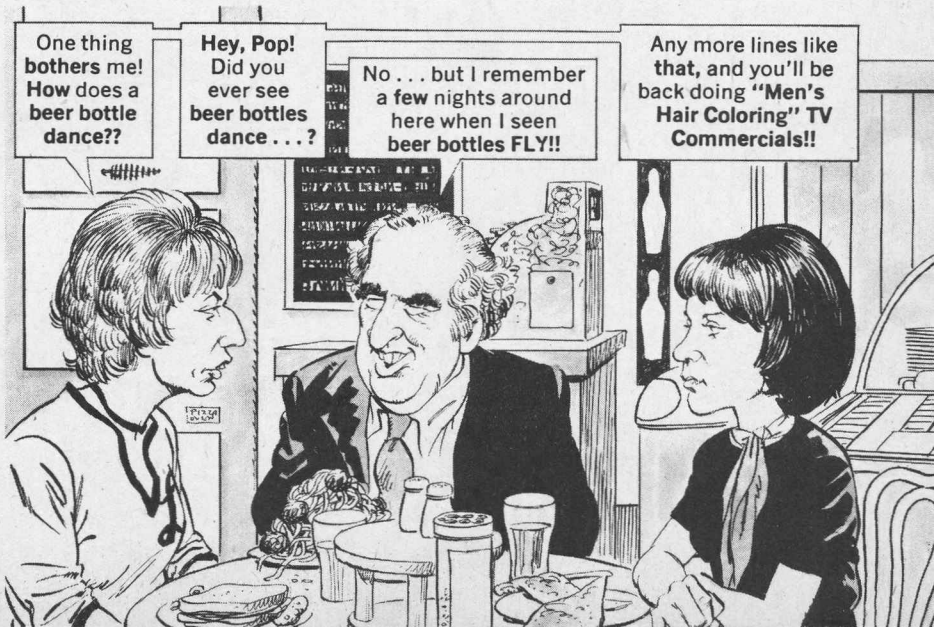
Okay, I took your advice! I zapped her with a rock!
We can't! It's too undignified!
Now, let's fill out an entry blank for the Talent Contest!
What's so undignified about a Dancing Beer Bottle?

We GOTTA enter, Shoil! I mean, I'm tired of being a nothin'! Maybe we would win! Then we would BE somebody! We would be CONTENDERS!
Gi'me one good reason why I should make a fool of myself!
MEN . . .!!
Schlock BEER


That's a good reason!
Uh . . . WHAT men?!?
All those TV guys who'll make the Commercial! The camera men, the producers, the directors, the real classy types! Not like the creeps and slobs we usually associate with!
Did somebody call us . . .??
Schlock BEER

Hey! It ain't fair! It says this contest's for girls only! I went and shaved my legs for NUTHIN'!
You shaved your legs in our bathroom sink?!?
No . . . in your kitchen sink! Loonie was rinsing his unmentionables in your bathroom sink!
If we can't be in the contest, how about we act as your Managers?!
It's a deal! Now, let's see if you can manage to make yourself SCARCE!!
TALENT CONTEST
DANCING BEER BOTTLES
GIRLS-GIRLS

We ain't gonna be your Managers for nothin'!
Okay, you get the usual 10%!
You think we're dummies?!? We want 1% EACH! That way . . . together, we get 11%!!


One thing bothers me! How does a beer bottle dance??
Hey, Pop! Did you ever see beer bottles dance . . . ?
No . . . but I remember a few nights around here when I seen beer bottles FLY!!
Any more lines like that, and you'll be back doing "Men's Hair Coloring" TV Commercials!!

Oh-oh! Look who just dropped in! It's Peter Pan . . . !

No, it's Coalmine, the Italian Fred Astaire with the solution to our problem!

That's why I'm here, Angel Pusses! You got somebody you want me to punch out . . . or do you want to learn to dance the Twist?!?

We wanna learn how to dance like a beer bottle!

THE BIG FONDU

Hold it! Hold it! No . . . no! You're not getting it! You have to FEEL like a beer bottle! When I say "beer," what do you think of . . . ?

Goin' to the bathroom!

I think of gusto . . . lightness . . . . . enjoyment . . . an' cool taste!

I STILL think of goin' to the bathroom!!

THE BIG FONDU

We gotta make sure Lavoine an' Shoiley win that contest! We could bribe the Judges . . . except that we're broke!

Maybe we could, like, scare 'em by threatening to take 'em for a ride?

We ain't got no car!

We could borrow my kid brother's bike . . . !

10

You can't take nobody for a ride on a bike!

Sure you can! On the handle bars!

There's ONE way that CAN'T fail! Them Judges are men, right? And what are Lavoine and Shoiley . . . ?

Gi'me a hint!

They're girls! And what do men want from girls . . . ?

Boy, dat's a hard one! I give up!

We'll spread a rumor that Lavoine and Shoiley are . . . y'know . . . EASY! An' the Judges will vote for 'em, figurin' that they'll get a little—*uh*—reward!

Does the reward come out of our 11%?!?

We'll leave a message here in the Executive Washroom, where the Contest Judges can't miss it . . . !

I just learned a very important lesson, Loonie! Executives go to bathrooms just like ordinary workers! That could only happen in the good ol' U.S.A.!!

Boy, wait till the Judges read this . . . !

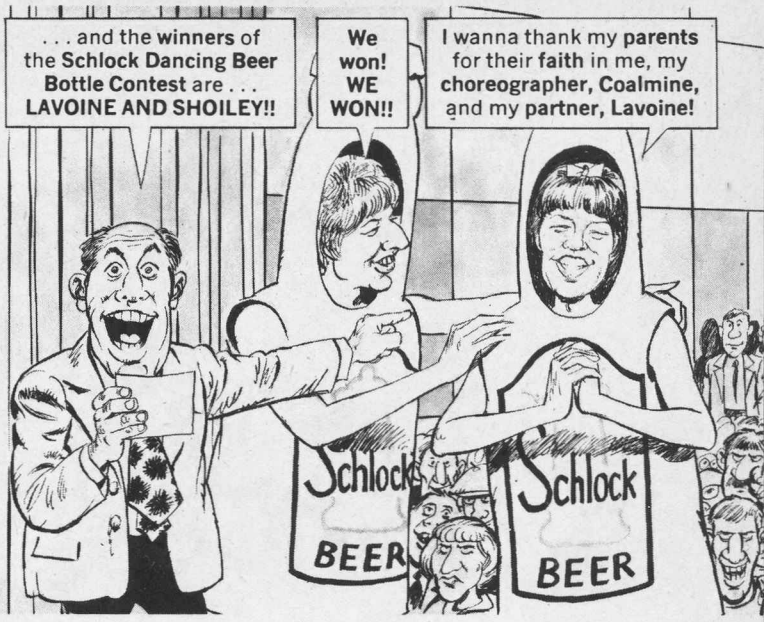
Hey! Where're YOU goin'?!?

I'm going' to see Lavoine an' Shoiley!

I just read that they're "PUSHOVERS"!

LAVOINE AND SHOILEY ARE PUSHOVERS! THEY NEVER SAY NO!

The next two contestants . . . Lavoine and Shoiley!
YAAYYYYYY! They're Number One!
I seen better heads on REAL bottles of beer!
They're the ones, Charlie!.. Vo . . . dee . . . oh . . . do!!
Schlock
BEER


. . . and the winners of the Schlock Dancing Beer Bottle Contest are . . . LAVOINE AND SHOILEY!!
We won! WE WON!!
I wanna thank my parents for their faith in me, my choreographer, Coalmine, and my partner, Lavoine!
Schlock
BEER
Schlock
BEER

I can't believe it! We WON! We WON! Gosh, how can we ever thank you guys for voting for us?!?
We're sure you'll think of SOMETHING when we go out tonight!
You mean you executives from upstairs in the Advertising Department want to take US OUT?!
Wait! I gotta check our Social Calendar!
JUDGE
Schlock

Are you nuts?! Come on, before they change their minds!
That's the trouble with you, Lavoine! You're always too anxious! Remember when we entertained the inmates at the State Mental Hospital? Why, you accepted a DATE with one of them!!
Yeah, with Napoleon! But I TURNED DOWN God!

All right! The proper time has elapsed! Now . . . very casually . . . tell them we happen . . . to be free this evening, and we accept!
OKAY, you guys! We ain't doin' nothin' tonight, so . . . we're ALL YOURS!!
JUDGE
BEER
Schlock
BEER

Hey, girls! You wanna go to a Carnival! The owner of the Freak Show gave us a free pass!
Are you sure it wasn't an invitation to be his new STARS?
Sorry, fellas, but we have a previous engagement with two of the Contest Judges!
Boy . . . are them guys gonna be disappointed!

And just what do you mean by that?!
They think they're gonna have their way with you two tonight!
And WHY do they think THAT??
Well, we figured that if they thought you two were EASY, they'd vote for you! So we started a rumor that you were PUSHOVERS!

OUT, you worms!
You can't call us dat an' get away with it! We resign as your Managers!
OUT OF OUR HOUSE!!
Does this mean you ain't goin' to the Carnival with us?!?

What are we gonna do about the date we got tonight with the Contest Judges?
We'll go out with them, and we'll explain that the rumor about us is a big mistake! They're adults! I'm sure they'll understand!
Sure! They'll probably get a big laugh out of the whole thing!
SCREEECCH

Well, so much for the big laugh!!
Sex fiends! Perverts! You're no gentlemen!!

Lavoine, you know why we get into these situations? We never think of anything but men!
What else is there?
From now on, we have to be more selective! It's like my Aunt Mary Margaret always said! "If you wait long enough, Mr. Right will come along!"

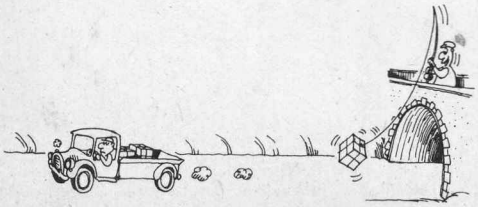
. . . and did your Aunt Mary Margaret's "Mr. Right" come along?
Not yet! But she's still waiting! That woman's been waiting for forty long years!
FORTY YEARS?!?

Hey, you guys! We changed our minds!
Hey, fellas! Wait for us!!

WASTE MEASUREMENTS DEPT.

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT . . . WHEN . . .

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: STAN HART



HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . whether the right person will inherit Howard Hughes's fortune . . .

WHEN...

. . . you can't even raise enough cash to keep up the car payments!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . if Princess Margaret is lonely and miserable since her separation from Anthony Armstrong Jones . . .

WHEN...

. . . you sit by yourself in your room all day watching the flies make love!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . who'll win the Academy Awards . . .

WHEN...

. . . you can't even afford to go to see the overpriced movies the actors in contention are getting rich on!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . whether Barbara Walters is happy at ABC with her 5 million dollar contract. . .

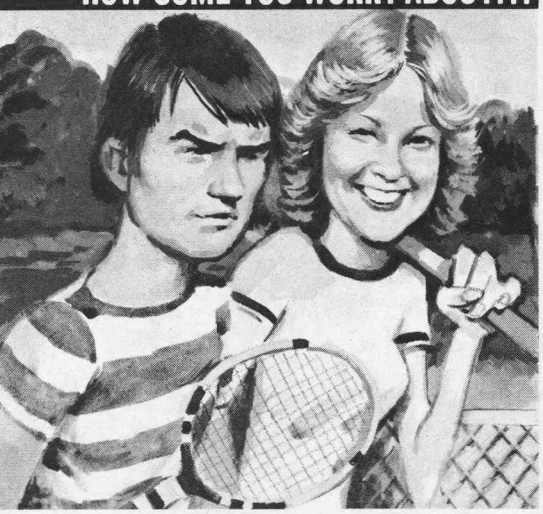
WHEN...

. . . you're working in some grimy sweatshop for the minimum wage.

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

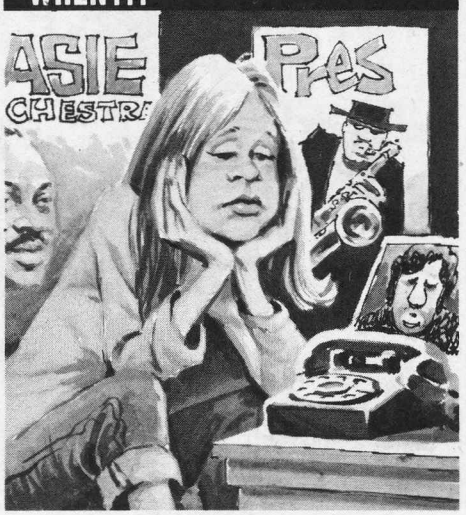
. . . whether Jackie Gleason can make a successful comeback . . .

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...



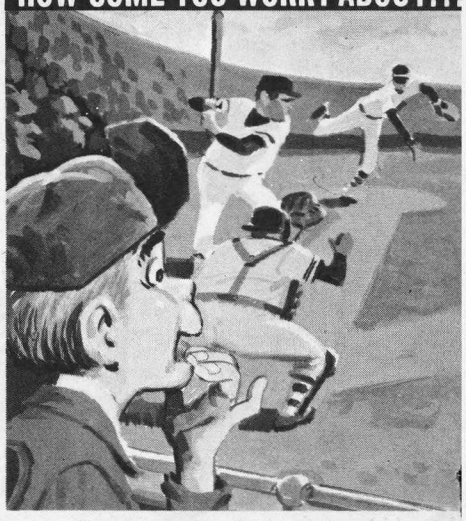
. . . what's happening to Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors relationship . . .

WHEN...



. . . that bum you call your boyfriend hasn't called you in over a week now!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

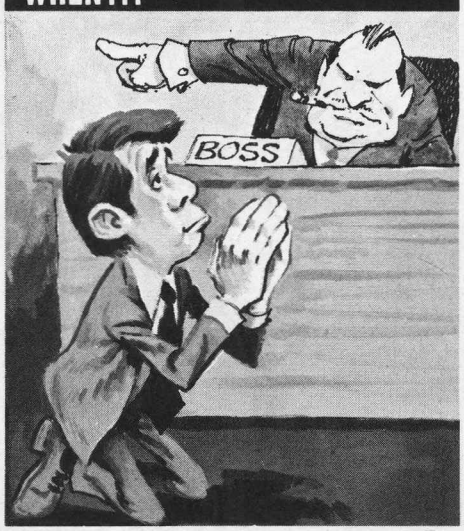


. . . Joe Morgan's future whenever his batting average falls below .310 . . .

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . whether Tom Seaver will be getting $100,000 or $175,000 this year . . .

WHEN...

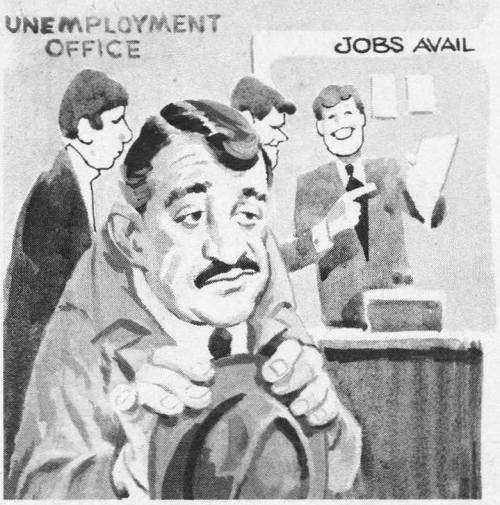


. . . you've been killing yourself trying to get a five buck raise at work!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT..

. . . if Richard Nixon is a happy man in his virtual exile at San Clemente . . .

WHEN...

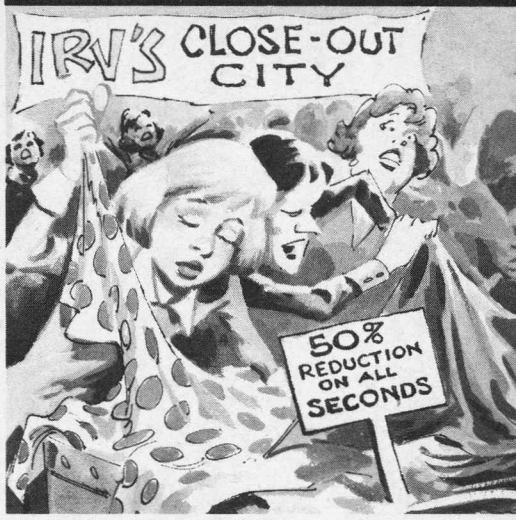


. . . you can't even get yourself a job because you're over 45!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . who's going to make this year's "Ten Best Dressed Women" list . . .

WHEN...



. . . you've got to buy your clothes in "schlock" stores . . . or go naked!

WHEN...

. . . you've fallen below "C" in half your subjects, and "D" in the rest!

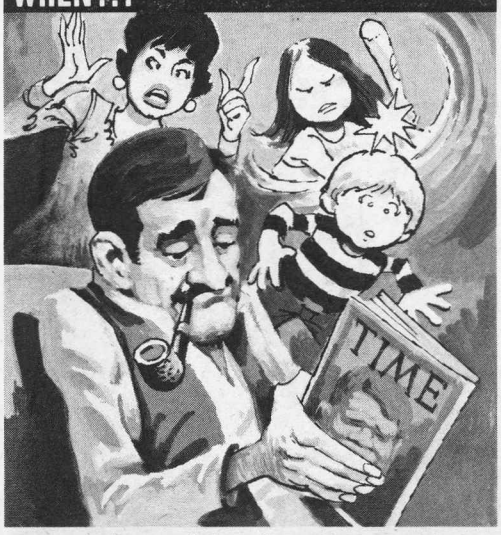
HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . whether Joan and Ted Kennedy's marriage is really a happy one . . .

WHEN...

. . . the last happy moment you had with your crummy Husband was when he paused before saying, "I do!"

WHEN...

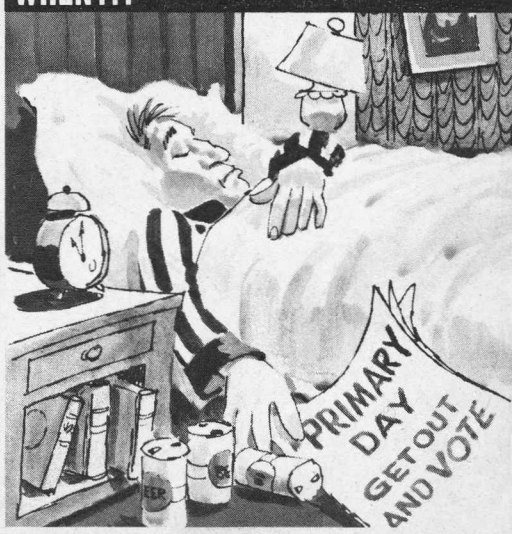


. . . you're stuck in a lousy apartment, and you never even committed a crime!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

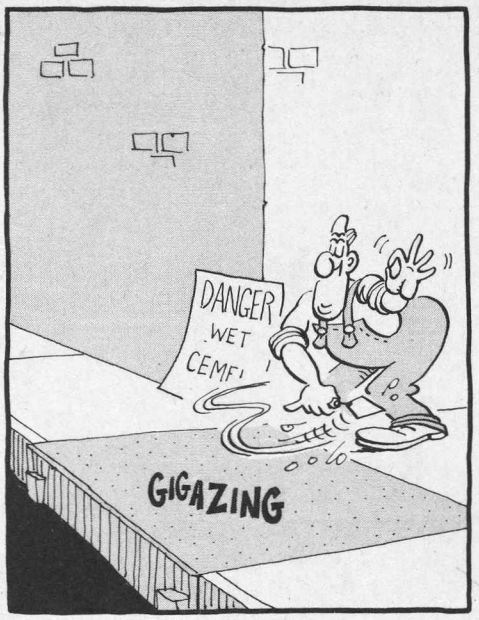
. . . unemployment, the recession, the state of our union and the world . . .

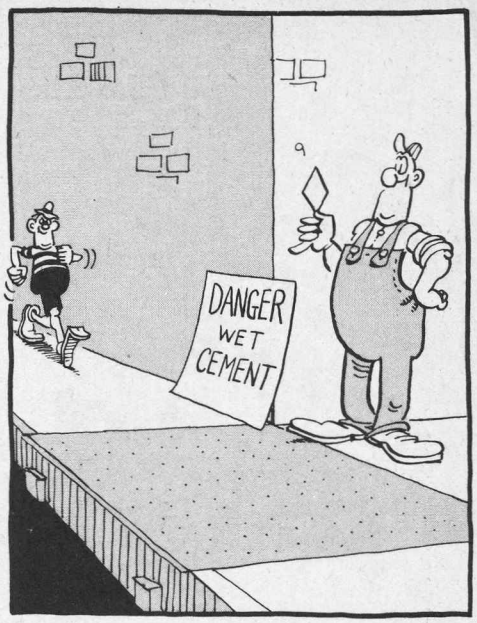
WHEN...

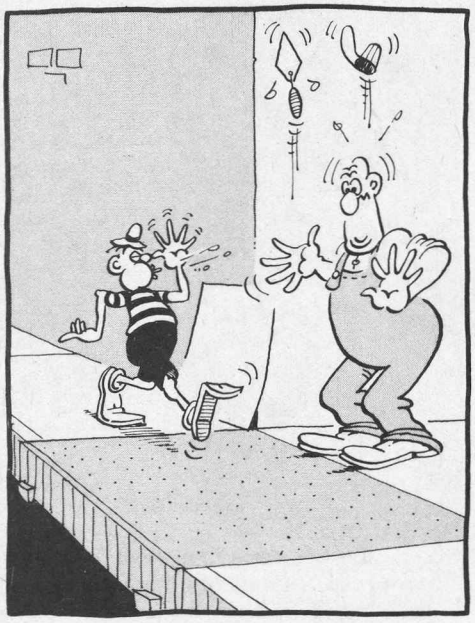


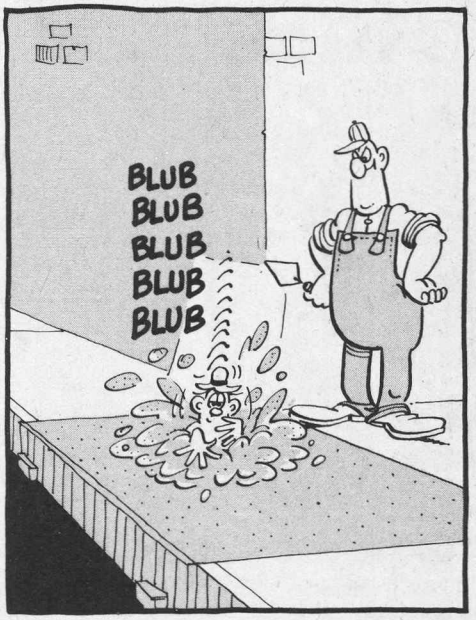
. . . you never even bothered to vote in the last three Presidential elections!

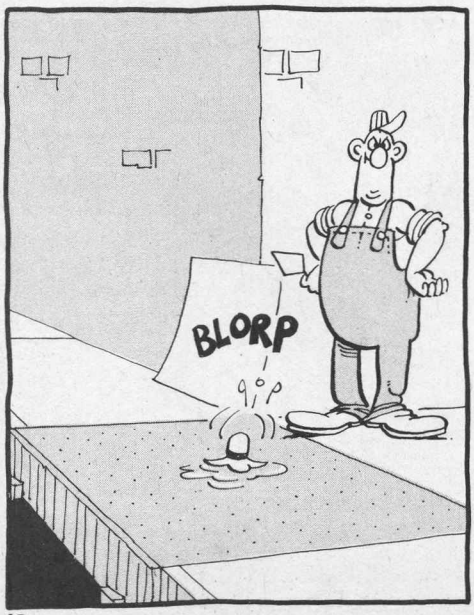
ONE MORNING BACK ON MAIN STREET

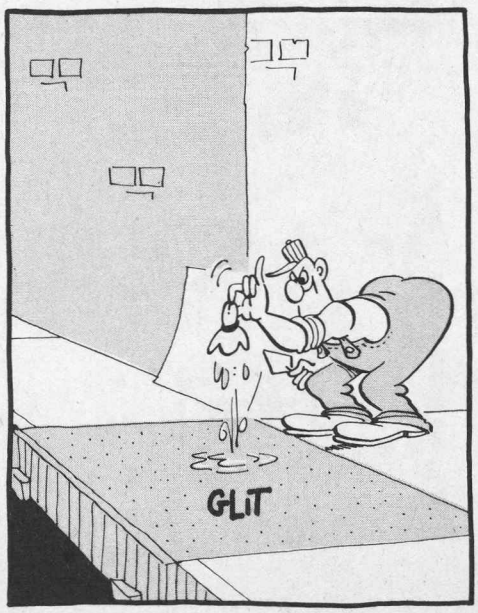












ATHLETE'S FEAT DEPT.

Live . . . from the Professional Athlete's **favorite hangout** . . . the **vault** of the **Chase National Bank** . . . we bring you the **First Annual Presentation Ceremony** of

MAD'S ACADEMY AWARDS FOR JOCKS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

As all true sports fans know, the **greatest acting** in the world does **not** take place on the **stage** or **movie screen,** but in the **arenas** and on the **playing fields** of our **great sports complexes!** For far too many years, these brilliant performances have gone **unrewarded!** But **tonight** . . . all that will **change!**

Tonight, we are gathered to **honor** these great stars by presenting this **solid gold statuette** . . . the **"Howie"** . . . for the **best performance** in **each sport!** So we invited all the **big names** in **sports** to **be** here tonight, and they **all** gave the **same reply—**

HOW MUCH DO I GET PAID?!?

And now . . . **on with the show!** May I have the **envelope,** please . . .

The first category is for **"Best Performance in Baseball."** The nominees are: **Billy Bluster,** Manager of the Yankees, for his inspired work in **"Ump, You're A Stupid @#$%&*!!"**

The second nominee is **Charlie O'Mulley** of the L.A. Dodgers for his outstanding performance in **"The Manager Has My Complete Confidence!"**

The third nominee is **Norman Pithant** of the Cincinnati Reds for his splendid portrayal in **"You Throw At Me Again An' I'm Gonna Shove This Bat Down Your Throat!"**

You **big stiff!** You almost **beaned** me! You ever throw near me like that **again** . . . I'm gonna **brain** you!

What are you **talking** about, you **creep!?** Why would I want to **hit** you!? That's the **only** way you could **get on base!!**

. . . and the **winner** is **Norman Pithant!** Congratulations, Norm! I really admire your **courage,** challenging Lefty Blitzkrieg to a fight! He must outweigh you by a **hundred pounds** or more!

Well, I **knew** his teammates would **hold him back!** He's **much too valuable** to risk gettin' hurt in a **fight!** Otherwise, you wouldn't've heard a **peep** out of me!

The next category is for **"Best Performance In Basketball."** The first nominee is **Wilt 'The Stilt' Klutzz** for his touching performance in **"He Charged Me!!"** . . .

The second nominee is **LeRoy 'The Enforcer' Barndoor** for his heartrending rendition of **"Who . . . Me?!? Why, I Never Touched Him!"**

Hey, Ref! What **happened?** Did you **swallow** your **whistle?!?** Didn't you see the way he **charged** me?!?

Wilt, it's **no foul** when a guy **fakes you out** of your **Jockey Shorts!**

That's a **DELIBERATE FOUL . . . TWO SHOTS!**

Foul?? On **who?!? ME?!?** I **never touched** him!! He must've **SLIPPED!!**

If you **never touched him,** how come his **teeth** are **embedded** in your **elbow?!?**

The third nominee is **Bruce Splint** for his stirring **Cheer Leading** performance in **"Way To Go, Guys! Way To Go!"** . . .

C'mon, you guys! We can **still do it!** We're only **twenty-five points behind! Just hang in there!**

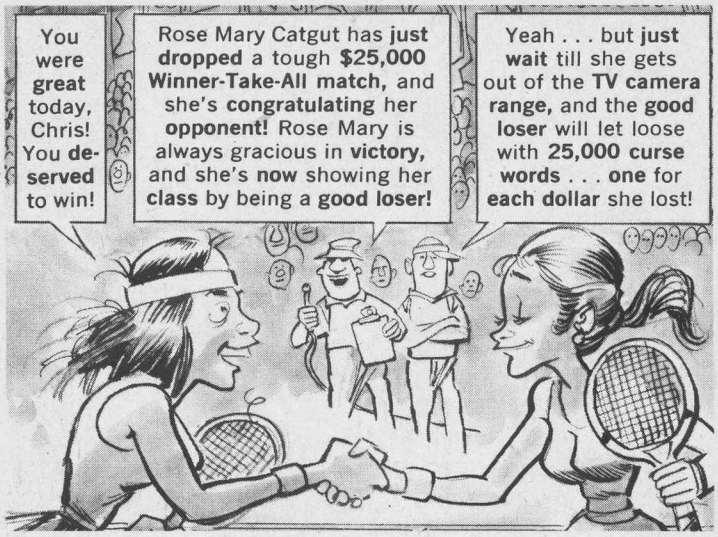
And the **winner** is . . . **Bruce Splint!** Congratulations, Bruce! It's **really great** the way you **cheer** your teammates on to victory! No matter **what the score,** you **never give up,** eh?!

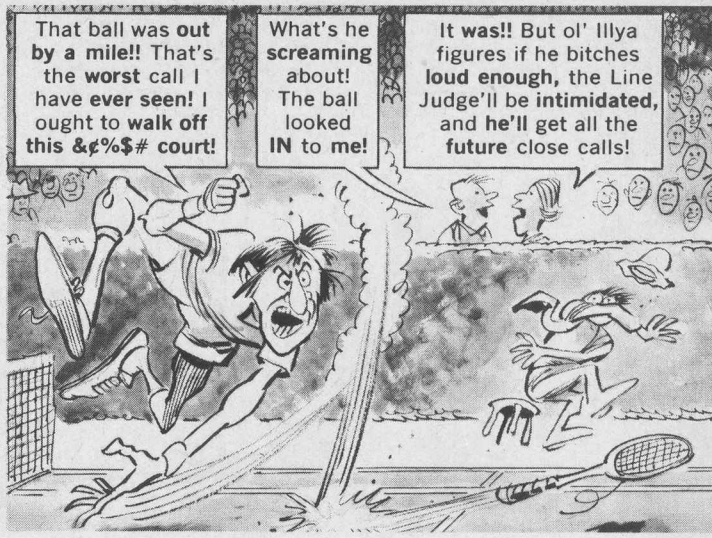
Well, **actually,** I don't care **WHO** wins the game!

I just **love** patting the fellas on their **fannies!**

The next category is for **"Best Performance In A Tennis Match"**. . . and the first nominee is **Rose Mary Catgut** for her compelling work in **"Look What A Good Loser I Am!"**. .

The second nominee is **Illya Nasty** for his magnificent temper tantrum in **"That Ball Was Out!"**





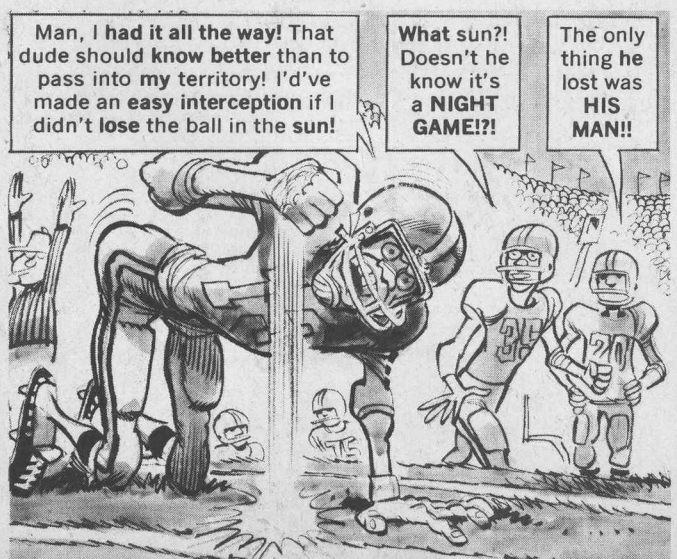
The third nominee is **Jimmy Connman** for his loveable performance in **"Look At Me, Everybody . . . Ain't I Cute?!?"**

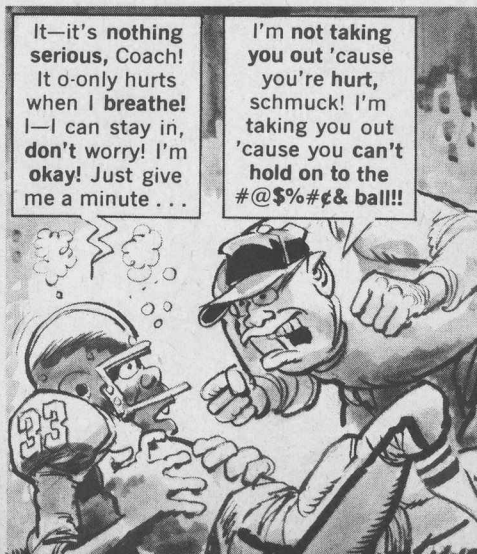
And the **winner** is **Jimmy Connman!** Congratulations, Jimmy! Your far-out antics really add a lot of **color** and **excitement** to the game of Professional Tennis!

Yeah, and they **also** add a lot of **bucks** to my **bank accounts!** The more ridiculous I **behave,** the more **TV Commercials** I'm in demand for!

The next category is for **"Best Performance In A Football Game."** The first nominee is **Claude Bigfoot** for his dynamic portrayal in **"Oh, Man . . . I Shoulda Intercepted That Mother!"**

The second nominee is **Bo-Bo Flanken** for his touching work in **"It's Only A Flesh Wound!"**





The third nominee is **Coach Weeb Mindblank** for his matchless performance in **"Yes, I'd Call That Exact Same Play Again!"**

Coach Mindblank, how come you didn't go for the **Field Goal?!** It would have given you the **lead** . . . with just about **two minutes** to **play!**

Yes, but a **TOUCHDOWN** would have put the game **out of reach!** And nine times out of ten, we'd have **made** it! It was a **good call,** and I'd do the **same** thing **again!**

. . . and the **winner** is **Coach Mindblank!** Our congratulations, Coach! I guess it took a lot of **guts** to make that call! It **could** have cost you your **job!!**

I wasn't worried! If I get **fired,** there's always **another** team that will **hire** me because they want a guy with **experience!** That's the way things are **done** in **Pro Sports!** Which is **why** you see so many of us Coaches **calling** stupid plays!

The last category is **"Best Performance In A Boxing Bout."** The first nominee is **Manager Angelo Zucchini** for his sensitive rendition of the popular **"We Waz Robbed"** act.

The second nominee is the **Champion himself . . . Muhammad Ali Washtup,** for his unbelievable performance in **"This Was One Of My Toughest Fights!"**

How can you **take** this fight **from** us?! We **won** every **round!** He never laid a **hand** on us! We **murdered** the bum! We won it **easy!** Man, this is a **bigger robbery** than the **Brinks job!**

You wanna talk about **robbery?!** How about **us poor suckers** who **PAID** to **SEE** this crummy fight?!?

Champ, you looked **slow** and **out of shape** tonight! It was lucky you had an **easy opponent!**

Easy?! That man was one of the **toughest guys I ever fought!** He gave me the **hardest fight** of my **career,** and he deserves a **return match! I know** the public is gonna **demand** to see us fight again, so I want to make it official **right now!** I'm gonna give him **another shot** at me!

And the **winner** is **The Champ, Muhammad Ali Washtup!** Nice going, Champ! Are you **really** going to give The Bleeder a return match? He **didn't** win a **round!**

That's why I'm **giving** him another shot! Man, as long as the **TV networks** will pay me **millions** to fight **bums,** I'll **keep on fighting them!**

That wraps up **"MAD's First Annual Academy Awards For Jocks"!** We'll be back again **next** year . . . unless the **athletes** and their **agents** keep on making **outlandish salary demands,** and you **fans** out there finally get **fed up** paying **ridiculously high prices** for **tickets** . . . in **which** case, our next year's awards will be for **"Ex-Jocks Now Driving Trucks And Pumping Gas"!**

END STREET POLLUTION

MINIMUM'S THE WORD DEPT.

In order to boost sagging business while cutting costs and increasing profits, a major airline recently offered "No-Frills Service" with ads that looked something like this:

THERE'S NO "PIE-IN-THE-SKY" WITH Irrational Airlines

THERE ISN'T EVEN COFFEE! IN FACT, THERE ISN'T EVEN A MEAL!

JUST THE LOWEST FARES POSSIBLE WITH OUR "NO-FRILLS SERVICE"

You want pie and coffee? Or a meal, maybe? Go to a Diner! We're not in the Restaurant business! We fly you to where you want to go cheaper than anyone else because we charge you only for transportation! F'rinstance, we've got the ugliest Stewardesses (we pay minimum wages!), the flimsiest barf bags (you know how much plastic-lined ones cost?) and reconditioned life preservers (why pay for new equipment when we all know if the plane goes down, there's no getting out!) And all this inferior service SAVES YOU MONEY!

FLY HIGH PAY LOW...ON Irrational Airlines

While MAD is the last to praise anything, especially advertising gimmicks, we must say there *is* something to this concept of stripping away the "extras" and just charging for the necessities when offering a service. In fact, here are the kind of ads we'd see . . .

IF OTHER BUSINESSES OFFERED "NO-FRILLS" SERVICE

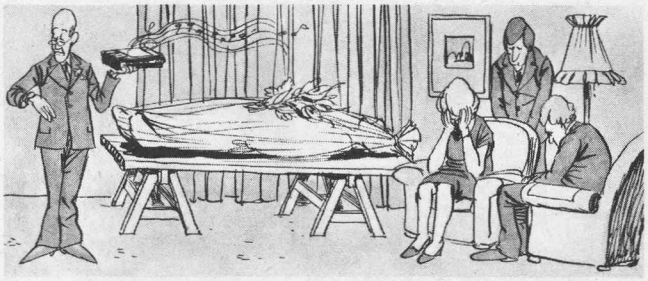
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

SAVE 40% ON YOUR NEXT SAD OCCASION WITH A... SHIVERSIDE "NO-FRILLS" FUNERAL.

DON'T BE A "CASKET CASE"!

Why blow your hard-earned money, or dip into that inheritance (which God knows you waited long enough for!) on an expensive coffin you'll never see again? Your dear departed is in no position to care about "looks" or "style"! Shiverside lays him to rest in something far less elaborate, but even more durable... one of our ultra heavy duty king-size "Baggie-Byes." It's guaranteed to out-last wood or metal, and we'll give you a choice of twist-ties in four decorator colors.

A "HOME" IS NOT A "HOUSE"!



If his own living room was good enough for the deceased when he was alive, it's certainly good enough for him now when he isn't! The funeral services will be conducted by someone who has been certified to have completed at least two years of Sunday School, or who has been Bar Mitzvah'd. A cassette tape of some nice organ music will be played throughout the ceremony at absolutely no extra charge.

A "PLOT" TO SAVE YOU PLENTY

Forget the skyrocketing cost of cemetery plots! Thanks to recent Federal regulations, Shiverside will arrange for a place for your dear departed on United States Government property at absolutely NO COST TO YOU! We merely mail the full "Baggie-Bye" to a non-existant address, include insufficient postage with no return address, and it ends up in the "Dead Letter" office. Talk about rest in peace!

AT SHIVERSIDE...WE *BURY* THE HIGH COST OF FUNERALS!

WHAT HAS SHARADIN DONE FOR YOU LATELY...? THE "NO FRILLS" HOTEL PLAN! THAT'S WHAT!

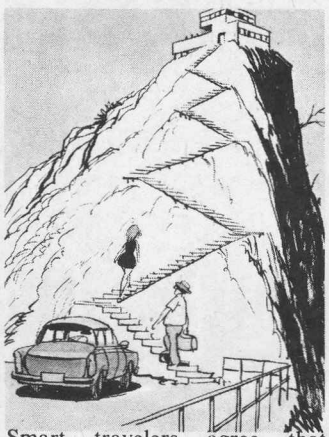
QUARTERS MEAN BUCKS

Each "No-Frills" room has two closets. One is your bedroom. The other is your neighbor's bedroom. Frills like desks and bathrooms have been done away with. *Our exclusive giant towel-roll eliminates expensive pilferage.*

VIEW WITH ECONOMY

Each "No-Frills" room has a TV set. No tube—just a set placed over a hole in your neighbor's wall so you can sit up and watch them in a real-life situation comedy. *And if you're lucky, you may be able to catch an "X-rated" show.*

SAVE WITH STEPS



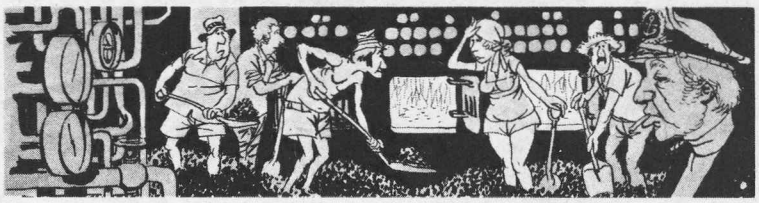
Smart travelers agree that elevators are dumb because they only go up and down. For real economy, we offer our "Self Service Stairs". Climb your way to savings. *Cripples are hauled up on our unused window-washer's scaffold.*

CASH IN ON CARRY

There's no tipping because there's no one to tip. No doormen, no bellhops, no waiters, no maids. Besides, carrying your own luggage is really good exercise. *Just take it easy! "No-Frills" also means "No House Doctors"!*

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LOW LOW "SALE" PRICES ON...
CONARD'S "NO-FRILLS" CRUISES

WHO really pays for a Ship Captain's $75,000 annual salary? You do! So we've cut down on needless expenses like Captains, and instituted Conard's "No-Frills Passenger Participation Plan." Under Conard's "N.F.F.P.P.", passengers take turns running the ship. It's easy and it's fun! All you have to remember is "Port" is "left"—"Starboard" is "right" . . . or is it the other way around . . . ??



WHY bring the unnecessary luxuries of land to the high seas? You can be pampered every day of the year in hotels and restaurants. We save you money by eliminating "Table Service." Instead, our "No-Frills American Plan" offers Buffet-Style meals to passengers and crew at the same time. Get the feel of the "Bounding Main" as you battle for food morsels with our hunger-crazed Moroccan crews.

WHERE should you go—where everyone else goes? The more popular the port, the less popular the price! From Argentina to Angola . . . from Lebanon to Portugal . . . there are always exotic places where political unrest and rioting are dragging prices way, way, down. And that's where Conard will be sailing to! You'll get to understand the lives of the natives while trying to keep your own!

CONARD THE ONLY WORLD WAR II TROOPSHIP FLEET AFLOAT

"Getting Half-Way There Can Be Almost As Much Fun!"

NOW YOU CAN FIGHT THE SPIRALING COSTS OF MEDICAL CARE WITH OUR
NO-FRILLS SURGICAL PLAN

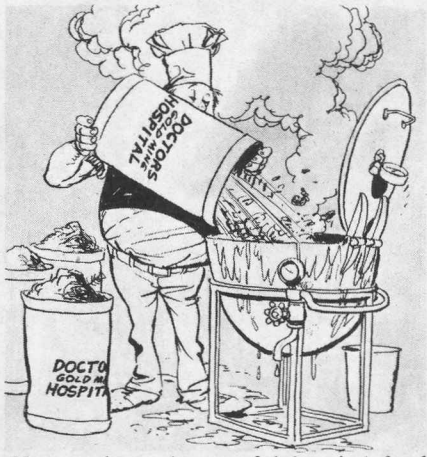
WE ELIMINATE UNNECESSARY EXTRAS . . . LIKE ANESTHESIA

By eliminating such unnecessary extras as anesthesia, our "No Frills Surgical Plan" lets you really experience your operation while permitting you to keep an eye on your Surgeon so he doesn't remove something he's not supposed to!

HOSPITAL ROOM EXPENSES ARE SLASHED, SLASHED, SLASHED

After your operation, we don't baby you with a hospital bed. You bring a bridge chair from home, and we set it up where you're comfortable—without paying for a private or semi-private room—like out in the hall corridor where the "action" is.

WE CUT DOWN THE HIGH COST OF UNEATEN HOSPITAL FOOD



Yes, we know how awful hospital food can be! So why pay for it if you don't eat it? With "No Frills," you pay only for the food on the tray you eat. The rest is returned to the kitchen, and it is re-served to you for your next meal.

DOCTORS' GOLD MINE HOSPITAL *"We cut costs down . . . while we cut you up!"*

What are you doing home so early?!

I just couldn't **take** it any longer! You have no **idea** what a **Businessman** has to **put up with! Strikes! Competition! Shortages! Inflation!**

Yeah! Well, **you** have no idea what a **Housewife** has to put up with! **Adultery! Incest! Illegitimate children! Sex changes! Abortions! Murders!**

My God! What **goes on** here when I'm gone?!?

The **Soap Operas** go on!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... AFTE

Hey, **Bernard!** Let's go to **lunch!**

Hold your **horses!** I haven't finished my **morning routine** yet!

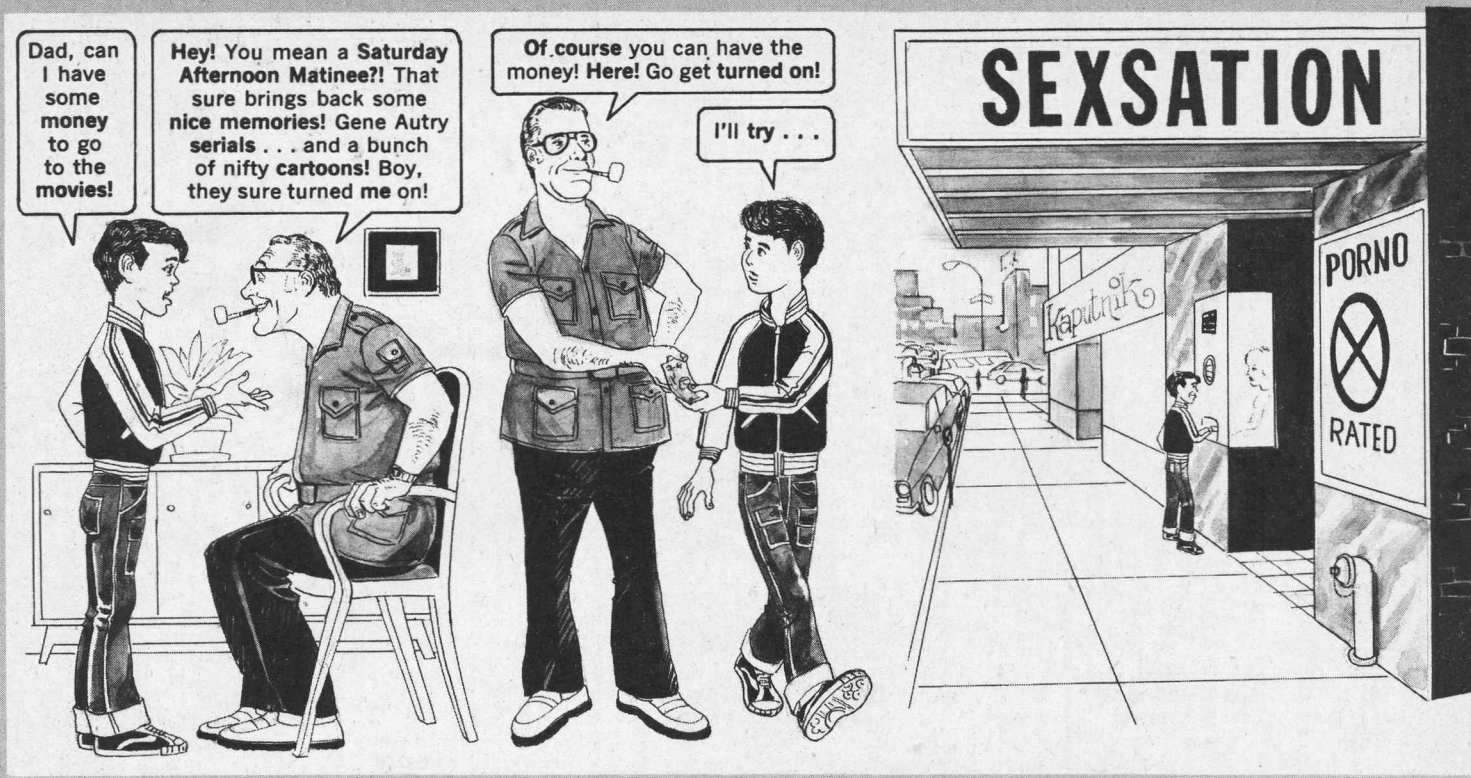
Boy, **you** are the **slowest!**

True! But in my **creeping, petty pace,** I manage **methodically** to **get things done!**

Well, **c'mon! We're hungry!**

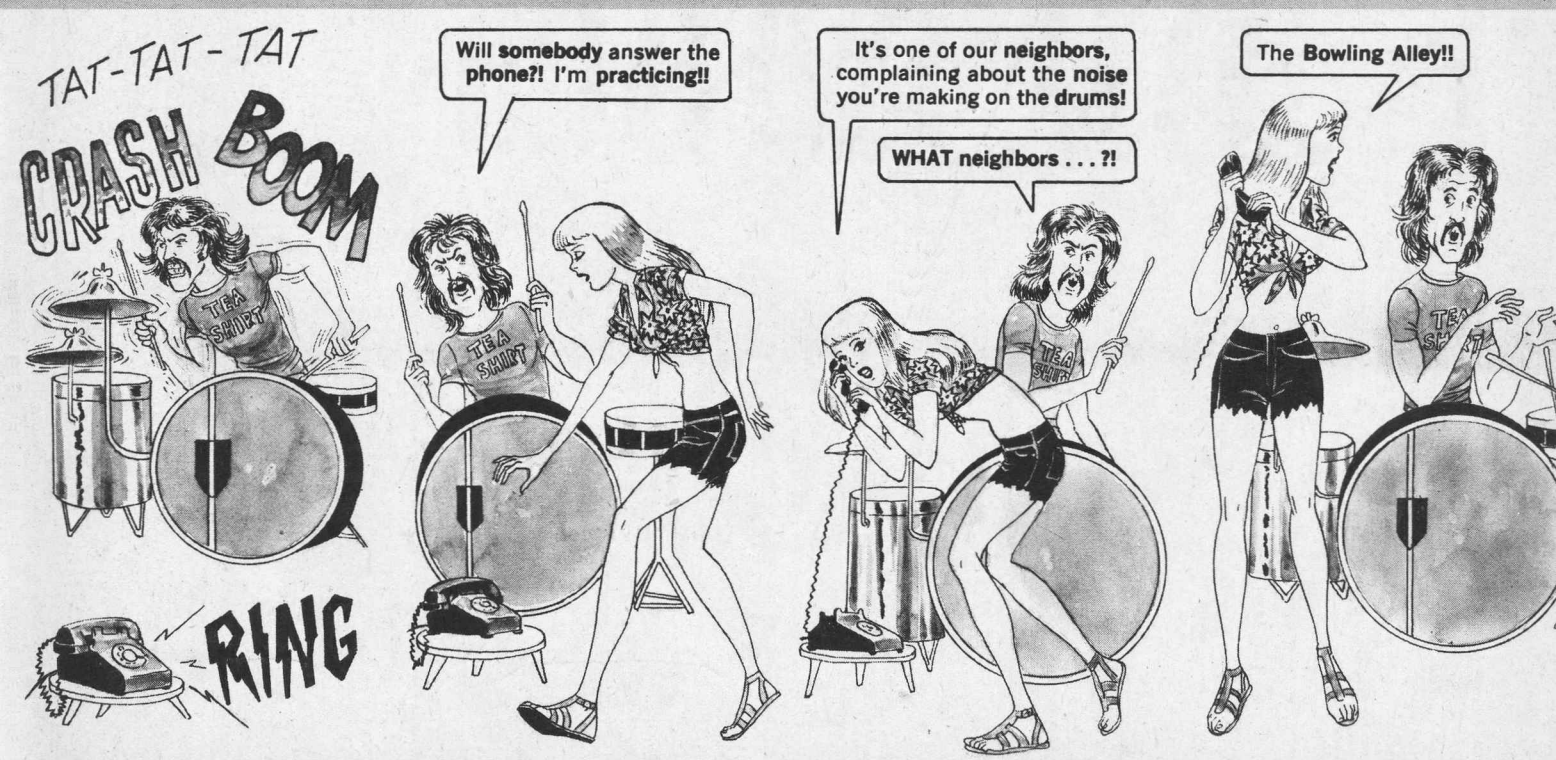
Yeah! What, in your creeping, petty pace, haven't you **methodically finished** yet?

My coffee break!!

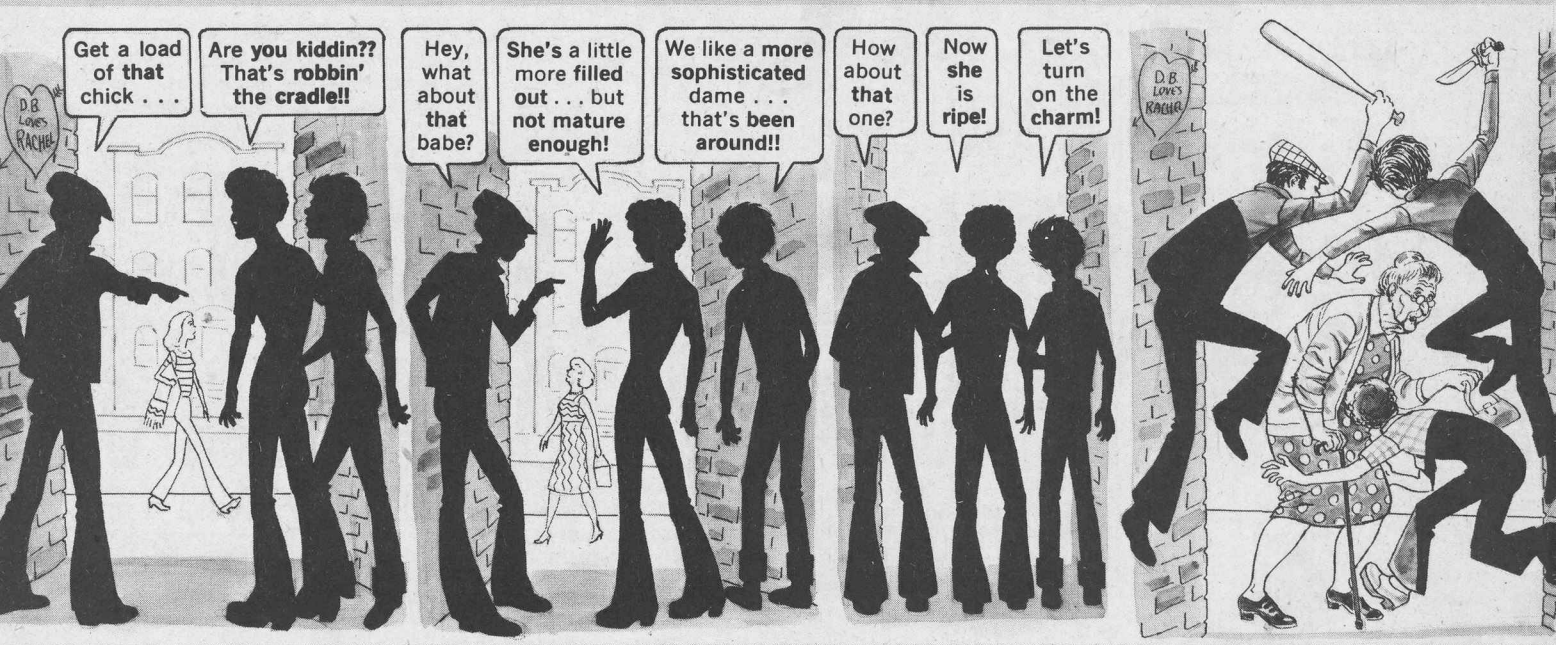


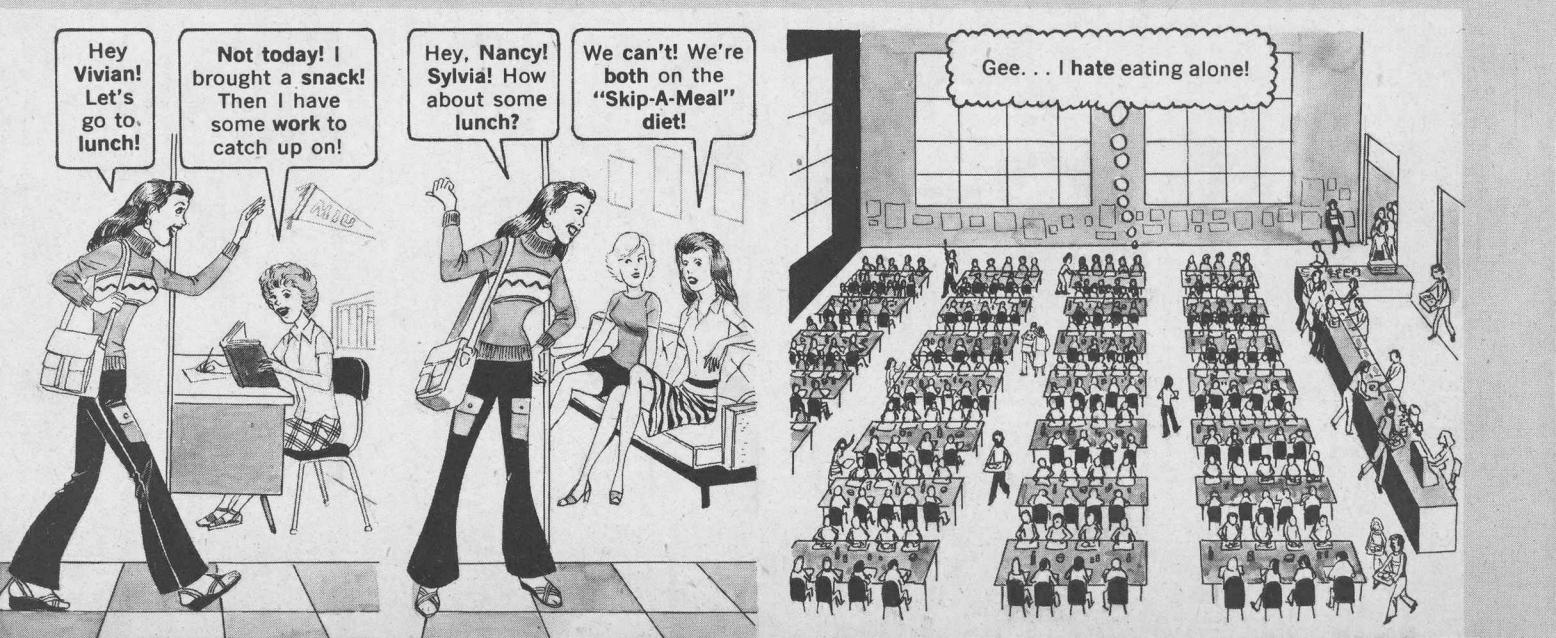
RNOONS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

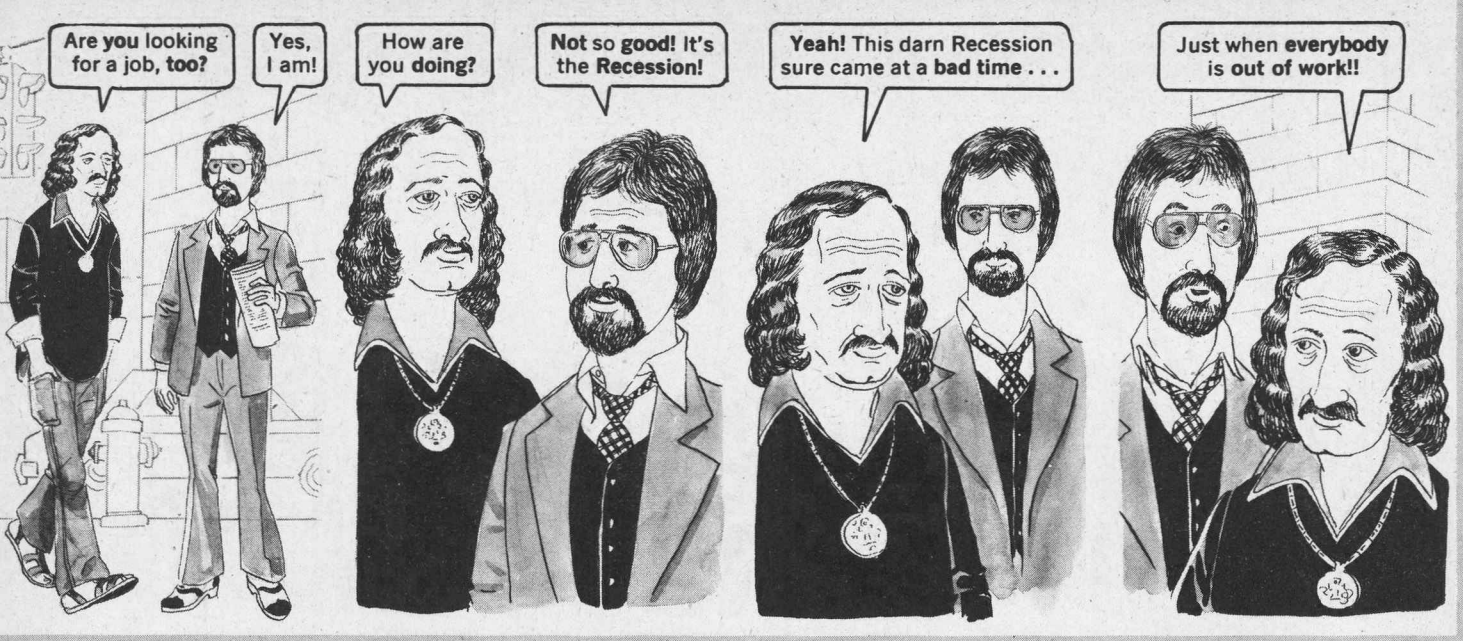


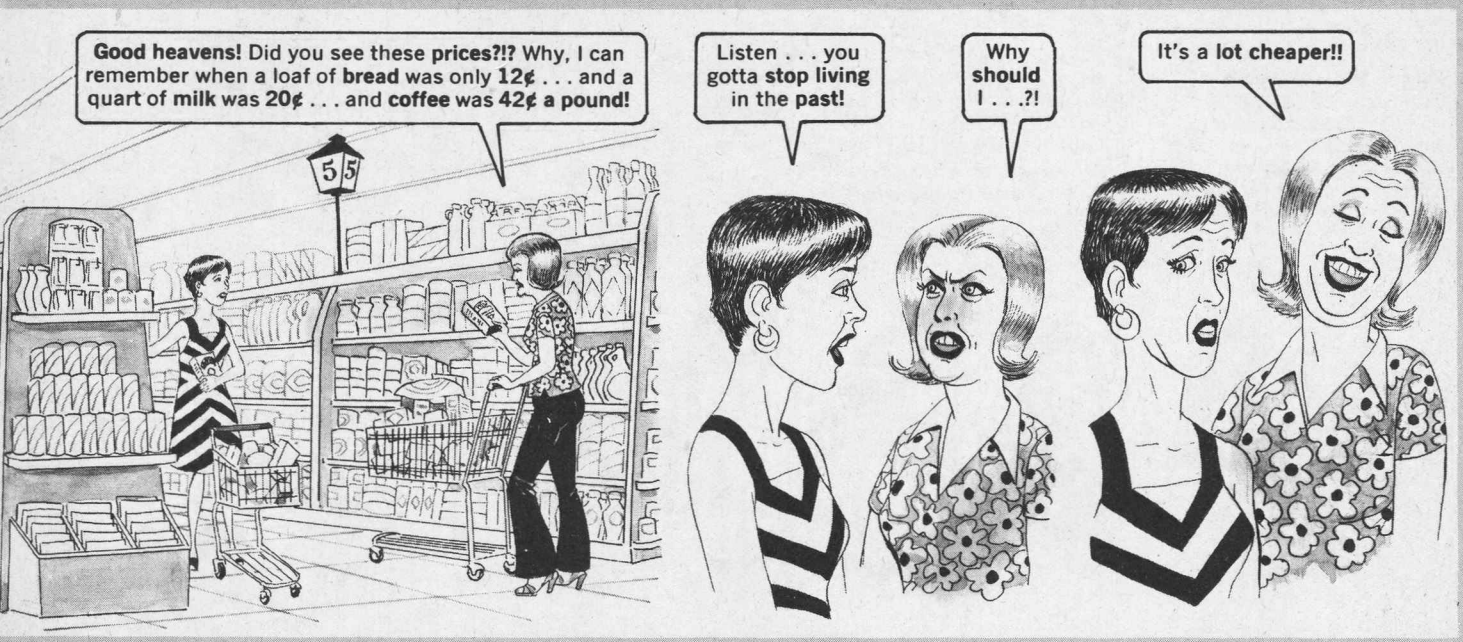
Where's your Mother?
She's at the Beauty Parlor!
Again?! Seems like she spends a couple of afternoons a week there!
Yeah! Mom says we kids cause her so much aggravation, it's changing the color of her hair!
No kidding? You mean she's getting gray??
No, she's getting blonde!
FOR SALE

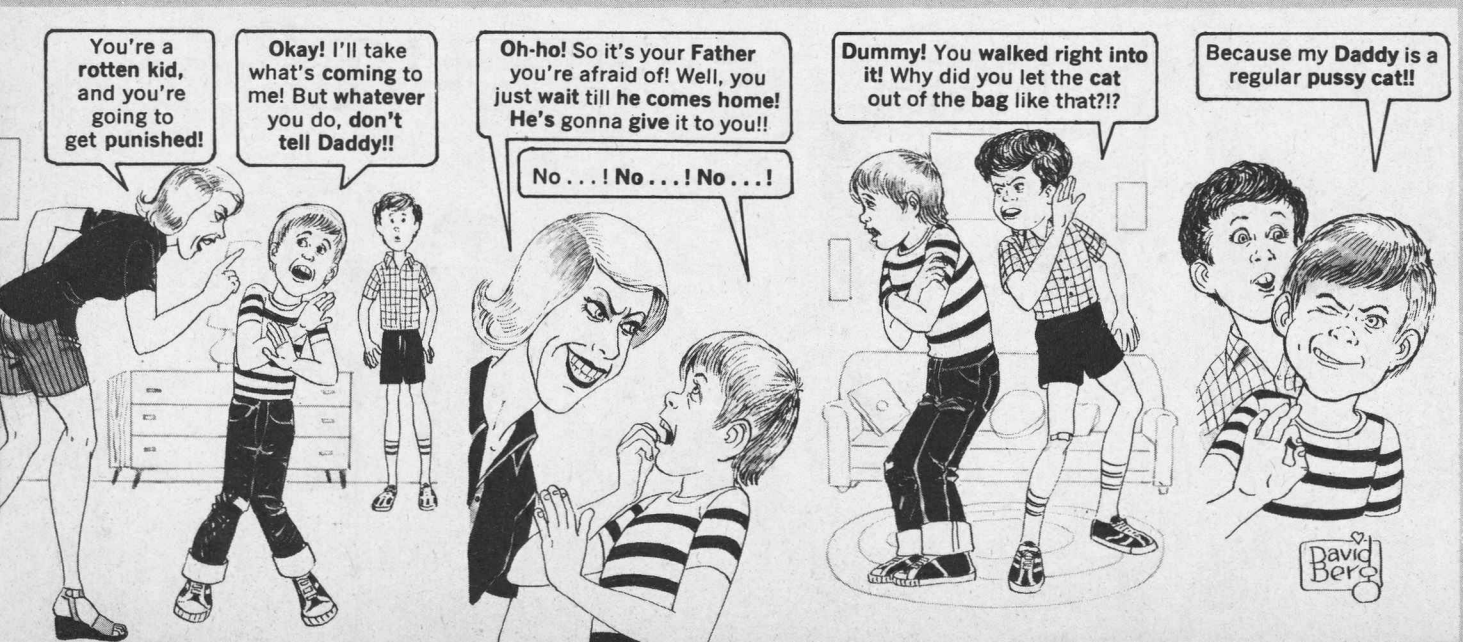

Get a load of that chick . . .
D.B. LOVES RACHEL
Are you kiddin?? That's robbin' the cradle!!
Hey, what about that babe?
She's a little more filled out . . . but not mature enough!
We like a more sophisticated dame . . . that's been around!!
How about that one?
Now she is ripe!
Let's turn on the charm!
D.B. LOVES RACHEL


Hey Vivian! Let's go to lunch!
Not today! I brought a snack! Then I have some work to catch up on!
Hey, Nancy! Sylvia! How about some lunch?
We can't! We're both on the "Skip-A-Meal" diet!
Gee. . . I hate eating alone!

Class, stay together . . . and listen to the Museum Guide . . .
This is a example of Egyptian sculpture! It is approximately four thousand years old . . .
It is possible that the great Cleopatra herself gazed upon this very statue!
I don't believe that!!
Cleopatra was never in Minneapolis!!
What sort of beasts stand before me?! Monsters who prey on our old and our sickly! Brutes who rob, beat, rape and murder our defenseless senior citizens!
Too long have we coddled these animals! Too long have we considered the rights of the criminals, and ignored the rights of the victims! Well, you're not getting away with just a slap on the wrist!!
This time, I'm throwing the book at you! This time, I'm locking you up for a long, long time!
Man, that Judge Finster is one tough cookie!
Yeah! We won't be out of here until late this afternoon!
Hey, Harold! What do you wanna do after school?
I dunno! What do you wanna do?
Harold and William! For talking in class, you will both write the poem "Invictus" twenty times!
Aww, gee!
Stop griping!
At least now, we know what we're gonna do after school!

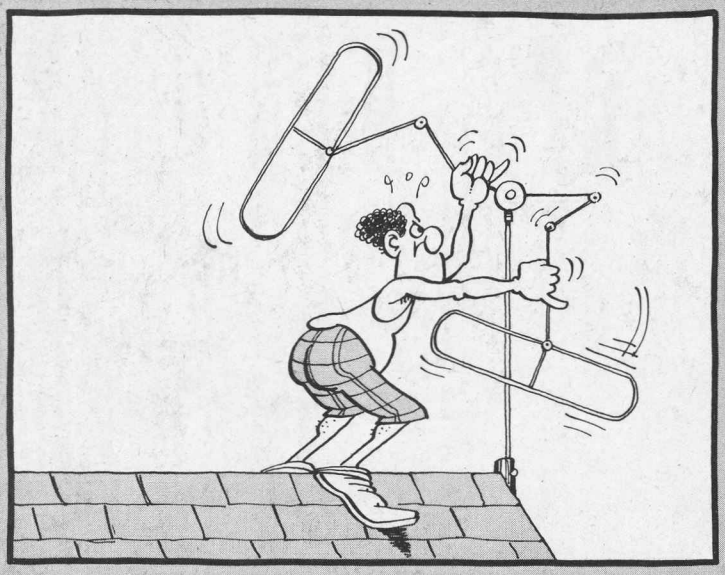

Are you looking for a job, too?
Yes, I am!
How are you doing?
Not so good! It's the Recession!
Yeah! This darn Recession sure came at a bad time . . .
Just when everybody is out of work!!

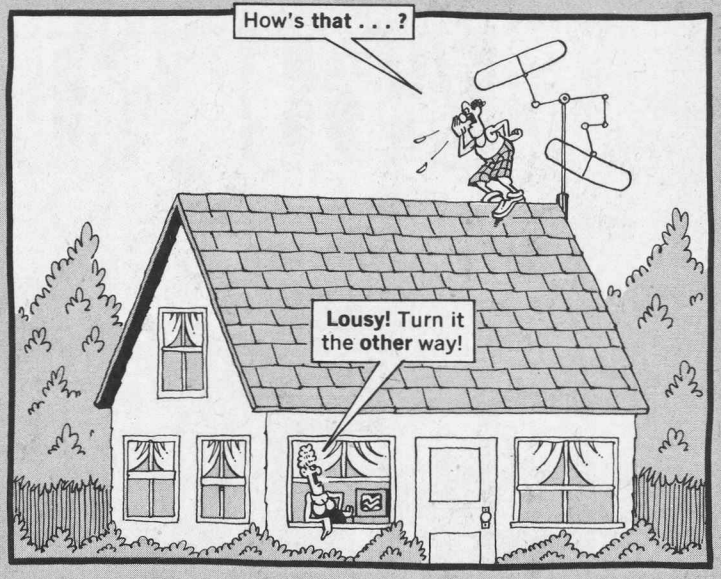

Good heavens! Did you see these prices?!? Why, I can remember when a loaf of bread was only 12¢ . . . and a quart of milk was 20¢ . . . and coffee was 42¢ a pound!
55
Listen . . . you gotta stop living in the past!
Why should I . . .?!
It's a lot cheaper!!

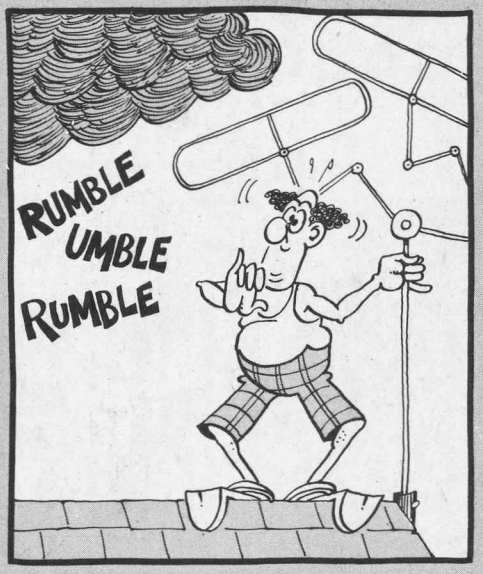

You're a rotten kid, and you're going to get punished!
Okay! I'll take what's coming to me! But whatever you do, don't tell Daddy!!
Oh-ho! So it's your Father you're afraid of! Well, you just wait till he comes home! He's gonna give it to you!!
No . . . ! No . . . ! No . . . !
Dummy! You walked right into it! Why did you let the cat out of the bag like that?!?
Because my Daddy is a regular pussy cat!!
David Berg

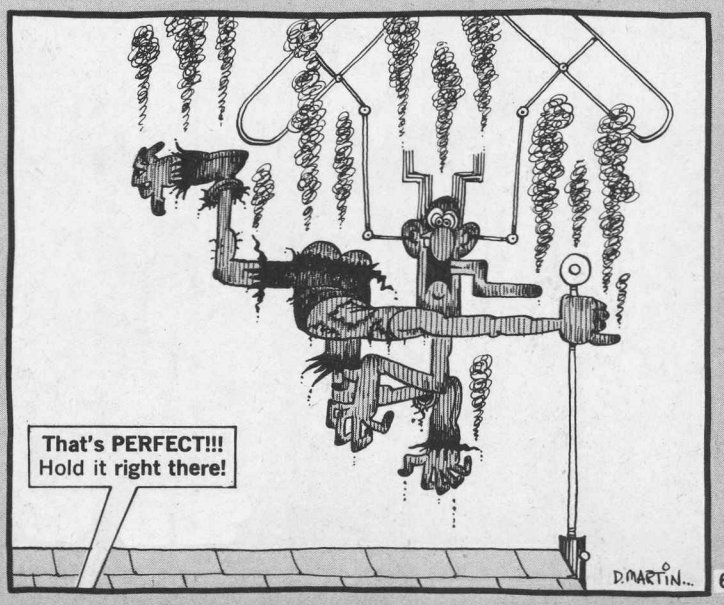
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART VI

ONE EVENING ON A ROOFTOP IN TEXAS









FOOL'S PARADOX DEPT.

As every rational, intelligent person knows, we live in a time when most everyday occurrences are bad, and all of them are due to get a whole lot worse. Therefore, it stands to reason that only a complete idiot could remain optimistic in the modern world. MAD is aware that the complete idiots who read this magazine

YOU'RE AN ETERN

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you assume that you'll get your flat tire changed in a jiffy, now that a whole motorcycle gang has stopped to lend you a helping hand.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you scan the movie ads, expecting to find something to take the whole family to.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you can't imagine why your Doctor would call in four Specialists for consultation, unless he needs their help to tell you how well you're progressing.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you think you've found a garage sale where a millionaire art collector is disposing of genuine art masterpieces at five bucks apiece.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you can hardly wait for some newly-elected politician to take office so he can start keeping his campaign promises.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you ask your Dentist if it's going to hurt, and he says, "No!" . . . and you really believe him.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you think your new after-shave lotion will make women find you irresistible when they never even found you tolerable before.

are constantly in fear of being exposed as complete idiots. But actually, you're giving your secret away by stupid optimism you don't even know you're exhibiting. So there isn't a moment to lose in comparing your own behavior with these MAD examples. Because if you display any of these symptoms, it's a sure sign that—

NAL OPTIMIST IF...

WRITER: TOM KOCH WITH JACK KENT

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

...you assume there's nothing to hang-gliding that you can't teach yourself as you go along.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you figure that arriving at the airport ten minutes late is close enough because they'll hold the plane until you get there.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

...you expect anything you order from a mail order house to look even half as good as the picture in the catalogue.

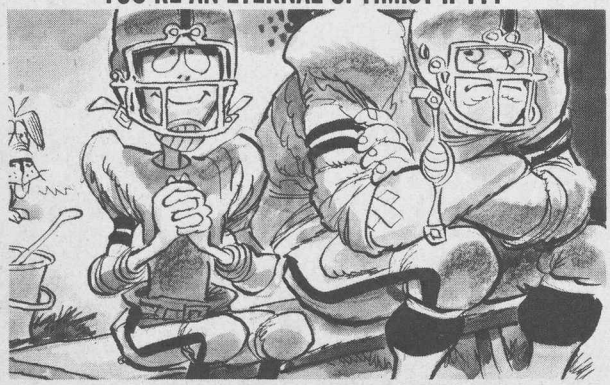
YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you assume every girl you've ever dated is free tonight, and just waiting by the phone in hopes you'll call.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you buy a catalogue that describes valuable coins on the assumption that your pocket change is worth a fortune.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

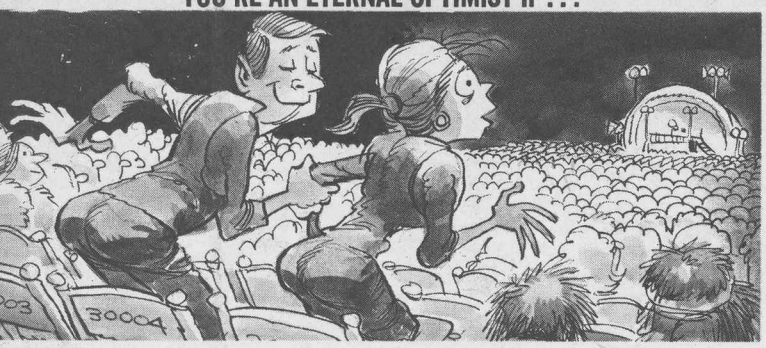


. . . being allowed to suit up for Junior College football prompts you to start planning your illustrious career in the N.F.L.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

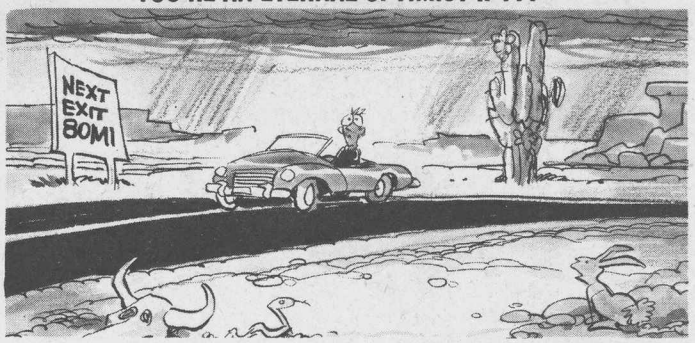
. . . you have complete faith in those old adages that barking dogs never bite . . . and bees never sting if you just leave them alone . . . and lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .



. . . you assume you'll be able to see and hear everything perfectly from the $2.00 seats at a Neil Diamond concert.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .



. . . you think that, even though your gas gauge reads empty, you have enough to make it to the next station.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you decide to wait for the next bus because this one is already too crowded.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you buy a "new, improved" product and expect it to be new and improved.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you really expect the other driver to yield the right of way.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

...you take your kids to the zoo...thinking that you're finally getting them away from all that sex and violence.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you expect to look like the model looked when you buy the dress in your size that she just wore.

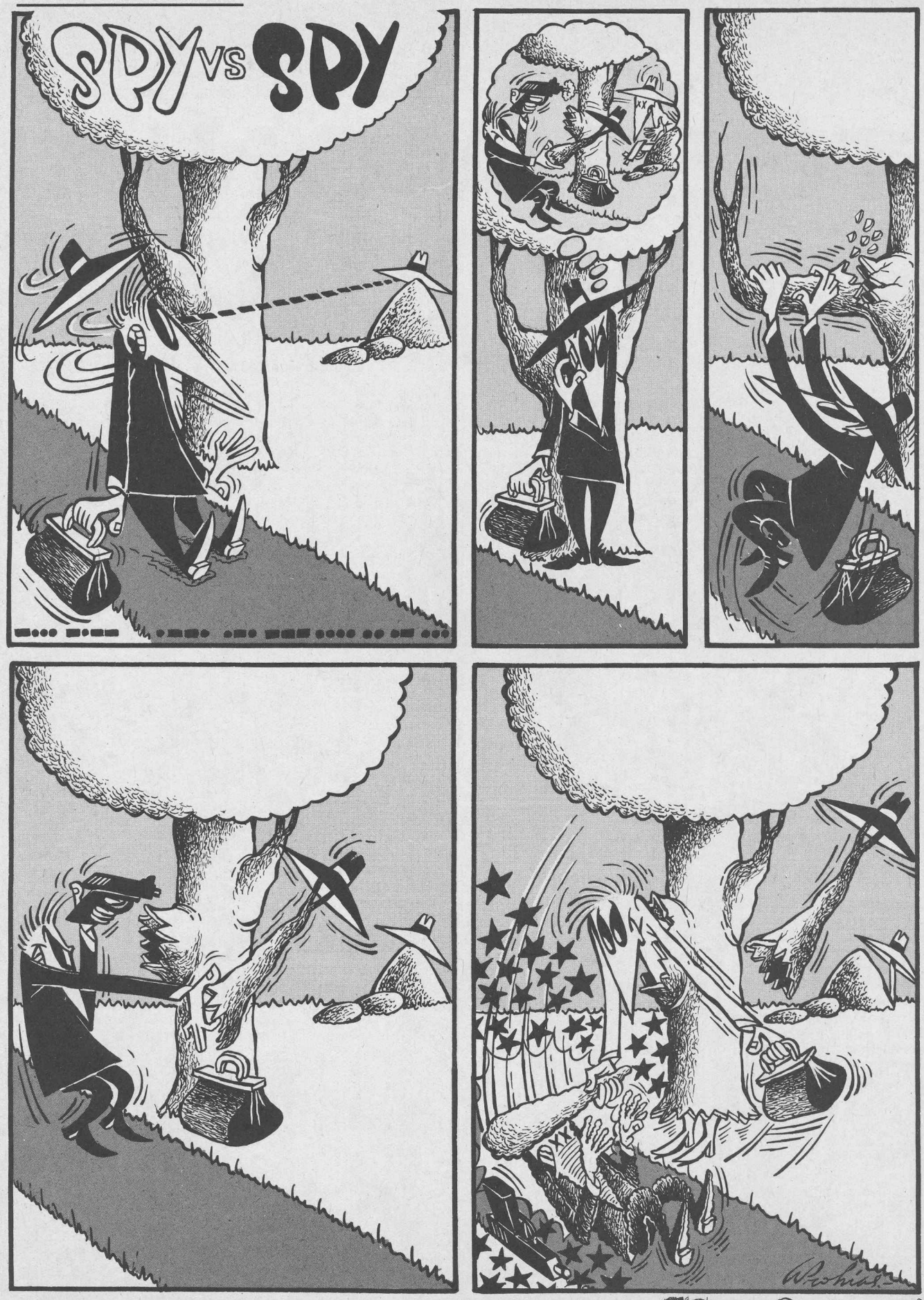
YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

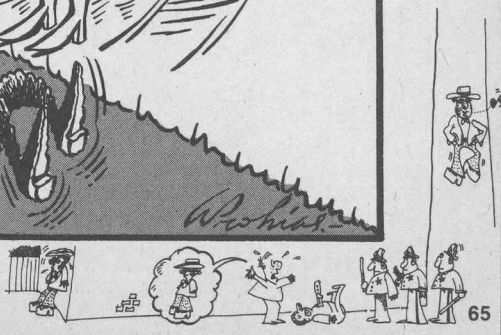
. . . you expect your new 1978 car to perform as well as that old Studebaker you're trading in.

YOU'RE AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST IF . . .

. . . you don't foresee any problems in hitchiking around the world because you're sure that all foreigners love American tourists.

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.



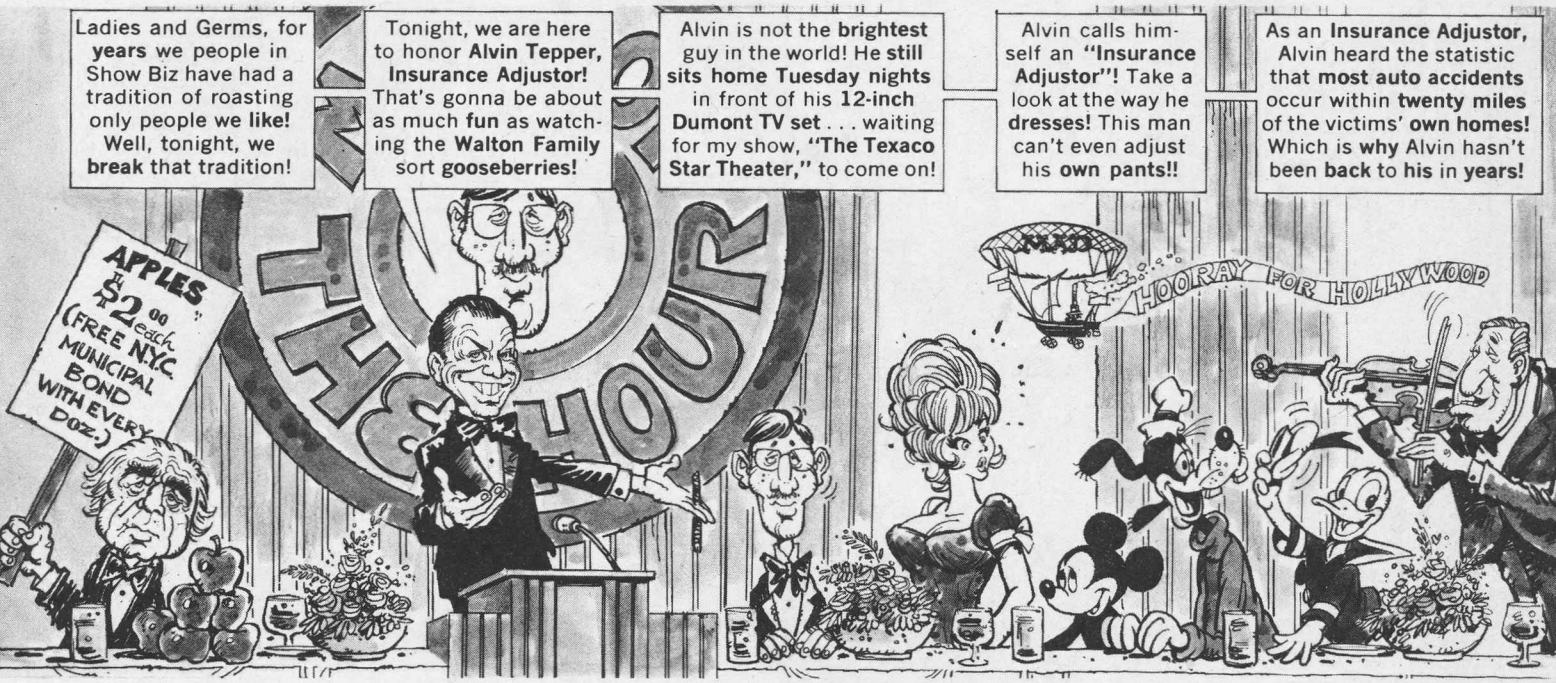


CLOD-BOPPERS DEPT.

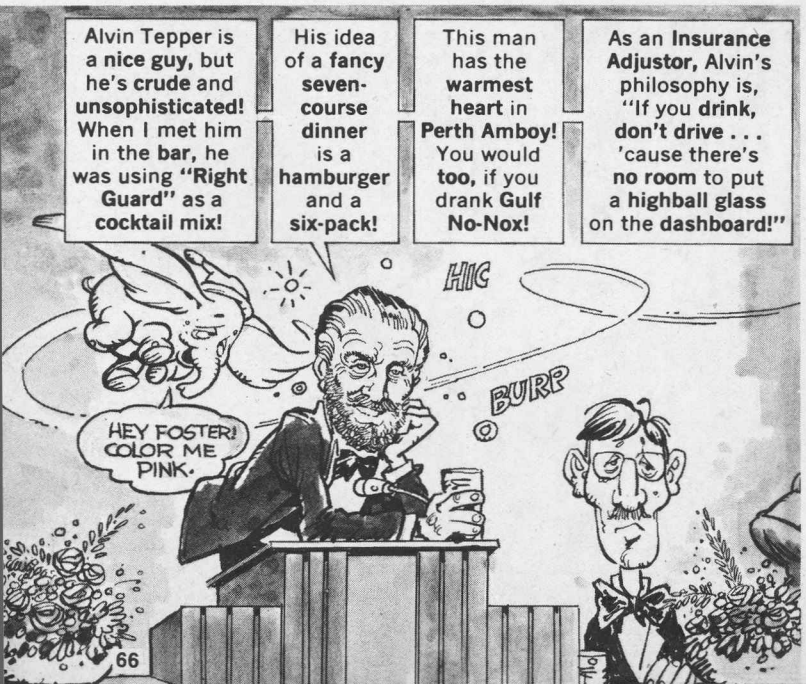
If there's one thing that Television has done to death, it's those idiotic "Celebrity Roasts." We mean those shows where "Big Names" are insulted and humiliated . . . all in the name of fellowship, fun, and mainly, high ratings. The problem is that over the past years, there have been so many "Celebrity

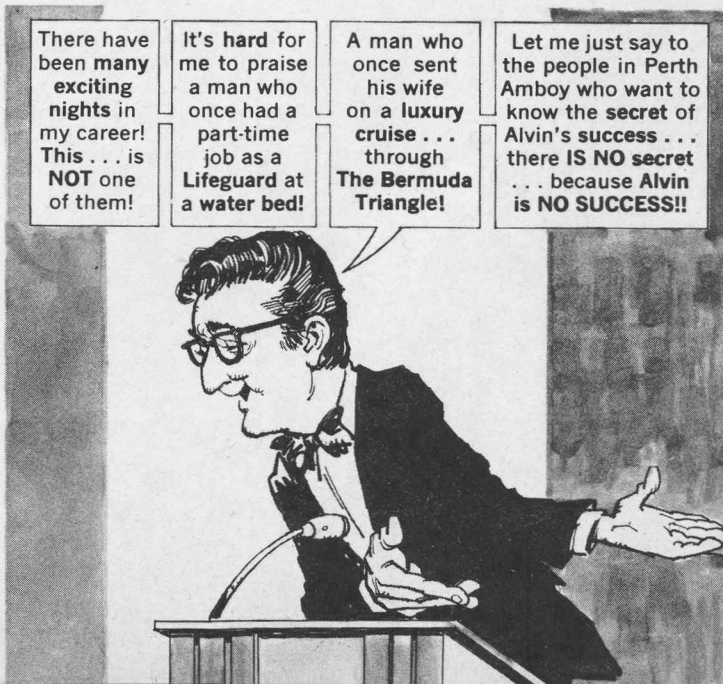
TESTIMONIAL FOR ORDI

ROAST OF ALVIN TEPPER, INSURANCE ADJUSTOR, FROM



ARTIST: BOB JONES

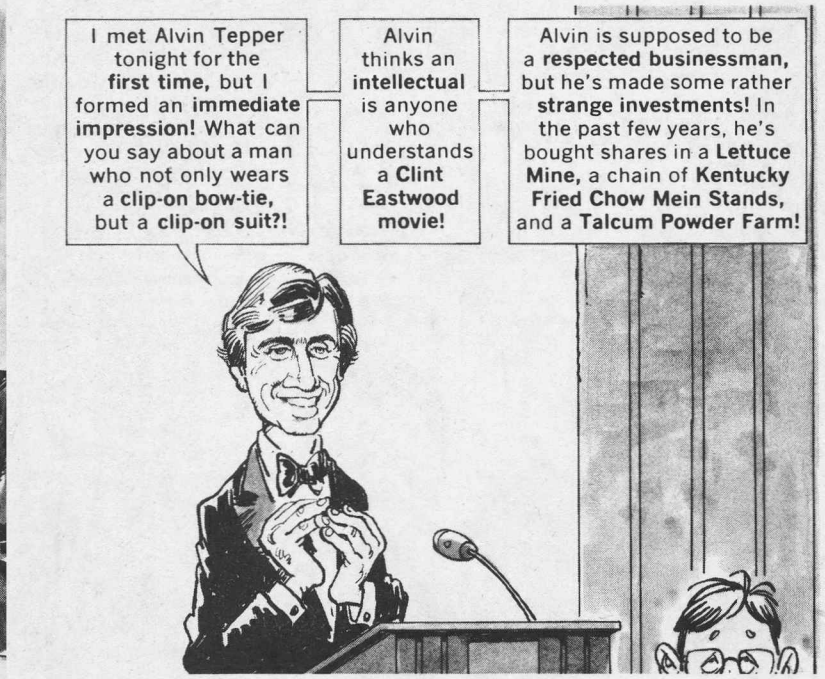


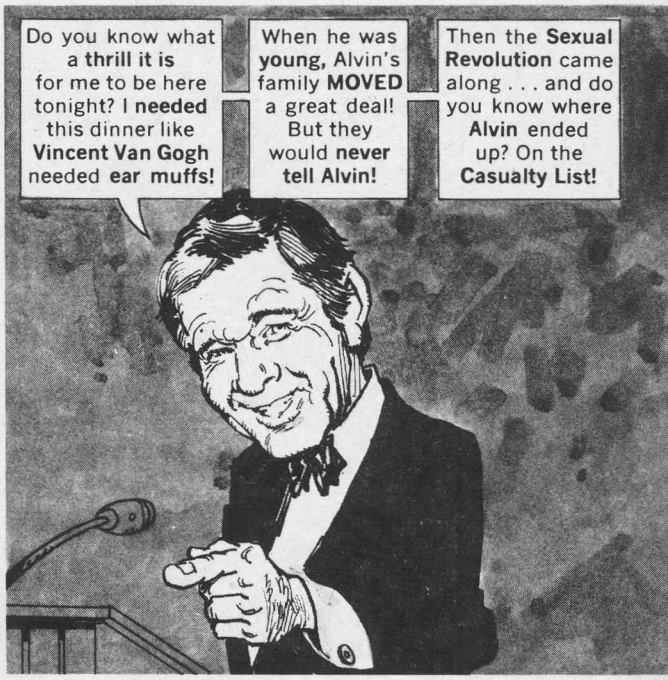


Roasts" that they're running out of *celebrities* to *roast!* Like, you know . . . Those shows are in trouble when they start roasting people like Peter Lupis and Abbe Lane. They'd be much better off roasting ordinary, unknown people with non-glamorous jobs! In fact, here's what it would be like if they had

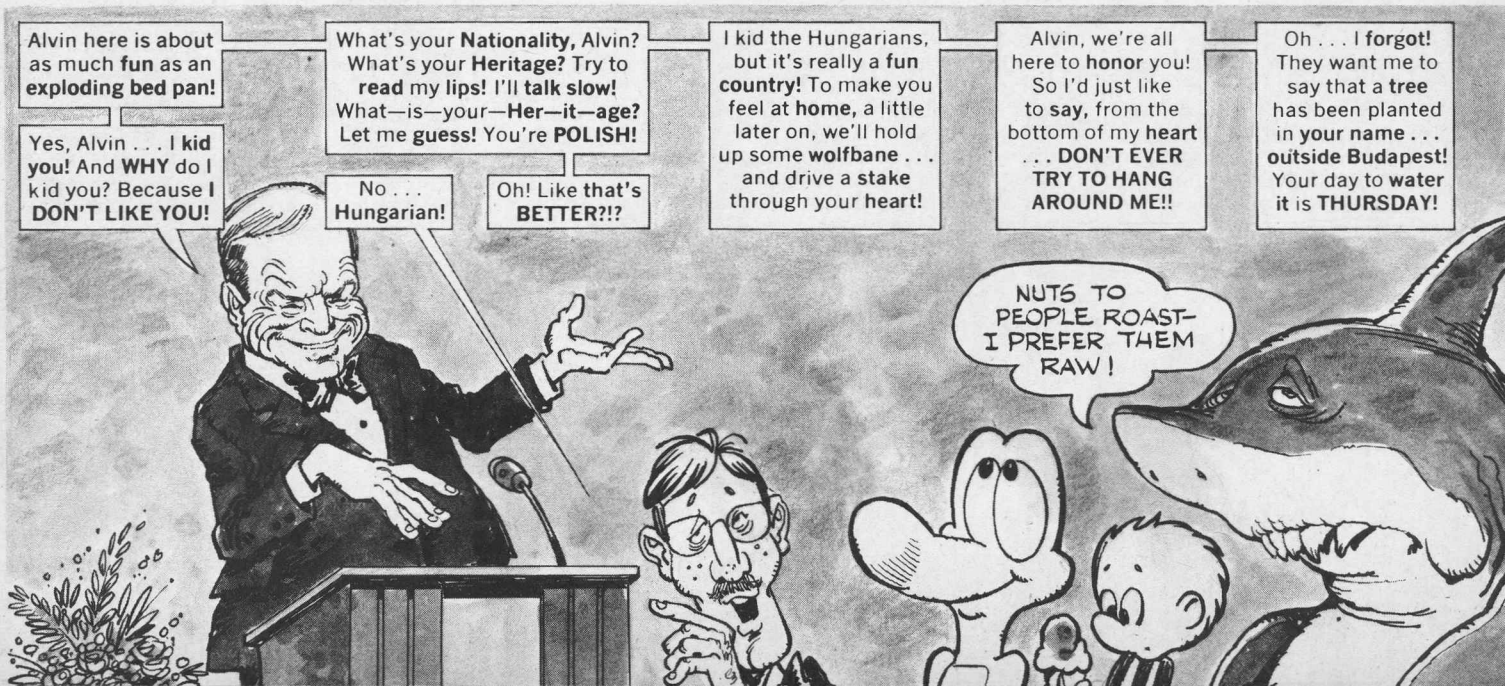
ROASTS NARY PEOPLE

PERTH AMBOY, N.J.

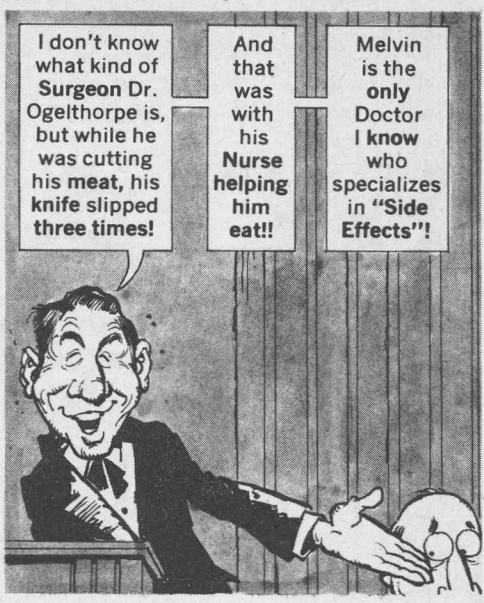




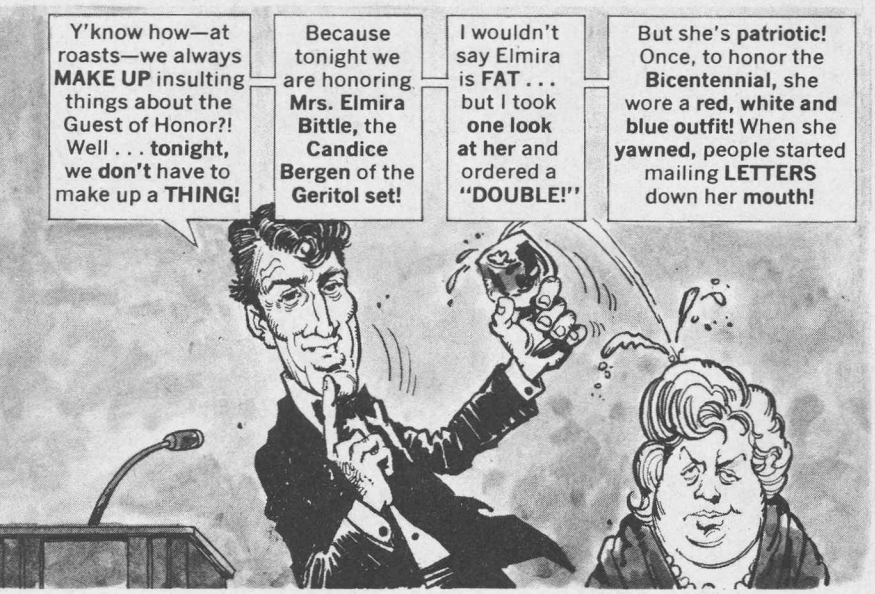
WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

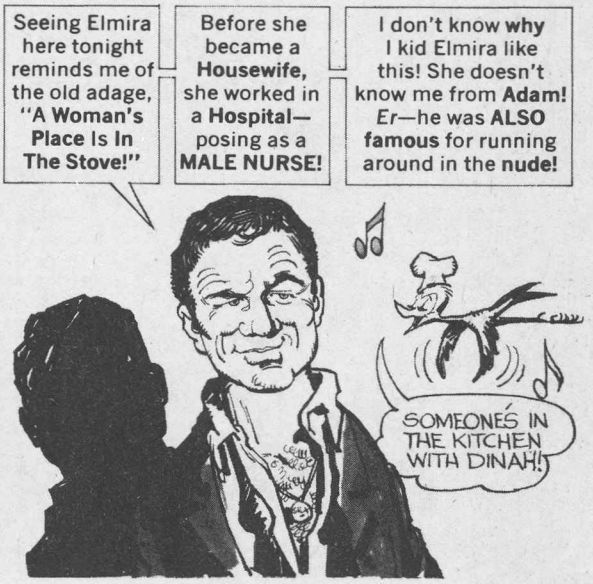


ROAST OF DR. MELVIN W. OGELTHORPE, PHYSICIAN, FROM MU

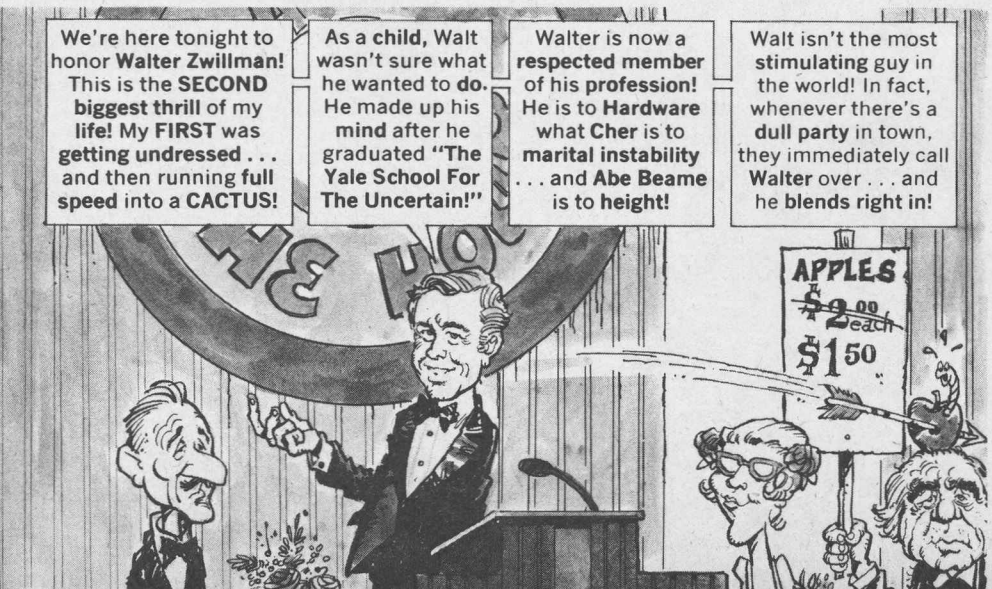


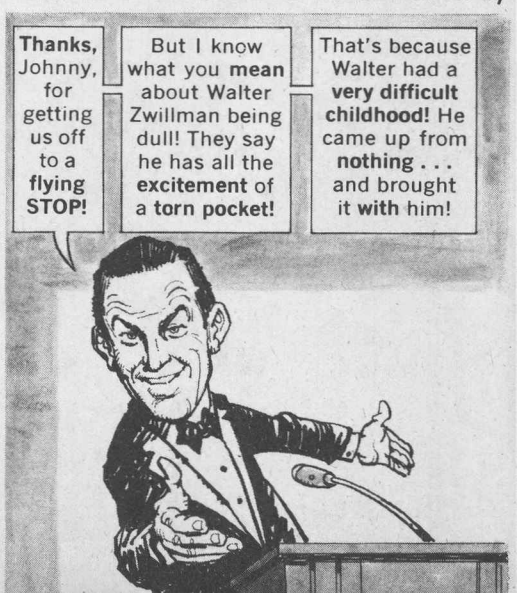
ROAST OF MRS. ELMIRA BITTLE, HOUSEWIFE, FROM VICKSBU



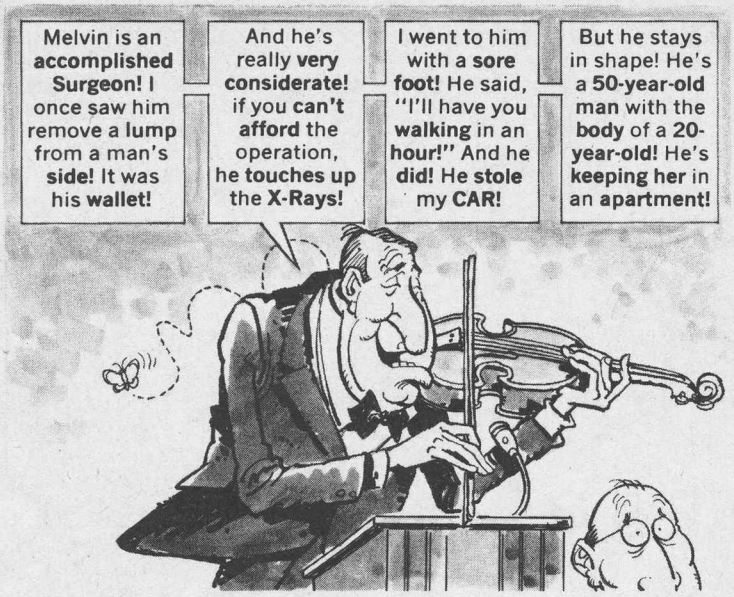


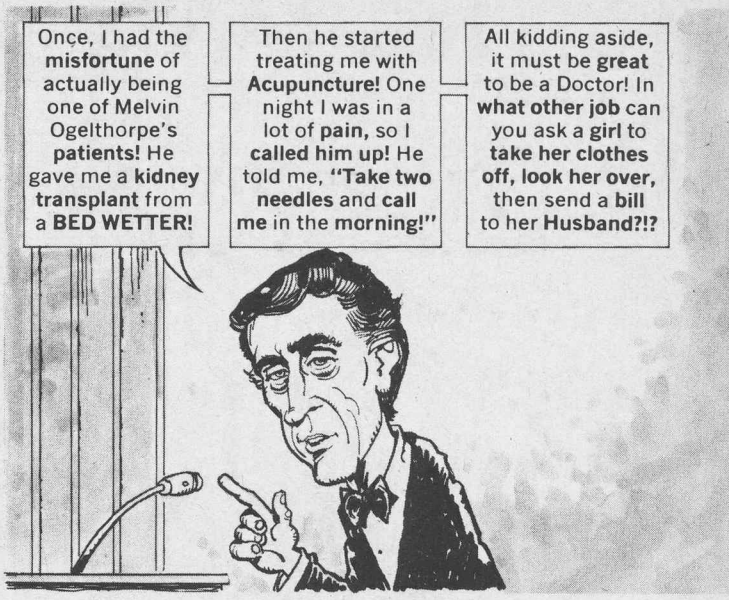
ROAST OF WALTER ZWILLMAN, HARDWARE STORE MANAGER,



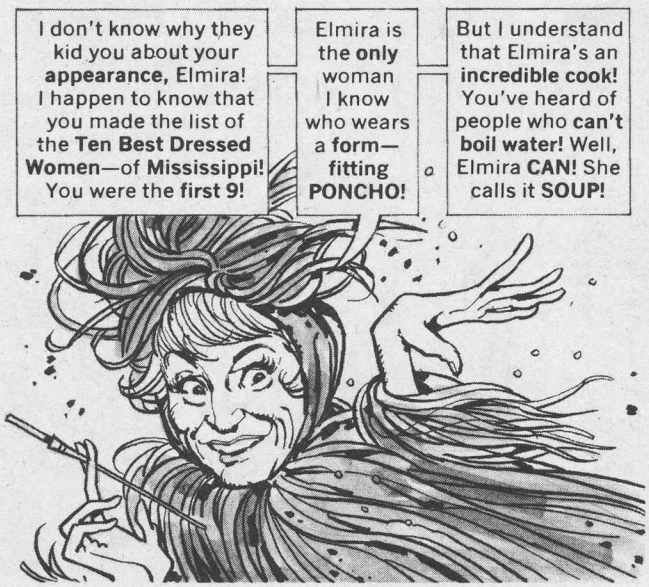


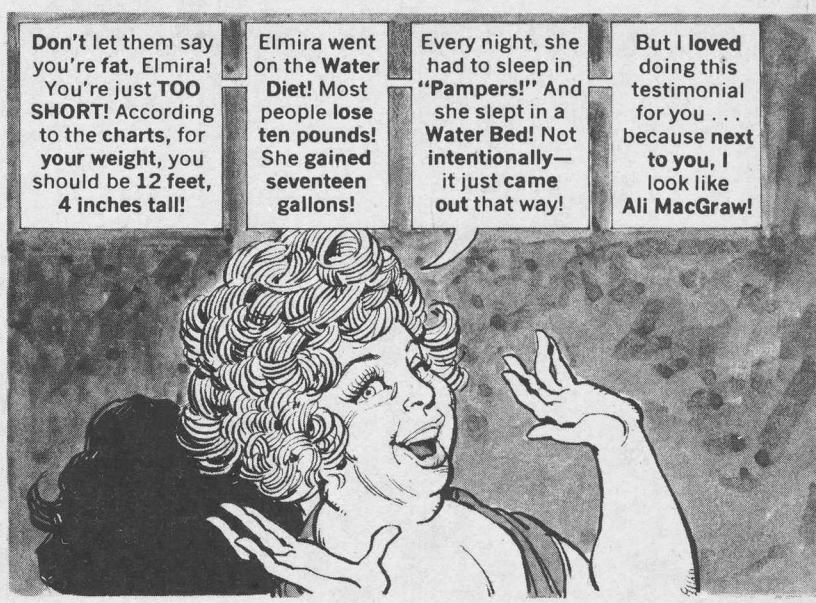
NCIE, INDIANA



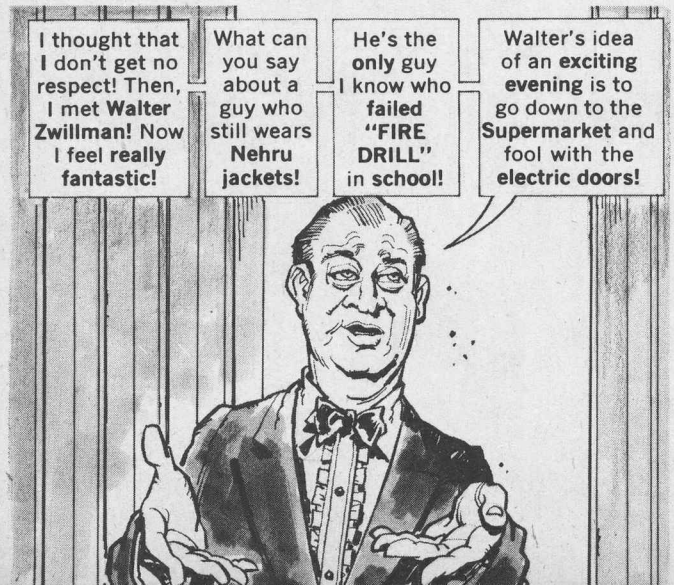


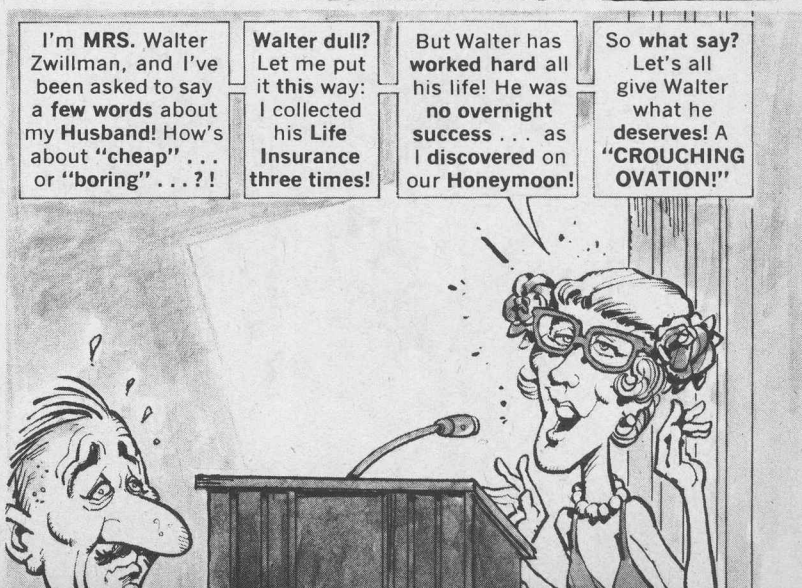
RG, MISSISSIPPI





FROM POTTSVILLE, PA.





PROGRESSIVE RAZZ DEPT.

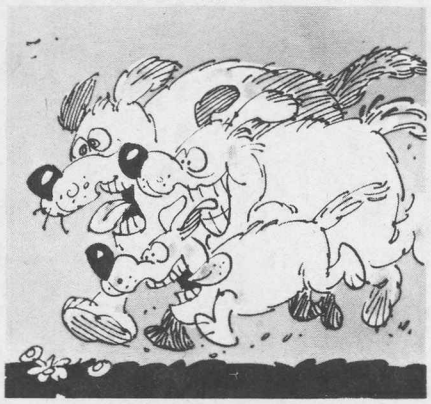
THE MAD LIKE...LOVE.

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

Don't You LIKE...

. . . your playful new purebred dog?

Don't You LOVE...



. . . how she frolics with the other dogs?

Don't You HATE...

. . . trying to dispose of nine mixed-breed puppies?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . the surprise of stumbling onto an exotic new restaurant?

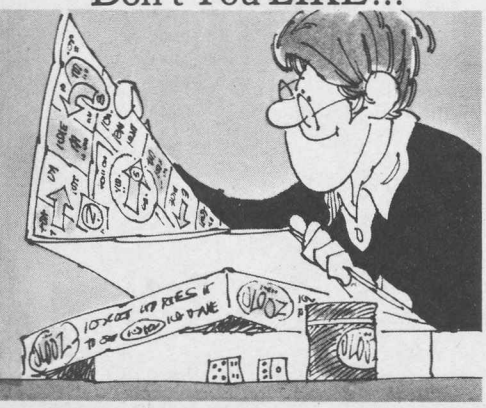
Don't You LOVE...

. . . the surprise of tasting an exotic new Mid-Eastern dish?

Don't You HATE...

. . . the surprise of waking up at 3 AM with an exotic new heartburn?

Don't You LIKE...



. . . discovering a new exciting board game?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . inviting your friends over to play your new game?

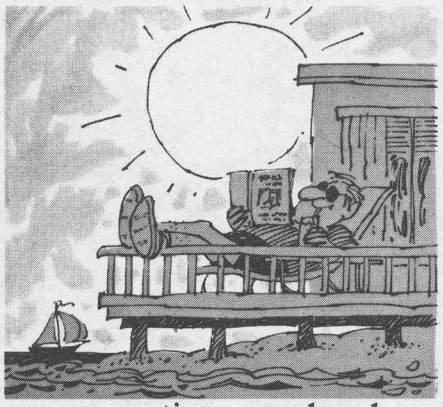
Don't You HATE...

. . . spending the first three hours figuring out the rules?

WRITERS: FRANK JACOBS AND MARYLYN IPPOLITO

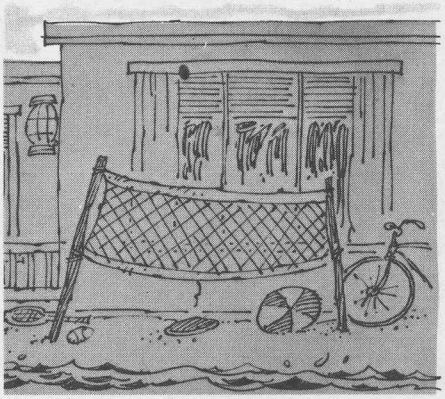
...HATE BOOK

Don't You LIKE...



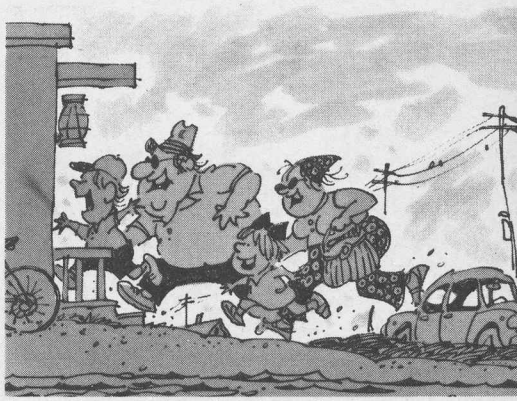
...renting a beach house for the summer?

Don't You LOVE...



...the sand...the surf...the sea air...the sun...the sports?

Don't You HATE...

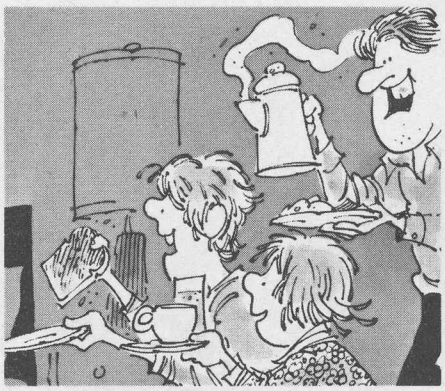


...the uninvited relatives and friends who freeload all summer?

Don't You LIKE...

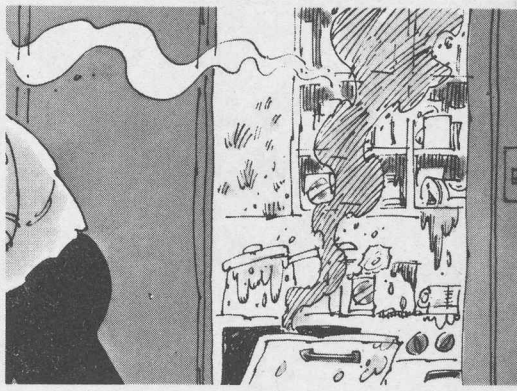
...sleeping late on your birthday?

Don't You LOVE...



...being served breakfast in bed by your husband and kids?

Don't You HATE...



...having to clean up the mess they made in the kitchen?

Don't You LIKE...

...the liberated age we live in?

Don't You LOVE...

...feeling unhibited and free of the restrictions of society?

Don't You HATE...

...being an unwed mother?

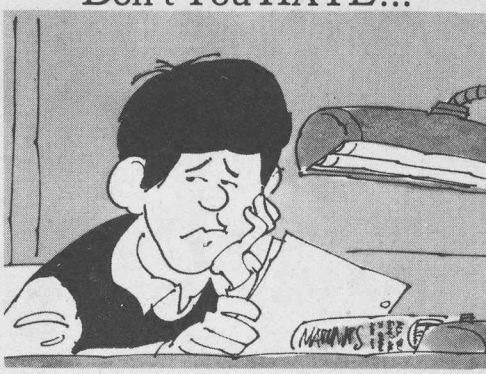
Don't You LIKE...

. . . having a father who is very interested in your schoolwork?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . conning him into doing your Math homework for you?

Don't You HATE...



. . . getting a failing mark on the Math homework he did?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . settling down to watch Monday Night Football on TV?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . watching your favorite football team in action?

Don't You HATE...

. . . Cosell telling you you're watching the poorest-played game in five years?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . meeting someone from a foreign country?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . learning his language so you can really communicate?

Don't You HATE...

. . . discovering that boredom is world-wide?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . finding the willpower to stick to your diet?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . finally losing twenty-five pounds?

Don't You HATE...

. . . hearing overweight friends tell you how scrawny and sickly you look?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . going to Tag Sales?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . picking up a fabulous floor lamp for only $15.00?

Don't You HATE...

. . . spotting a store unloading the same lamp for only $9.95?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . sitting next to the school grind?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . copying his answers during a Chemistry exam?

Don't You HATE...

. . . being so stupid you can't even *copy* correctly?

on't You LIKE...

. . . being a worker protected by a Union?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . your Union leaders demanding and getting you a $10-a-week increase?

Don't You HATE...

. . . hearing that Management was prepared to go as high as $15?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . having an Uncle who owns a toy store?

Don't You LOVE...

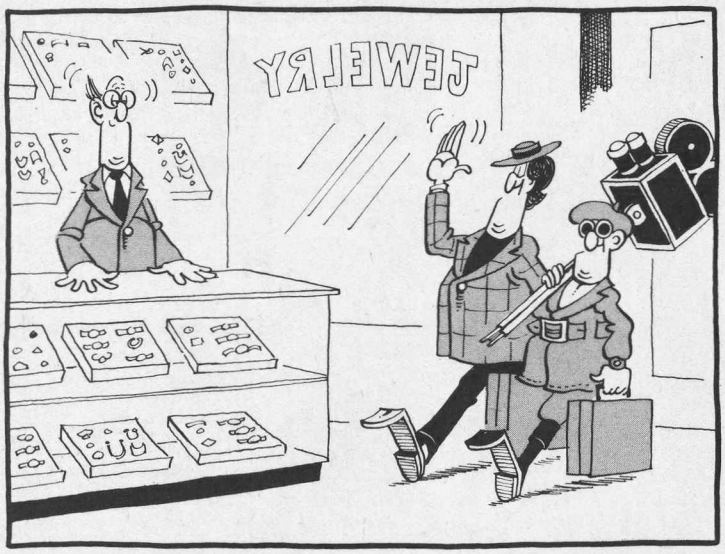
. . . when he visits you on your birthday?

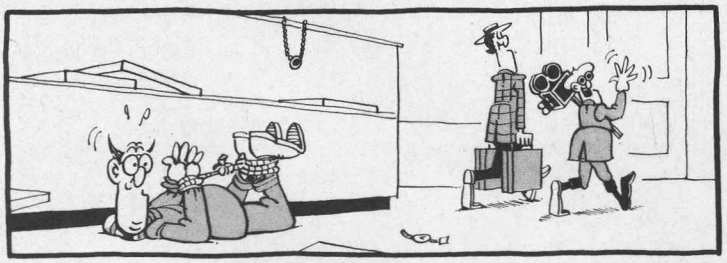
Don't You HATE...

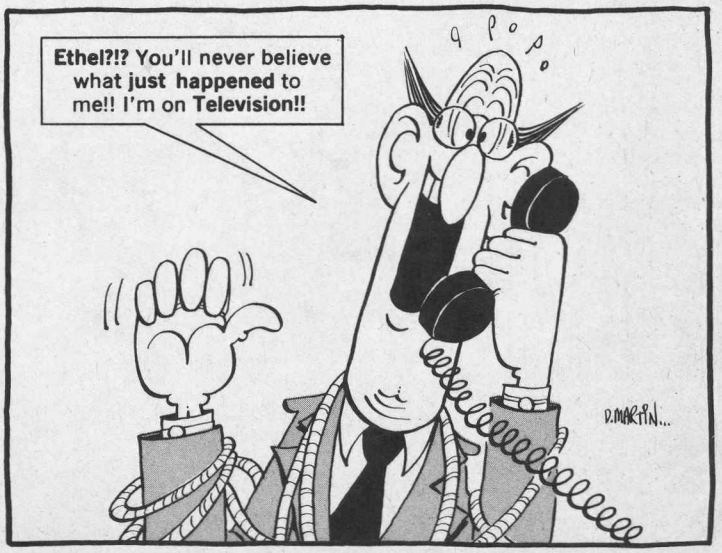
. . . getting a Savings Bond from him as your present?

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART VII

ONE MONDAY AFTERNOON IN A DOWNTOWN JEWELERY STORE







TELE LIKE IT IS! DEPT.

As if you don't see enough TV on TV, now you can go to the movies and see movies about TV. So stay home, turn off your boob tube, and read this satire instead. It won't do much for you, but it'll save you an admission price and some electricity.

NUTWORK

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART

These days, the Networks only want **PRETTY BOYS** to sit there and read the news off idiot cards! It's not like the great **OLD DAYS,** when they had **JOURNALISTS** like **us** sit there and read the news off idiot cards!

You're just experiencing a **depression,** Harrowed! Give it **time** and **you'll** come out of it! I remember a depression **I** had back in **1945 . . .**

When did **you** come out of it?

Last Friday!

Okay, here's the line-up for tonight's news show! We've got **two-minutes** on the sexual assault of a 93-year-old woman, **six minutes** on a tiger tearing a little girl's arm off, and **three minutes** of a mother who just found out that all of her kids perished in a school fire!

Only **three** minutes? We need **two more!**

No sweat! We get the Mother to sing the **school song!**

That **still** leaves us **a minute short!**

Just enough time for **Harrowed Bile** to **shoot himself** on **camera!**

Impossible! We **CAN'T** let Harrowed Bile **SHOOT HIMSELF!!**

But he **WANTS** to **die!**

Tell him to swallow a **slow poison** that takes **thirteen weeks to work!**

Why THIRTEEN WEEKS?!?

That way, we might get a **SERIES** out of it!

Folks . . . I'm **old,** and a **drunkard!** My **wife** is **dead,** and my **children hate me!** I haven't got a **dime** to my **name,** and I've **just** been **fired!** So, I am going to **kill myself** on this show tomorrow!

No! **No!** You **can't do it!**

Why not?

Because you have **so much to LIVE for!**

We need a **HIT SHOW,** or this @#◎!☆ Network is **FINISHED!** Somehow, **our shows** always seem to **miss!**

You mean like **"Little House On The Rockies"** or **"The Two Million Dollar Man"** or **"Happy Years"!**

You bet your !#★@ We need something that will make a **frustrated public ANGRY!**

We could bring back **"Bridget Loves Bernie"!**

Not **THAT Angry!**

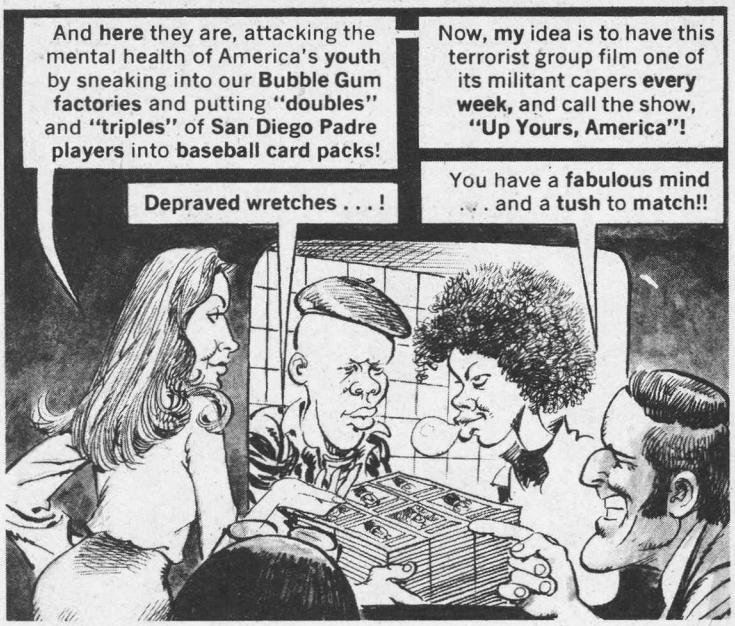
We need something like **this!** This is a film of a **terrorist group** dedicated to **destroying America** by driving everyone **insane!** They took this of **themselves** as they actually broke into a **Supermarket . . .**

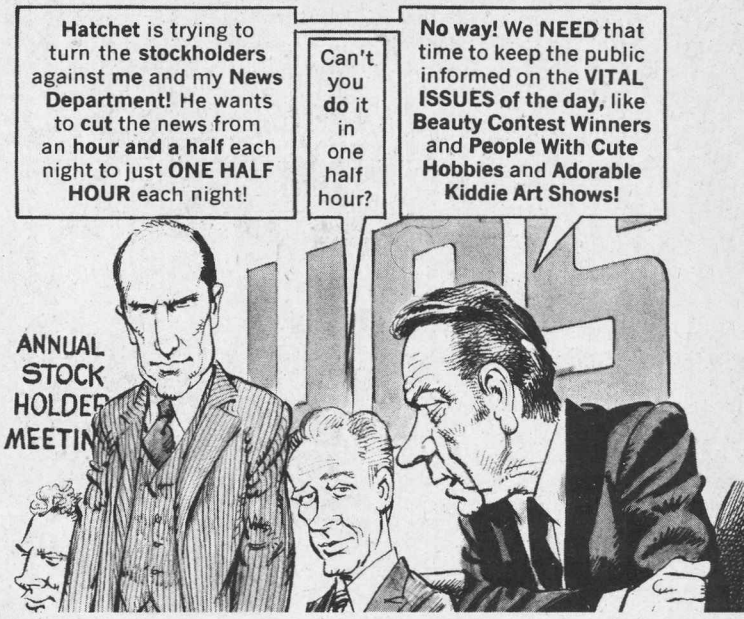
What are they **doing** in there?

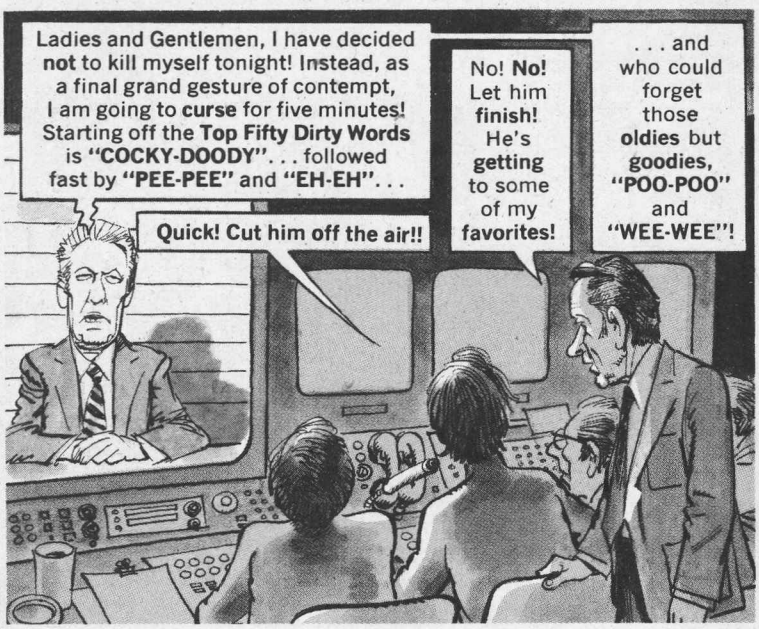
Fixing the **wheels** of **shopping carts** so that no one can steer them straight down the aisles!

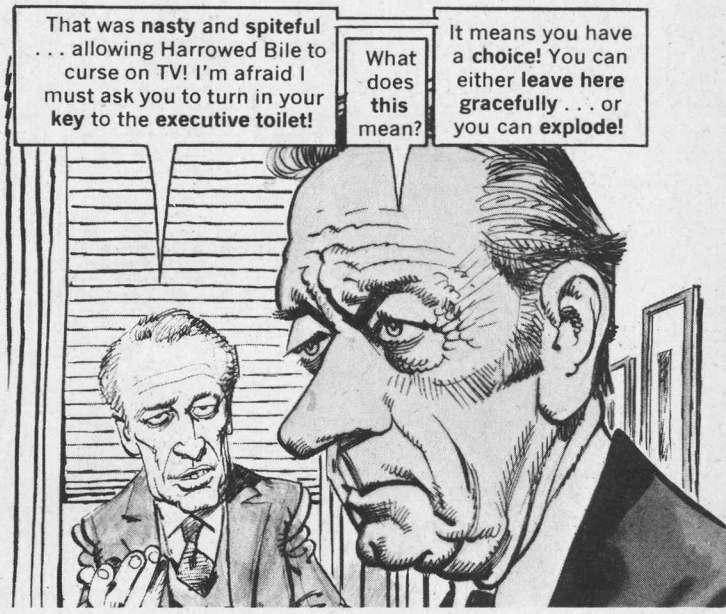
Diabolical fiends!

FISH FOOD
VITAMIN

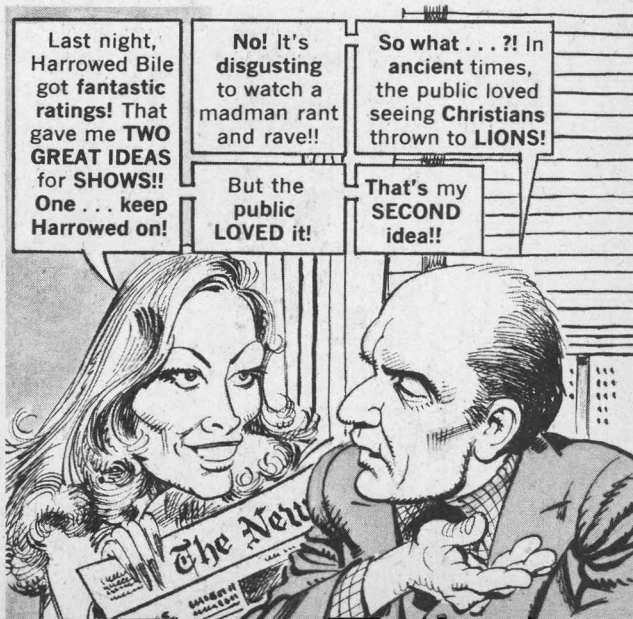

And here they are, attacking the mental health of America's youth by sneaking into our Bubble Gum factories and putting "doubles" and "triples" of San Diego Padre players into baseball card packs!
Now, my idea is to have this terrorist group film one of its militant capers every week, and call the show, "Up Yours, America"!
Depraved wretches . . . !
You have a fabulous mind . . . and a tush to match!!

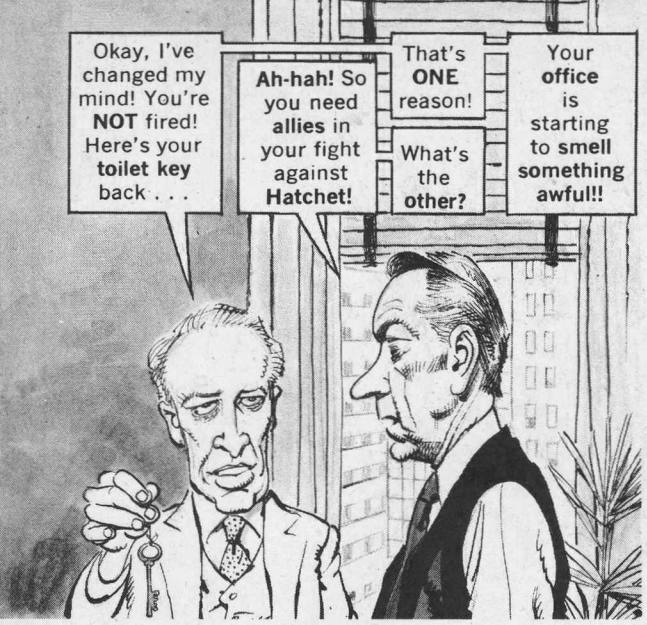

Hatchet is trying to turn the stockholders against me and my News Department! He wants to cut the news from an hour and a half each night to just ONE HALF HOUR each night!
Can't you do it in one half hour?
No way! We NEED that time to keep the public informed on the VITAL ISSUES of the day, like Beauty Contest Winners and People With Cute Hobbies and Adorable Kiddie Art Shows!
ANNUAL STOCK HOLDER MEETIN


Ladies and Gentlemen, I have decided not to kill myself tonight! Instead, as a final grand gesture of contempt, I am going to curse for five minutes! Starting off the Top Fifty Dirty Words is "COCKY-DOODY". . . followed fast by "PEE-PEE" and "EH-EH". . .
Quick! Cut him off the air!!
No! No! Let him finish! He's getting to some of my favorites!
. . . and who could forget those oldies but goodies, "POO-POO" and "WEE-WEE"!

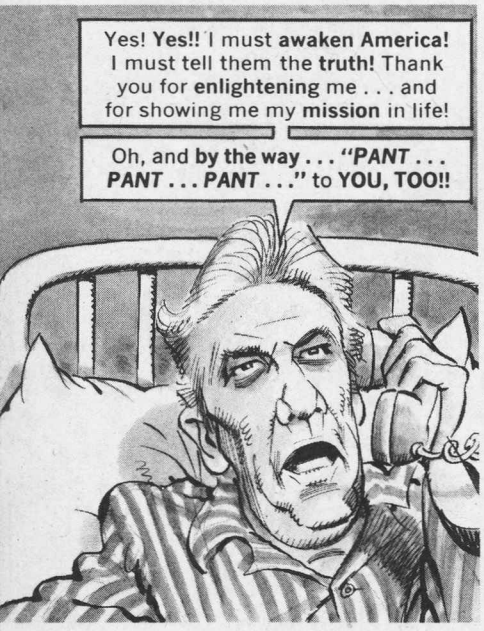

That was nasty and spiteful . . . allowing Harrowed Bile to curse on TV! I'm afraid I must ask you to turn in your key to the executive toilet!
What does this mean?
It means you have a choice! You can either leave here gracefully . . . or you can explode!

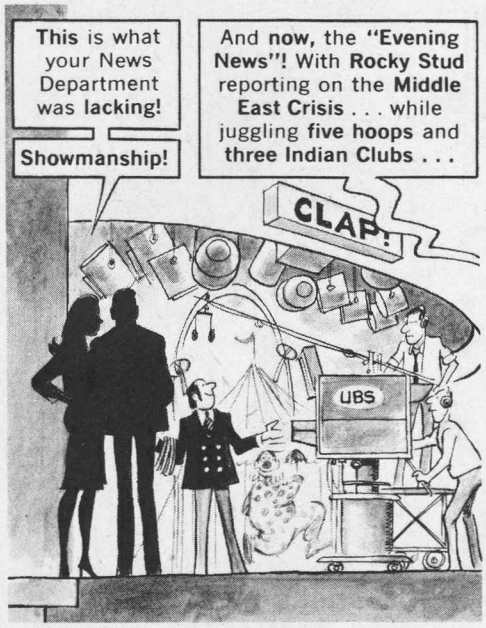
Here are some ideas for new shows! This one is about a middle-aged bald detective who's a natty dresser! This one is about two young mod cops, one with a funny-sounding Polish name!
No! I want something different! Not the same old things people can see by just looking out their windows!!
But these shows have robberies and murders!! Who looks out their windows and sees things like THAT . . . ?
The people who live in Detroit, New York, Chicago and every large city in the U.S.A.!

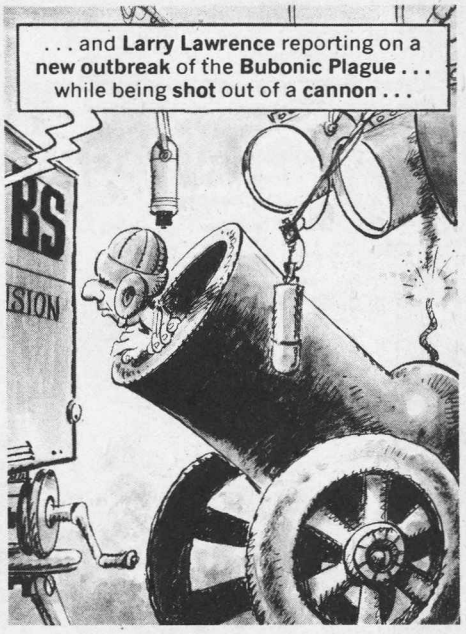

Last night, Harrowed Bile got fantastic ratings! That gave me TWO GREAT IDEAS for SHOWS!! One . . . keep Harrowed on!
No! It's disgusting to watch a madman rant and rave!!
But the public LOVED it!
So what . . . ?! In ancient times, the public loved seeing Christians thrown to LIONS!
That's my SECOND idea!!
The News

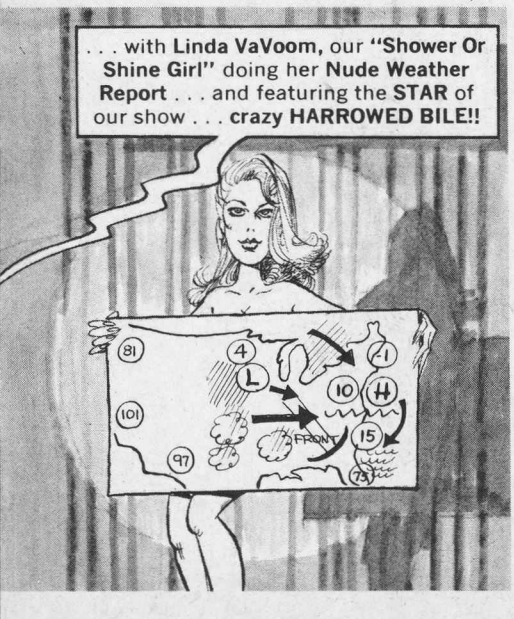

Okay, I've changed my mind! You're NOT fired! Here's your toilet key back . . .
Ah-hah! So you need allies in your fight against Hatchet!
That's ONE reason!
What's the other?
Your office is starting to smell something awful!!

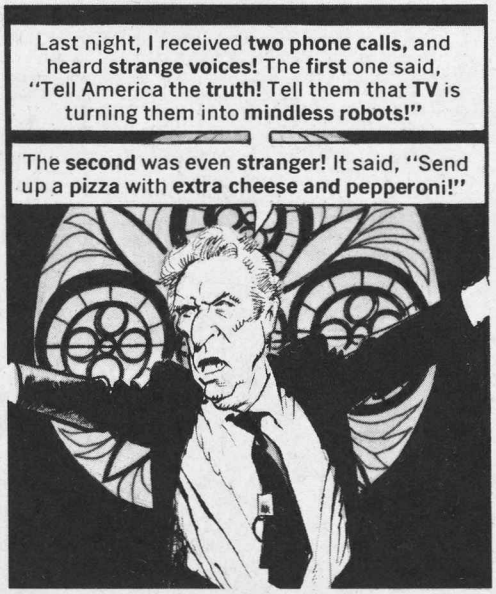
I'd like to program the Harrowed Bile Show! What do you say?
Hmmmm! You interest me!
Listen, I feel we could work REAL HARD together!
I was thinking about having a torried love affair with you!
So was I! But at your age, it would be real hard work!
Before we start, I'd like to know how you feel about sex and violence!
I ADORE it on TV . . . and even MORE in my APARTMENT!

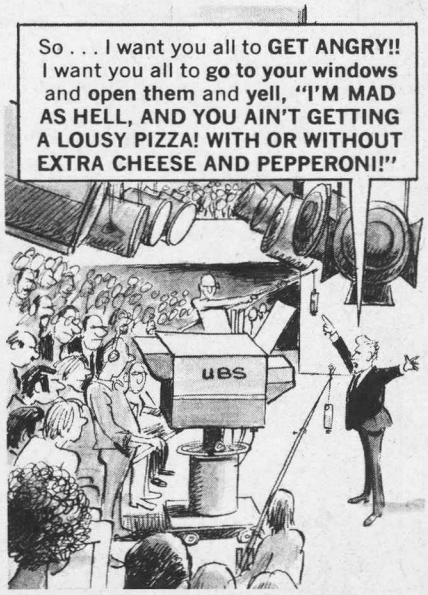

Yes! Yes!! I must awaken America! I must tell them the truth! Thank you for enlightening me . . . and for showing me my mission in life!
Oh, and by the way . . . "PANT . . . PANT . . . PANT . . ." to YOU, TOO!!


This is what your News Department was lacking!
Showmanship!
And now, the "Evening News"! With Rocky Stud reporting on the Middle East Crisis . . . while juggling five hoops and three Indian Clubs . . .
CLAP!
UBS


. . . and Larry Lawrence reporting on a new outbreak of the Bubonic Plague . . . while being shot out of a cannon . . .
BS
ISION


. . . with Linda VaVoom, our "Shower Or Shine Girl" doing her Nude Weather Report . . . and featuring the STAR of our show . . . crazy HARROWED BILE!!
81
4
L
1
10
H
101
FRONT
15
97
73


Last night, I received two phone calls, and heard strange voices! The first one said, "Tell America the truth! Tell them that TV is turning them into mindless robots!"
The second was even stranger! It said, "Send up a pizza with extra cheese and pepperoni!"


So . . . I want you all to GET ANGRY!! I want you all to go to your windows and open them and yell, "I'M MAD AS HELL, AND YOU AIN'T GETTING A LOUSY PIZZA! WITH OR WITHOUT EXTRA CHEESE AND PEPPERONI!"
UBS

1
2
SNAP!
3
4

DANGER QUICK SAND
I'M MAD AS HELL, AND YOU AIN'T GETTING A LOUSY PIZZA! WITH OR WITHOUT EXTRA CHEESE AND PEPPERONI!
I'm even madder than they are!
How come?
I'm trying to crack this safe, and I can't hear the TUMBLERS fall with all the YELLING going on!!
I'm not going to stand here and have you make that sick man into some sort of freak!
I agree! You're NOT going to stand here! You're going to stand out on the street, because you're FIRED!! She's taking over your job!
So . . . you betrayed me, got me fired, ruined my career and destroyed my reputation! And I thought we were FRIENDS!!
Does this mean that we won't have SEX any more?
I was talking about FRIEND-SHIP! Who said anything about SEX?!?
So you've decided to run off with a younger woman . . .?
Will you show her the same attention and understanding and loyalty you've shown me?
Good!! She'll be as miserable as I'VE been all these years!!
Correct!
I think so . . .?
I . . . I suppose you think I'm an old fool!
No, I think you're a child!
Why a child?
Because any man who runs off with another woman and asks his wife to sew NAME TAGS on his clothes is a child!
Wake up, America! The Arabs are buying up everything in our country! Soon . . . they'll control it all! If you don't believe me, look out your window . . .
And now, the Arabs are trying to buy up this very Television Network . . .
CAMELS
ADNAN'S USED CAMELS
RASHID HOTEL
AHMED'S RUGS
ABU ~~SELTZER~~ PLASTIC
SHEIK LINENS
USED ~~CARS~~ CAMELS
My God! He just told about the Arab deal! No one was supposed to know about that! It was a top-level hush-hush project!!
Uh . . . do you think he ruined it?
There's a very slim chance it might still go through! It all depends on one IF-y THING!!
What's that?
If forty million Americans can keep a secret!!

You have **transgressed,** Mr. Bile! You have committed a **sin** against the **most cherished,** the **most exalted power** in the **universe!**

You mean against **GOD?!?**

No, against something even **more powerful! MONEY!!**

But I told Americans—

AMERICANS?!? There **are no Americans!** There **are no Europeans, no Asians!** There are **no continents, no countries!** There is **no geography!** There is only **one thing! MONEY!**

Gee, that's **terrible!** And I spent so much time **learning** things . . . like the **capital** of **North Dakota!**

And **what** do you think **that** is . . .?

Bismark!

WRONG!! It's **THREE DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-NINE CENTS!**

That **VOICE!! I—I recognize** that **VOICE!!**

Sure you do! But I could **DIE** before you'd send up my **pizza** with **extra cheese and pepperoni!**

TONGSUN PARK

KAKUEI TANAKA

ADNAN KHASHOGGI

What do you want me to **do?**

Tell people they **cannot stand in the way of money power!** If you **do** that, you will be on the **path** of **righteousness,** you will be on the **road** to **truth,** and even **MORE IMPORTANT . . .**

What? What?

You'll be my **best friend!**

. . . and **so,** my friends, **forget** about **individuality!** Because in our complex world, **individuality** is **doomed . . .!**

Damn him! His messages of gloom are **turning off audiences!**

God, is television **all** that you're **capable** of **thinking** about?! Is TV your **whole reality?!?** I don't know **why** you became involved with me in the **first** place!

Because . . . you **reminded** me of someone I **once loved very much!**

An **old flame?**

No . . . **Captain Kangaroo!**

Bile's ratings are **awful!** We've got to get **rid** of him!

The **Network Brass** wants him to **stay on the air!** So we can't do anything **about** it!

I've got a **plan!** It's **very clever . . .** and **very subtle!**

What is it?

We **have him KILLED!** And I know **just** the guys who would **love** to **do** it!!

Great idea! You have a **fabulous mind!**

I know! And a **tush** to **match!**

It's **bad enough** we Newsman have to **stay on camera** all night at our **dumb political conventions** with **nothing to say!**

Or have to **predict election winners** before the **polls** are even closed!

Or attempt to give **truthful news** when **oil companies** and **big corporations** sponsor our **shows!**

But having a **NUT** portray **us** is **TOO** much!

ABC

CBS

ABC

NBC

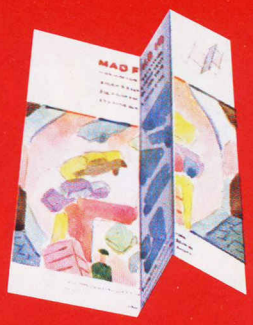
RAT-TAT-TAT-TA

WHAT POPULAR SOURCE OF ENERGY IS SHORT-LIVED AND OF QUESTIONABLE VALUE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

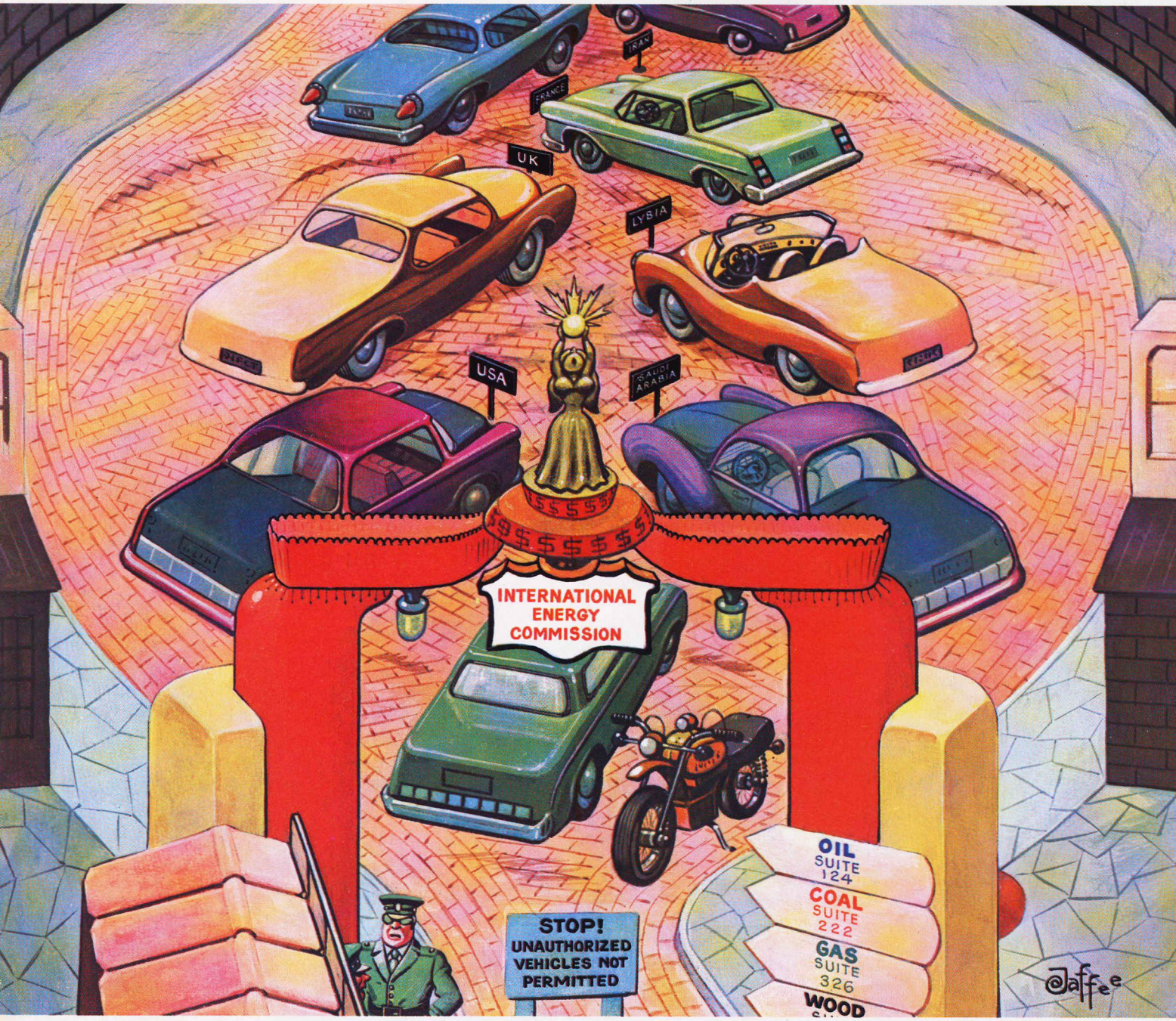
MAD FOLD-IN

Finding sources of energy has become a major activity throughout the world. One source of energy is quite popular in this country, even though everyone knows it is not a long-range solution. To find out what it is, fold in page.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

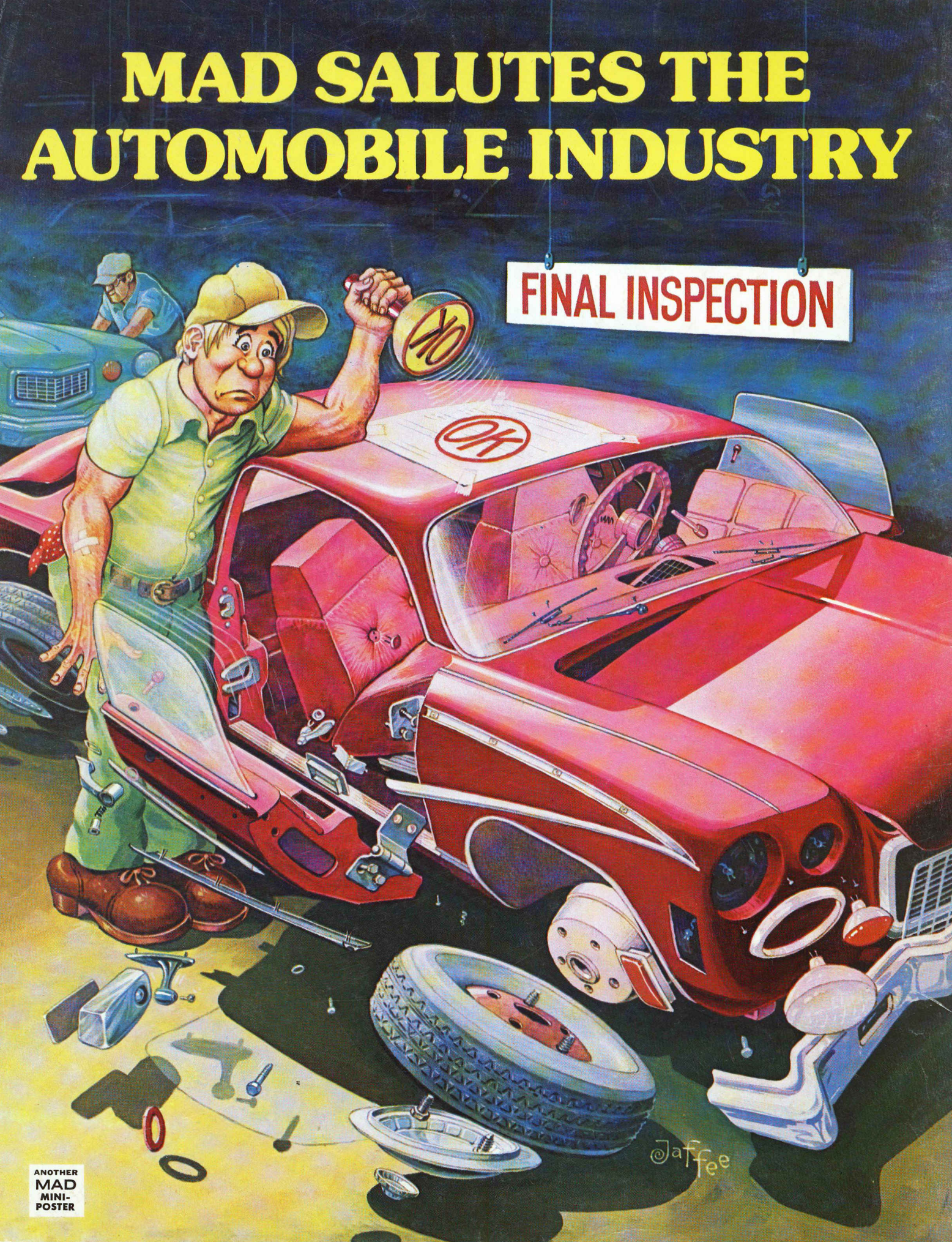


ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

JUST ABOUT EVERY AMERICAN TRIES TO THINK UP WAYS TO PROVIDE NEEDED ENERGY FOR CITIZENS FROM CALIFORNIA TO CAPE COD

A▶ ◀B

MAD SALUTES THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY



ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER

WHAT POPULAR SOURCE OF ENERGY IS SHORT-LIVED AND OF QUESTIONABLE VALUE?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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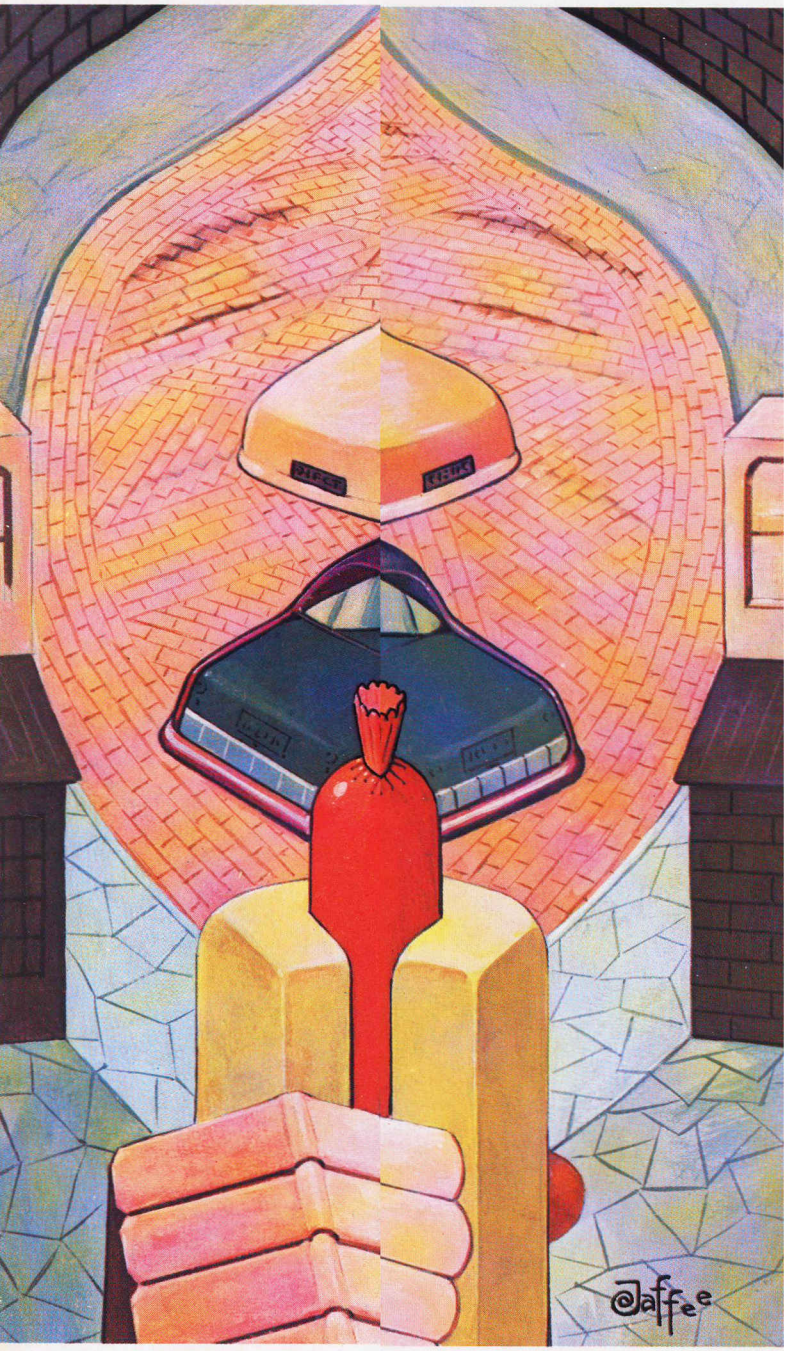

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

JUNK

FOOD

A▸◂B